FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

# oui

MARCH 1979 $2.00

## SEXY DISCO
THE GIRLS OF ST. TROPEZ

## SHAZBOT!
AN ALIEN CONVERSATION WITH ROBIN WILLIAMS

## HOT CAR STEREO
KINGS OF THE ROAD

## A SALTY SURVEY
OUI'S 1ST ANNUAL POTATO CHIP REPORT

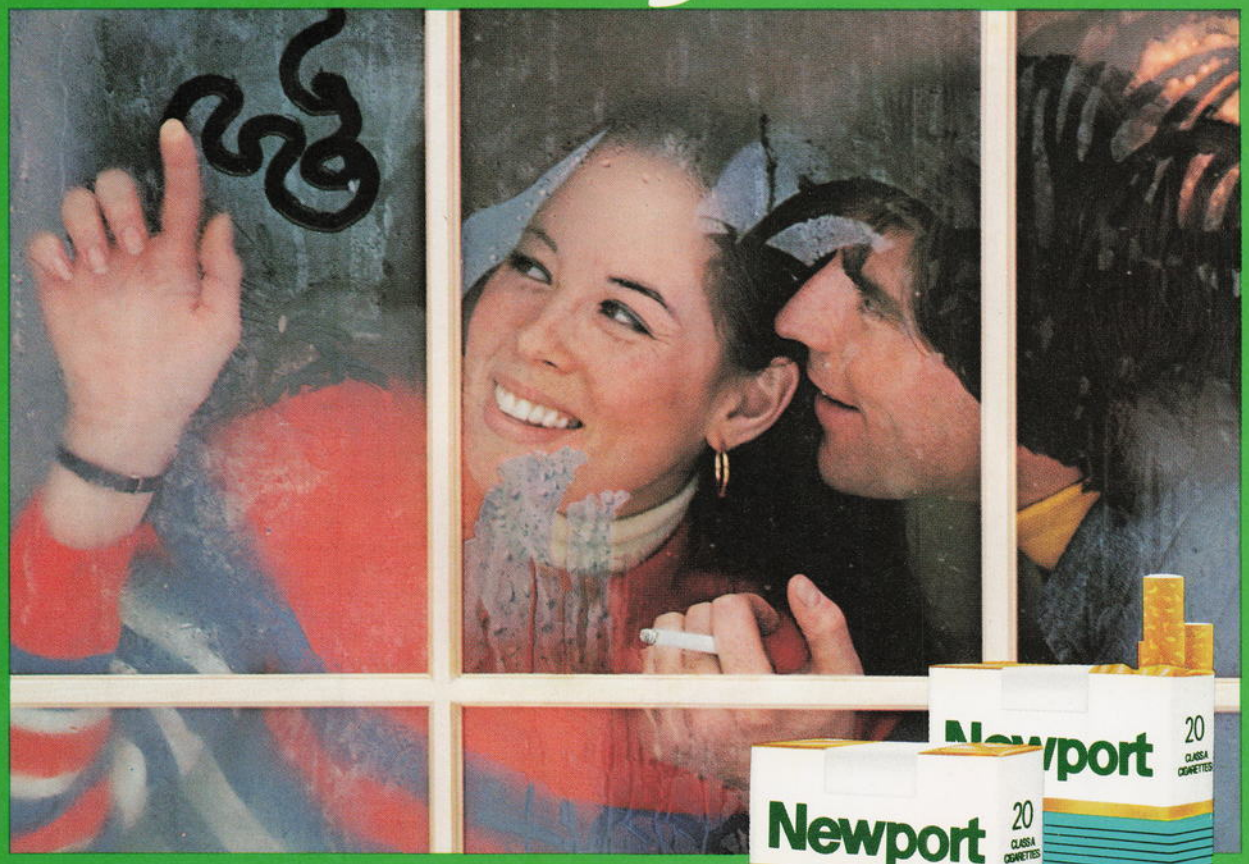
## HI-TEST HARD STUFF
100-PROOF COCKTAILS

## RICK BARRY
THE DEMON OF THE NBA

## INTERNATIONAL LOVELIES
THE BEST FROM SWEDEN, FRANCE AND ENGLAND

# Newport

## Alive with pleasure!



***After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?***

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1978

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

© 1978 TDK Electronics Corp.

# Don't lose your highs on the highway.

If music is an important part of your life, you probably spend a good deal of time listening—in your car, as well as at home. Unfortunately your car was designed for transportation, not music. Because of its peculiar shape and size, its soundproofing material, the constant noise level of traffic, wind and motor, and the practicality of speaker placement, the high frequency sounds of music you hear at home are absorbed or obliterated. Without those highs, your music sounds dull and lifeless.

The TDK AD cassette overcomes the problems created by this unfriendly acoustic environment. AD has a hotter high end than any pure ferric oxide tape. And AD is a normal bias cassette—you can use it in any car stereo.

If you listen to rock, AD will restore the edge and presence that makes that music exciting. If you listen to classical music, AD will reinforce the critical overtones that make an oboe sound like an oboe and not like a clarinet.

AD has a super precision mechanism (backed by a full lifetime warranty*) that eliminates cassette jams during traffic jams. And its hot high end lets your music come alive at 55.

TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, NY 11530

TDK®

We make you feel at home on the road.

*In the unlikely event that a TDK audio cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to TDK or to your local dealer for a free replacement.

# The Crowning Touch

Seagram's 7 "crowns" any drink with great taste because it tastes better all by itself. On the rocks, or with soda—in the classic Manhattan or whiskey sour—there's just nothing better. And enjoy our quality in moderation.

**Seagram's 7 Crown**
**Where quality drinks begin.**

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

VOLUME 8 NUMBER 3

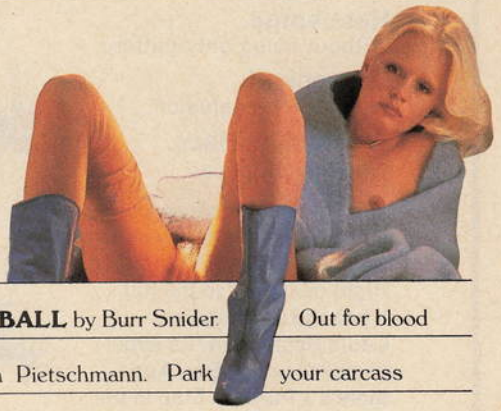
# oui

MARCH 1979

## CONTENTS

### FEATURES

**42 KRISTIN** Photography by S. Carter. The whole thing is attitude, Kristin told us. "The first twenty years of my life, I did whatever they told me to. Now I'm starting to identify with myself, be more independent." The full declaration starts on page 42.



**50**
**RICK BARRY: THE SECOND-BEST WHITE PLAYER IN BASKETBALL** by Burr Snider. Out for blood

**56**
**WHERE TO SIT OR SLEEP NEARLY ANYWHERE** by Richard John Pietschmann. Park your carcass

**60**
**MICKI** Photography by Otto Weisser. Looking for trouble

**70 A CONVERSATION WITH ROBIN WILLIAMS** by C.W. Metcalf. Shazbot! How is it possible to break every rule of television comedy and still leave the audience pissing in its drawers? Meet Robin Williams, surprise star of the new TV season, in an interview that starts in pre-Mork & Mindy obscurity and ends in the spotlight.

**75**
**OUI'S POTATO CHIP REPORT** by Michael S. Lasky. Putting your chips on the table

**80**
**THE SCIENCE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE** by Robert Anton Wilson. Finally! The answers to everything!

**86**
**FRANCOISE** Photography by Eric Müller. A French toast

**93 HOT STEREO** by Ed Bott. With FM radio hugging the middle of the road, a car tape system is no longer a luxury. OUI rates the best, and also gives you some tips on keeping your new unit away from the fences.

**98**
**CAFÉ SOCIETY** Photography by Phillip Dixon. Trio to quartet

**114**
**HI-TEST HOOCH** by David Harrison. Booze guaranteed to knock your socks off

**116**
**HURRICANE** Fiction by Geoff Neal. Before (and after) the deluge

### DEPARTMENTS

**6**
**MAIL** Greetings from our readers

**13**
**OPENERS** Quotes from monster movies

**25**
**SEX TAPES** Sexual gadgets

**30**
**MAN IN THE STREET** Hardhats and female pedestrians

**32**
**SEX** Why men reverse vasectomies

**34**
**MUSIC** Misery loves country music

**36**
**FUTURE** Electronic mail

**38**
**MONEY** How to land that job you've been looking for

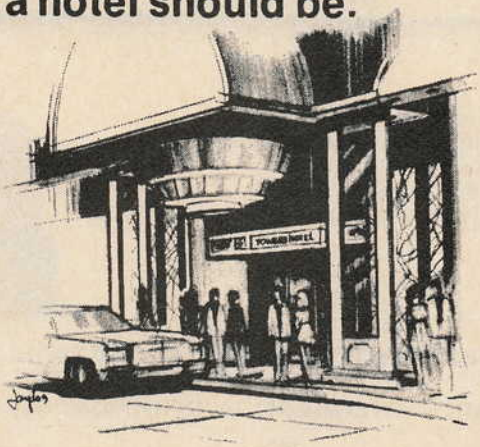
# THE MORE YOU TRAVEL THE MORE YOU'LL LIKE Playboy Towers

## It's just what a hotel should be.

**Handsome.**
Without being gilty-glittery.

**Convenient.**
Without the confusion.

**A Friendly Place.**
With friendly prices.



The Towers is located just steps off Michigan Avenue in Chicago. Close to commerce. Right next door to the fun. It has the exciting Les Oeufs Restaurant. Its super-convivial Lobby Bar. And there's a Playboy Club in the adjoining building.

**You couldn't ask for more. For reservations or information, call toll-free 800-621-1116. In Illinois, call (312) 751-8100. Or see your travel agent.**

**Playboy Towers**
**163 East Walton Street, Chicago, Illinois**

# Guess which car has the Fujitsu Ten stereo.

The answer is obvious. Because only the Compo car stereo from Fujitsu Ten delivers sound quality that's as good as a top notch home system.

Since the Compo is a true separates system, the amplifier, tuner, and cassette deck are designed separately for optimum performance.

Choose between two different power amplifiers for 40 or 80 watts of power. The auto-reverse cassette deck with Dolby* has a special playback head for great frequency response. The AM/FM/MPX tuner features motor-driven automatic search, along with FET front end and PLL/IC for stable reception. Even a 5-function remote control amplifier.

And our 2-way hermetically-sealed speaker system is designed to accurately reproduce every note under difficult acoustic conditions.

Write for more information and for the dealer nearest you.

**Compo™ The best separates on wheels.**

*Dolby is the trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

**FUJITSU TEN CORP. OF AMERICA**
1135 East Janis Street, Carson, CA 90746



# oui

| | |
|---|---|
| HUGH M. HEFNER | Publisher |
| DANIEL FILIPACCHI | Co-Publisher |
| RICHARD CRAMER | Editor |
| MICHAEL BROCK | Art Director |
| PETER BRENNAN | Managing Editor |
| MICHAEL BERRY | Photo Editor |
| STEWART WEINER | Senior Editor |
| SHARON O'HARA<br>JAN GOLAB | Associate Editors |
| JAMES KIEHLE<br>ROGER CARPENTER | Associate Art Directors |
| JEFF DUNAS | Staff Photographer |
| MICHELLE URRY | Cartoon Editor |
| SHERYL EDDINS | Copy Editor |
| ED BOTT | Associate Copy Editor |
| RICKIE POULOS | Art Production Manager |
| KEVIN WALKER | Art Assistant |
| CHRIS WEYGANDT | Editorial Researcher |
| PAULETTE GAUDET | Rights & Permissions Manager |
| GLORIA STONE | Executive Assistant |
| TOY GIBSON | Editorial Assistant |
| CARYN WEISS | Photo Coordinator |
| HALYA HRYNCHUK | Paris Bureau |
| LINDA CLARK<br>LEITA PURVIS<br>BOB MATHEWS<br>CATHY GLASSNER | Staff Assistants |
| CHRIS BARNETT<br>PETER GAMBACCINI<br>JESSE KORNBLUTH<br>D. KEITH MANO<br>ED NAHA<br>GLENN O'BRIEN<br>MICHAEL PRICE<br>BURR SNIDER | Contributing Editors |
| JIM BROWN | Advertising Director |
| BOB SPERLING | Associate Advertising Director |
| SANDY DANON | Promotion Manager |
| JOHN MASTRO | Production Director |
| GERRIT HUIG | Production Manager |
| REBECCA GADDY | Production Coordinator |
| SUSAN KELLOGG | Production Assistant |
| RANDY ARDISSONE | Newsstand Manager |
| FRANK ALBERGO | Associate Newsstand Manager |
| ALVIN WIEMOLD | Subscription Manager |
| RICHARD SMITH | Circulation Director |

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights in letters sent to oui will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to oui's right to edit and to comment editorially. Contents Copyright © 1979 by Playboy Publications, Inc. ® oui magazine as to materials that first appeared in issues of that publication. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between the people and places in fiction and semifiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. COVER: photography by Phillip Dixon, makeup by Alison Reynolds. COLUMN LOGOS: pages 6, 30, 32, 34, 36 & 38 by Tom Nikosey. SEX TAPES: photography by Andrew Su. RICK BARRY: photos pages 52 & 53 UPI. POTATO CHIPS: thanks for local research to Marge Mathews, Sheila Lee, Gregg Silver, Ken Israel & Richard Greco. CAFÉ SOCIETY: photos pages 98–107 © 1979 Butterfly Records.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York: 747 Third Avenue. Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. San Francisco: 417 Montgomery Street. Los Angeles: 8721 Beverly Boulevard.

oui, March 1979, Volume 8, Number 3 (ISSN 0090-2047). Published monthly by Playboy Publications, Inc., a subsidiary of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send form 3579 to oui, P.O. Box 2510, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Subscriptions: $14 a year in U.S./$18 a year in Canada. For subscription services or information call 303-443-5200.


COVER: Our stormy March cover girl is 22-year-old Sandra Bernadou who gets her sultry good looks from a French Basque and Portuguese ancestry, and her uninhibited sensuality from growing up in California. For more of Sandra (and some other ladies, too), check *Café Society*, pages 98–107.

# MAKE PEOPLE TALK BEHIND YOUR BACK.

A funny thing happens when you ride past on a Yamaha Special.

People notice.

And the one they notice most often is the one you see here. Our XS650 Special.

It's not our largest, or our most expensive. But it has something about it, a certain "rightness," that has made it our most popular street bike. And possibly the most popular motorcycle in America.

Like all of our Specials, the 650 is designed to be ridden in a more natural, relaxed position. The seat is a little lower. The handlebars come back a little further. So you sit back. And you look as relaxed as you are.

The mellow throb of those megaphone exhausts does nothing to change the impression.

It's the sound of a twin. The classic vertical twin engine. Narrow and lean, it's also wonderfully simple and reliable. With a wider range of power than a four of the same size. So it pulls like a freight train without you pumping the gearbox.

How well does it handle? Even the experts were amazed. "Incredibly," wrote *Motorcyclist* magazine, "we found the huge rear tire and the altered geometry on the 650 Special made it even more neutral and precise than the already fine handling standard."

And how does it look? The sleek teardrop tank, the special paint, chrome in just the right places, and that clean, classic profile all say one thing.

Style.

So when people talk behind your back, you won't have to worry about what they're saying.

**YAMAHA**

*When you know how they're built.*

# MAIL

## BAND WITH THE RUNS

I've reviled marching bands ever since a clarinet reed julienned my gums as I played *The Conqueror* with my own school marching band. Burr Snider's delightfully tasteless revelations about the Stanford Marching Band (*Steppin' Out at Stanford*, November) painted a wonderful picture of what might have been. How comforting to know a clot of anarchist glockenspielists and tuba-poopers are among the tweedy mass leaving Stanford by limo each June for their prewarmed seats of power.

LARRY LEE
San Francisco, California

Hundreds of kids all over the country don't have the funds to get into even a junior college, much less a private four-year school, and what are the kids at Stanford doing? Getting high and running around football fields in drag. Instead of making fun of the world, they should be trying to change it.

GERALD JOHNSON
Downey, California

I've always wanted to go to Stanford University for the very thing your article is based on—its outrageousness. But I wasn't accepted. And now, in retrospect, I'm glad I wasn't. I think I've learned a hell of a lot more about the world than those I-don't-give-a-damn rich kids could possibly have shown me. Don't get me wrong. The article about the Stanford Band was real good and there's a place for that sort of thing. But it's all fantasy, man. The real world awaits them.

WALTER JONES
Detroit, Michigan

## BOILING POINT

We were very pleased and excited by your layout of *Carolyn* (November). If she's ever in Northern California, tell her she can stop by the Point Reyes Fire/Paramedic station for a full physical exam (free of charge, of course)!

THE INSTANT REPLAY BOYS
San Rafael, California

I want to commend you on your centerfold spread in the November issue. Carolyn was superb in all respects. Those luscious lips and beautiful breasts caused my blood to boil. She is without a doubt the best you've featured in a long time. You must show her again!

C. J. HENRY
Farmingdale, New Jersey

*Carolyn had no idea she would set so many hearts on fire. "I used to set off false alarms as a kid. But it's a lot more exciting to be the burning bush."*

## FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE

Finally! Someone with enough guts to stand up for marriage (*Still Married after All These Years*, November). Your author, Craig Karpel, expressed my feelings exactly. My wife and I get so tired of people saying (with surprise), "You mean you're *still* married?" We've been married for three years, and I see no end forthcoming to our relationship. Every day we get closer and closer. The two insecure (but very much in love) individuals who got hitched three years ago have now become, through our mutual devotion to understanding, two very secure (and still very much in love), happily married adults.

I can only feel sorry for the single people out there who either are too scared to try matrimony or feel that since they've been burned once, they'll be burned again. It may take a long while to find your compatible partner, but once you do, all the one-night stands, threesomes and orgies become child's play in comparison. My thanks to Craig Karpel.

JOSEPH ANDERSON
Cincinnati, Ohio

I really envy Craig Karpel his marriage and the happiness with it that would allow him to proudly proclaim that he's "still married after all these years." I've tried marriage twice. Each lasted only a year, even though I had the best of intentions and feelings at their onset. Don't ask me what went wrong. I'm still wrestling with the answer to that question. But I don't intend to give up. I look forward to having and maintaining a lasting relationship with a woman, if only to be able to say I didn't give in to the societal pressures of staying unattached.

Being single isn't as swinging as people want to believe.

THOMAS ADAMS
Hartford, Connecticut

## NAME THAT MOON

Your *Film* column by John Waters ("Casting for the Heavies," November) answered one of the world's most pressing questions: Where *did* he find that guy with the singing asshole in his movie *Pink Flamingos*? Thanks, OUI; I always wondered about that.

B. LAWRENCE
Beverly Hills, California

## GROSSED OUT

Thank you for *A Gross Look at Anger* by Sam Gross (October). It was a great cartoon spread and typical of OUI's contribution to the art of cartooning. In the process of streamlining for the semiliterates, many magazines are bumping cartoons. Ironically, some of the best stuff ever is being produced today, as your feature showed.

I recently interviewed Sam Gross for a book of interviews with American magazine cartoonists, which will be published

*(Continued on page 9)*



ILLUSTRATION BY MARGO NAHAS

© 1978 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

# "I want the best taste I can get. I get it from Winston."

BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Soft Pack or Box.

# NUGENT REVERBS

*In our October issue, we published Associate Editor Jan Golab's profile of Ted Nugent ("King of Rock and Rage"), a spaced-out look at the Motor City Madman. We never anticipated the variety of responses we'd receive but, baby, look what's happening now! Nugent was so freaked by Jeff Cummin's article illustration that he used it for his "Weekend Warriors" album cover. Then for his promo poster. Then* People *magazine got the word that the wild man was staked out at the* OUI *offices and rushed over just as Ted had a too-close encounter with one of our cover girls. . . . Whew! But that wasn't the end of the hoopla. Stern Electronics decided they wanted to develop the Nugent illustration for (of all things) a Nugent pinball machine. And all the while, letters from our readers came pouring in . . .*

**People magazine:** *"Rock's gonzo guitarist Ted Nugent was all set for a hunting trip when he spotted fairer game at* OUI *Magazine's Los Angeles lair. His comely captive was* OUI *cover girl Nancy Suiter, who let out a blood-curdling yelp as he sliced open her blouse. Wailed she: 'I just bought it on sale!'"*

Congratulations for the best Ted Nugent article I've seen yet. It surprised me to see him featured in your magazine. Most major publications interview no-talent punks like Shaun Cassidy, Kiss and Debby Boone. Ted Nugent didn't have a famous family to break him into stardom, nor does he have to rely on makeup, flames and movies to attract crowds. Ted got to be the "Wild Man of Rock and Roll" without kissin' ass for publicity. His own ass-kickin' talent carries him from concert to concert to immortality!

PFC. SAM LUCKEY
Camp Ames, Korea

Your October issue's article on Ted Nugent has really made me angry. I'm "this rhythm-guitar player" who wrote the lyrics to *Journey to the Center of the Mind*, as well as 60 percent of all the Sixties Amboy Dukes' music. Reading that ficticious foolishness and hype-from-tripe tribute to Nugent has maddened me to my blood-red core.

First, Nugent claims in your article that I was "heavy into drugs." The truth is that I smoked pot no more than a few dozen times prior to and during my association with the Dukes. No acid, no speed, no downers, smack or coke. Just a bit of marijuana.

Secondly, in response to Nugent's claim that the song *Journey* would have made it without any lyrics, I propose that anyone listen to the instrumental track. You could then hardly keep from marveling at how someone could take those unrhythmic tempos and unsympathetic chord patterns (which Nugent wrote) and turn it all into a fine song, which I did. The only musically interesting part of the song is the bridge (which I constructed). Aside from the intro (which Ted ripped off from the *Bonanza* television-show theme) and the interesting, although off-key, lead work, that song was my creation and its success was my responsibility.

Finally, I would like to have it be noted that while your "King of Rock and Rage" spent the mid-Sixties in Chicago, his band, the Lourdes, battled my band, the Gang, for rock-'n'-roll supremacy in *Detroit*. It was a real battle, if that's what you call hundreds of bloodied youths slugging it out. It was real "Motor City Madness," if you call the riot-squad battalions "madness." It was everything you would expect from a Nugent concert and more. It was great, Ted. Too bad you missed it. But I guess *someone* must have told you about it.

STEVE FARMER
Detroit, Michigan

The only thing that deterred this excellent article from becoming a Nugent classic was the lack of pictures showing Ted in action. Other than that, I loved it!

MARK KNOWLES
Pt. Arthur, Texas

*Totally blown away by the "Weekend Warrior," Stern Electronics is now selling these pinball machines. Of course, they cost a pretty penny, but if you're interested in getting ahold of Ted's balls, you can get all the info by writing Stern at 1725 West Diversey Parkway, Chicago, IL 60614.*

*Ted in action, huh? Well, just before Ted split for his hunting trip, he got cornered by our* OUI *mascot, Kinky the kinkajou. (Kinky's on the left.) As you can see, Kinky managed to put the bite on Ted before he could get away. A warning, perhaps? After all, what goes around, comes around.* □

*(Continued from page 6)*
by Doubleday. Sam is a stimulating and intelligent raconteur, and the same wacky, off-the-wall humor that was evident in your spread of his cartoons came out in our conversation. It was a delight to see a magazine that appreciates the work of this master.

MARK JACOBS
San Francisco, California

**HAVING IT THEIR WAY**

Regarding Theodore Fischer's otherwise fine article about franchising in your August issue (*Have It Your Way*), its final paragraph, wherein he misquotes me, could result in an incorrect impression of our company, and of franchising in general, on the part of your readers. Ethical franchisers, including Bresler's 33 Flavors, Inc., are not in business to hurt their franchisees. In fact, a franchiser's success depends greatly upon the success of its franchisees.

Our company's attitude is demonstrated by its conduct. Bresler's 33 Flavors, Inc., has a complete and thoroughly professional approach to franchising. We attempt to carefully select potential locations; we provide (if the store owner so desires) a complete package, or turnkey operation; we give 21 days of training—13 in our school, plus eight in the individual store. We have constant follow-up by means of our marketing and field operations departments. Our percentage of owner failures is extremely small, approximating 4 percent a year.

Of course, Bresler's 33 Flavors, Inc., is not the only national franchiser offering such a program. Most reputable franchisers have similar approaches, and that's exactly the point I was trying to make. To wit, your readers should thoroughly investigate the franchise for both financial stability and services offered and rendered. They should choose their franchise using their business head, rather than succumbing to the emotional flim-flam as fostered by the fly-by-nights, the never-has-beens and the never-will-be's. If they are discerning and become associated with a reputable franchiser, they will have a head start on competition, with their own effort being the key to their ultimate success.

C. D. BAXSTRESSER
Bresler's 33 Flavors, Inc.
Chicago, Illinois

**ANNOTATED ELLISON**

The article by Harlan Ellison in your November issue (*The Three Most Important Things in Life*) has to be the best I've read in your magazine. Ellison must be a real pessimist.

VIRGIL JONES
Atlanta, Georgia

I only occasionally buy your magazine, but I did pick up (and thoroughly enjoyed)

KAHLÚA® & Soda
fzzz.
KAHLÚA
IMPORTED
KAHLÚA
LICOR DE CAFÉ
Cool the fever with:
an ounce of Kahlúa, a fill-up
of club soda, a squeeze of lime, over ice.
And send for the Kahlúa recipe book. It's on the house.
Kahlúa. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. 53 Proof.
Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc. 116 N. Robertson, Los Angeles, CA 90048
©1978 Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc.

THE WOMEN.
THE MEN.
THE WORLD.

In OUI, every month. Don't miss it. Subscribe today and get one year of OUI for just $14 (you save $10.50 off the $24.50 newsstand price). Simply send your check to:

oui

Dept. 7CN5
P.O. Box 2510
Boulder, Colorado 80302

your November issue because I saw that Harlan Ellison was featured. I'd just like to say that by not mentioning Harlan Ellison's name on your cover, your sales were probably a million short of what they could have been that month.

Harlan has an extremely loyal and fanatical following. It would be in your own best interest not to make a mistake like that again.

M. Perry
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

*Believe us, Mr. Perry, we won't.*

## LESLIE HITS–ABOVE AND BELOW

I adore *Leslie* (November)! I realize that she's not the most classically beautiful woman in the world, but what grabbed my heart was the way her upper lip pouted over the lower one. You don't see too many women with that feature; usually a pouting *lower* lip is what's considered sexy. But to me, that attribute is quite endearing.

Robert Johnson
Irving, Texas

I couldn't make up my mind which of your November blondes was the best, Carolyn or Leslie. But I finally decided on Leslie. Why? Well, Carolyn was just too hairy. Besides, Leslie reminded me of those soft and innocent German girls I met while stationed over there . . . and she's got a rear end that can't be beat (although I'd love to!).

O. Jackson
Kansas City, Missouri

*Leslie replies: "Oh, you would, would you? Sorry, honey, but I'm not into S/M. It's too bad, 'cause I just adore vets. They're so hardy!"*

## GERMAN PRICKS AND BODY ART

I've just finished reading "Translations While You Wait" (*Openers*, November). The author, Charles Krumbein, makes a big mistake in substituting a *b* for the German letter ß. That letter should be correctly transcribed as an *ss* in English. For instance, *grosser steifer Schwanz* means "big stiff prick"; whereas *grober steifer Schwanz* translates to "coarse stiff prick"—obviously not the same thing. Other than that small error, I thoroughly enjoyed your magazine.

Walter Bunzl
Atlanta, Georgia

During all the years I've been reading your magazine, I've never seen a more imaginative, and yet erotic, feature than "Comic Strip" (*Openers*, November). The artist, Miguel Paiva, must have had a lot of fun painting those little flights of fancy. I know I had a lot of fun looking at them. Those sorts of pictures are what set OUI apart from all the rest.

Albert Parker
Cincinnati, Ohio

*Our thanks, Al, for being such an appreciative fan. You know what they say about an apple a day, so . . . here's to your health.*

In your November *Openers*, you printed an item titled "Exhibitionists" with two pictures of a tattooed lady below. Couldn't you have chosen a better heading? That label could easily be interpreted the wrong way by many people. I have more than a dozen tattoos, and I find that I am stereotyped unfavorably because of them. Tattooing is an art. It's just another form of expressing one's individualism.

Jim Steigele
Sea Cliff, New York

## THE SEXUAL REVELATION

Wow! I just couldn't believe your article *Why Men Piss Me Off* (October). You don't know how close Kathy Lowry came to describing my own lifestyle. It was as if I had written the article myself. Where did the ladies come from who gave you all that information? Must have been Birmingham, Alabama, because the men they gripe about sound just like me. I was a real heartbreaker there a couple of years ago. I'll be home again soon and, believe me, after reading your article, I intend to apologize to every one of the ladies I messed over. I never thought about what I was doing from their point of view. Thanks, OUI, for helping me see how I really was.

James C. Martin, Jr.
Memphis, Tennessee

People choose their lovers on the basis of some common denominator each shares. So, the fact that Kathy Lowry has batted zero so far in her life (as she implies in her article) leads me to believe that the very thing she bitches about is the very thing she's attracted to, initially, in her men. That's what pisses me off about most women, especially the so-called liberated ones. They seem to admire the aggressiveness of the men they choose (only an aggressive man could catch the interest of these women); yet when this aggressiveness is turned toward *them*, all of a sudden that attribute is labeled *dominance* and becomes a turn-off. At least men hold no pretenses as to what type of woman they need. Kathy Lowry should take a good look at *her* needs before she continues bitching.

Ben Clark
Dallas, Texas

## TOLKIEN RING JOB

I very rarely read satires or parodies because they're usually so badly and superficially done. And I never would have read *Lord of the Land Beyond* (November) if my roommate hadn't picked it up and started reading it out loud to me. So, just to shut him up, I read the damn thing. And you know what? I liked it.

Joe Castillo
Denver, Colorado

Larry Tritten's very funny parody of science fiction, sword and sorcery, heroic fantasy and Tolkien was very well done. The essence of the humor is in his hilarious names of people, places and things. I'm still chuckling over the "very ancient song called *You Deserve a Break Today*" and the plate of green sock and pizza leavings. Tritten has a clever, cunning way of seeing the world around him in perspective.

Richard E. Geis
Editor-Publisher
*Science Fiction Review*
Portland, Oregon

## THREE CHEERS FOR *OPENERS*

It was certainly an erotic pleasure looking at the November issue of OUI and delighting in the sexy pictures of the cheerleaders in the *Openers* section. But, to me, it would have been better if those same pictures (and many more) could have been printed larger. Seeing cheerleaders with well-shaped legs in their short skirts is highly arousing, but seeing them with no underwear and doing their legs-apart exercises is even *more* exciting.

Name Withheld by Request
Kirksville, Missouri

I was in Griffith Park in Los Angeles a couple of months ago when I came upon these two girls in cheerleader outfits, practicing their cheers. How odd, I thought, just the two of them. I watched them for a while (I was hiding behind a tree at the time), and when they practiced doing cartwheels, I noticed they weren't wearing anything under their skirts! Then they took off their sweaters and did some more

cheers. And then they took off their skirts and did some splits . . . nude.

I rushed home to tell my friends about it and they all said I was crazy. Cheerleaders? In Griffith Park? They said I must have been hallucinating.

But lo and behold, I opened up my November issue of OUI and there were those same two girls in your magazine. Thanks, OUI, for those wonderful photos and for saving my sanity.

ERNEST JACKSON
Los Angeles, California

*Ernie, we've got disappointing news for you. Our cheerleaders were photographed in New York City's Central Park—a far cry from Los Angeles. Now, if you need the name of a good shrink . . .*

Your *Openers* cheerleaders photos were the best! Todd Friedman showed us that cheerleaders not only have team spirit, but also have nice tits and asses. Great November issue!

BOB FISCHER
Lauderdale Lakes, Florida

**SHOE 'NUFF**

As a loyal fan—I subscribe to OUI—I feel it is my right to say something about the girls who appear in the magazine. It's something that has been bothering me for a long time. The girls are gorgeous; there's no doubt about that. But they never take off their shoes. It seems a little ridiculous to me to have someone strip off all her clothes but leave her shoes on. It's reminiscent of all those old porno movies—the ones where the guys wore masks and left their socks on.

BILL GARRISON
Burlington Junction, Missouri

Understandably, there are many among your readers who like to see a nude or seminude girl wearing shoes to embellish her nudity. But surely there must be other readers who would like to see the naked *foot* along with the naked girl.

I was very surprised to note that, in the entire November issue, there is not a single bare foot. To my way of thinking, a nude girl with her shoes on is *dressed*. I hope you will consider this in your forthcoming issues.

ABDUL HADDAD
Miami, Florida

Want to know what makes me angry? All the supposedly naked women in your magazine who, month after month, have their *shoes on*!

CARL BERGER
Beach Haven, New Jersey

*It's really very simple. A girl's leg photographs better when she has heels on, especially if they're all she has on. But for you and all the other foot freaks out there, please turn to page 86 and say hello to Francoise.*

**THE SEDUCTION OF LINA**

I have never seen a Wertmuller film (*A Conversation with Lina Wertmuller*, November) but anyone who says, "Prostitution should be legalized. . . . You could put the house where anyone could find it, with a big penis outside, like the pole outside the barber shop," is all right with me. That lady has got her head together!

JOHN BLAKE
Cleveland, Ohio

I never knew what to make of Lina Wertmuller, even though I've seen most of her films. I'd go to one and come away with a sense of understanding, but then I'd go to see another and get outraged. Finally, your interview with her has put it all into perspective for me. Lina just doesn't take sides in her films. That's simple enough. My thanks.

JAMES ALEXANDER
St. Louis, Missouri

**BOOBY TRAP**

Your November *Closers* page was funny as hell! Your photographer, Phil Garner, must be congratulated for his imagination. *Viva la tit!*

PHIL LEE
Jamaica, New York

*Actually, we made a small blunder in crediting that production. Although the concept was designed by Phil Garner, the photographer was Tim Street-Porter. Our apologies to Tit, uh, Tim.*

*Address letters to: Mail, OUI*
*8560 Sunset Boulevard*
*Los Angeles, California 90069*


**How to slim down. Administer first aid. Prevent drug abuse. Get better mileage. Choose a new carpet. Repair a leaky faucet. Jump start your car. Restore an old house. Find a job. Buy tires. Cope with arthritis. Insulate your home. Save money. Retire. Budget your money. Invest. Control pests. Garden organically. Tune up your car.**

No matter what kinds of questions you have, there's a good chance the Consumer Information Catalog can help you find the answers.

**Free.**

Inside, it lists more than two hundred federal publications you can send for on all kinds of subjects.

All of which contain a wealth of information. Really helpful information.

The catalog was put together for you by the Consumer Information Center of the U.S. Government. It's free. And so are more than half the publications in it.

Now the only question left is how to get a copy.

Simple. Just write to:

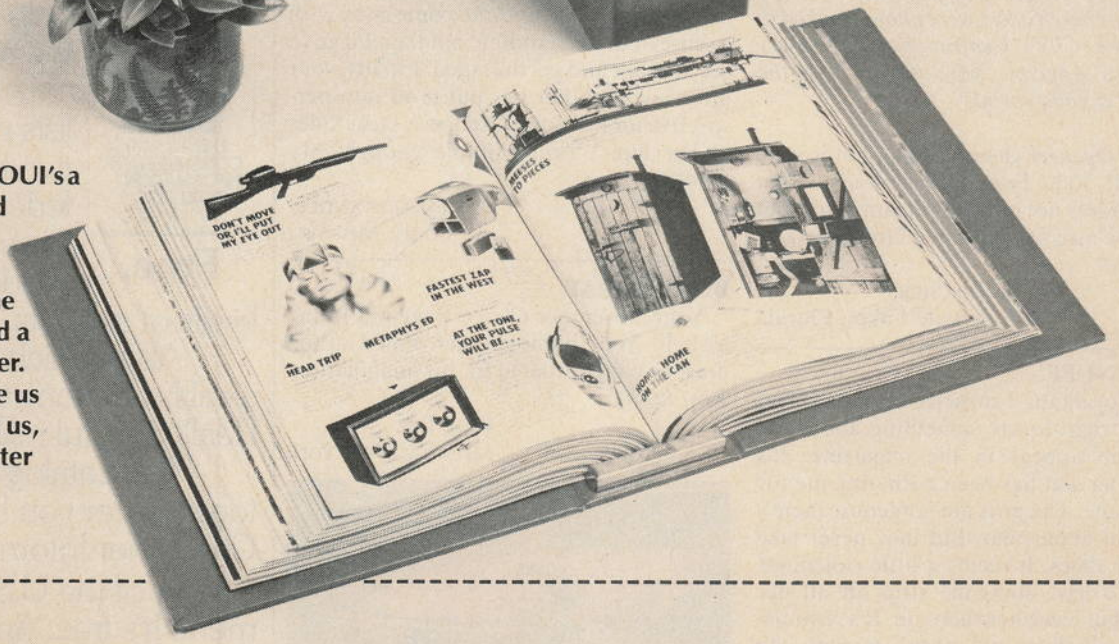
**Consumer Information Center, Department C, Pueblo, Colorado 81009.**

General Services Administration
Consumer Information Center

# the case for keeping oui

**LIBRARY CASE**
each case
holds 12 issues

**BINDER**
each Binder
holds 12 issues




**Because each issue of OUI's a keeper, we've created two super ways to collect your favorite magazine: a handsome OUI Library Case, and a hard-cover OUI Binder. Either way you'll have us right where you want us, month after month after month.**

---

OUI PRODUCTS, DEPT. OP101, P.O. BOX 3386, CHICAGO, ILL. 60654

Please send me: _____ Qty. OUI LIBRARY CASES at $5.95 each. Total _____

_____ Qty. OUI BINDERS at $7.95 each. Total _____

Illinois Residents, add 5% tax _____

Please add $1.00 per item for Shipping/Handling _____

Total _____

☐ Payment enclosed. (Make check payable to OUI Products)

☐ Charge to:
☐ BankAmericard/Visa ☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express

Credit Card Number _____

Valid from _____ to _____

Name _____
(Please print)

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

Note: Prices subject to change without notice. No C.O.D. orders, please.

# OPENERS

## RESEARCHERS PROBE FEMALES FOR SCIENCE

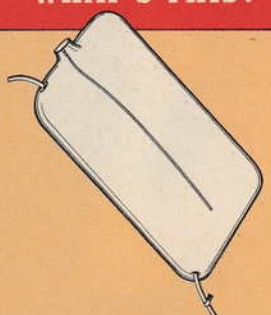
To determine if a lady has amorous intentions, men have always had to rely on subtle signals like winks, heavy breathing or a moist tongue tantalizingly drawn across the upper lip. These "readiness indicators" are ambiguous, however, and can sometimes lead to an embarrassing misunderstanding. Now, thanks to two researchers at the Southern Illinois University School of Medicine, there are machines available that can communicate a woman's desires quickly, accurately and without any danger of crossing signals.

Drs. Donald E. Henson and H.B. Rubin have developed two devices for measuring the degree of female arousal. One, the vaginal photoplethysmograph, is a light source and sensor attached to a small cylinder, which is inserted one and a half inches up the suspect snatch to measure changes in vaginal blood pressure. The other, the labial thermistor-clip, is a special thermometer, which is connected to a lady's hot lips by means of a small, "commercially available metal clip, i.e., a 'roach' clip."

To compare the two devices, dedicated researchers Henson and Rubin road tested them on eight female students, aged 23 to 33. Once the ladies were properly probed, clipped and penetrated, they were each placed in a private soundproof room and shown "stag" films in which "various forms of explicit heterosexual behavior were enacted." The subjects were then asked to rate their own genital reactions according to a handy seven-point scale: (1) no sensations; (2) mild sensations; (3) moderate sensations; (4) slightly strong sensations; (5) strong sensations; (6) vaginal lubrication; (7) The Big O.

Although none of the subjects lit the scoreboard with a lucky seven, three of them did manage to hit a six, and both of the devices proved to be equally effective at accurately gauging their responses. If you're interested in one of these playthings, the thermistor is $33, while the photoplethysmograph is about $100. Consult your yellow pages for the nearest hospital-supply or adult-novelty store. —TERRY FISCHER

## WHAT'S THIS?



*We know what you're thinking.* Openers *has sunk to a new low—to the very pits and dregs of bathroom humor—making feeble attempts to snag a laugh with a common household rubber product. Not quite (close, but no cigar). This here is an invention patented by Ms. Frances Allen in 1972, and although it was designed to "improve the way a person looked and felt," it's not at all what you're thinking. Enlighten your dirty little mind* *on page 23)*

## PUNKRATUDE

San Francisco's premier punk-rock club, the Mabuhay Gardens, is home to Leila and the Snakes, Crime, the Nuns and other New Wave groups. It also proved to be the perfect setting for the First Annual Bay Area Outrageous Beauty Contest, organized by Berkeley's Theater of Human Melting.

The band, the Dead Popes, was horrible. The costumes of the participants were freaky, and their performances were obscene and tasteless—from

a parody of JFK and Jackie to a nurse who shed her white uniform in favor of black garters and perversity.

"It was a chance to go right over the edge onstage," explained one young miss who, while dripping blood, ripped open her T-shirt, roller skated around in chains and leather, then did a weird lovemaking act with her male partner amidst the smoke of dry ice. Another lady, who appeared in bizarre cave-woman riggings, was asked why she chose to humiliate herself onstage. "Because it's fun," she replied. "My worst fear is that people will find out what I'm *really* like."

## YOU DESERVE A DROID TODAY

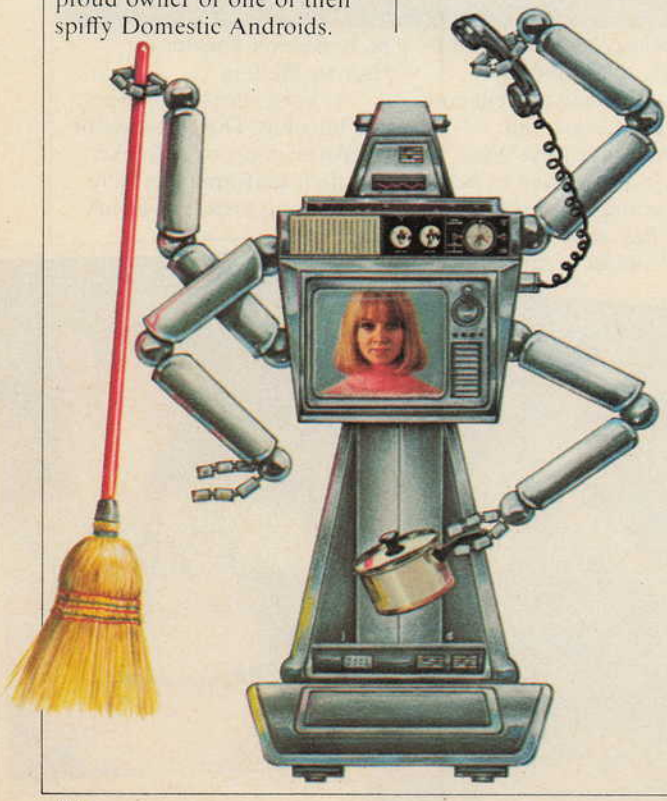
Sick of mopping up after wasted houseguests? Tired of having to get up in the morning and scrape the guacamole off your speaker cabinets? Do you dream of that future world you've seen on the big screen, an age liberated from daily drudgery by charming robots?

Quasar Industries of Rutherford, New Jersey, is finally ready to introduce us to this brave new age. For only four grand, you can be the proud owner of one of their spiffy Domestic Androids.

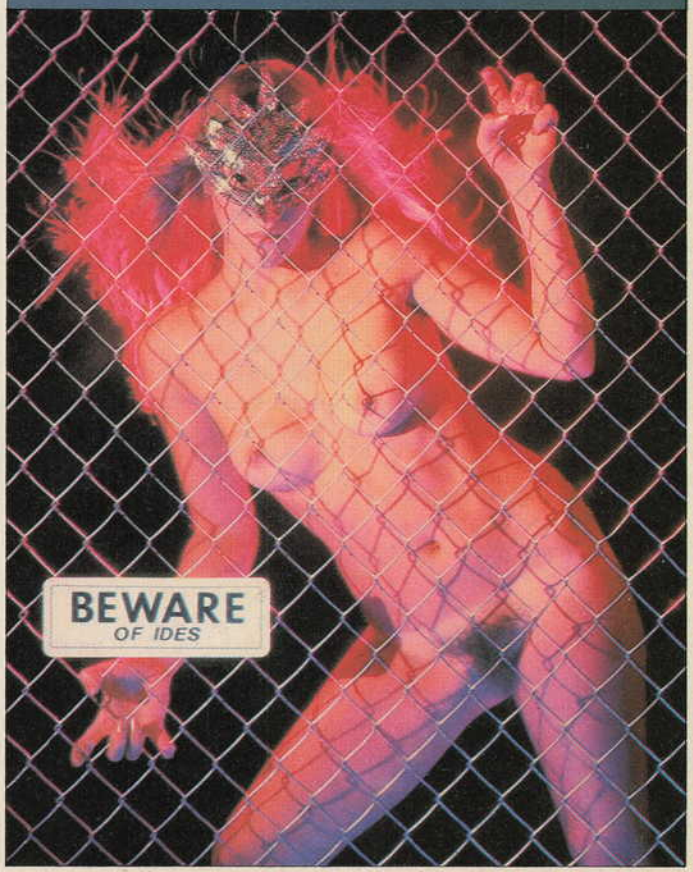
Dig this: ". . . weighing 180 pounds and standing 5 feet, 2 inches tall, the Mechanical Servant will be furnished with tubular arms, 36 inches long, with functioning elbows, wrists and tri-pincer hands (three fingers). The fingers will be fabricated from steel-reinforced Teflon, allowing the robot to tilt an average couch or carry an egg with equal efficiency."

This new bionic member of your family will answer doors and serve premixed drinks and meals; vacuum rugs, polish floors and dust living areas; monitor your "habitat" for smoke, fire or unauthorized entry; and automatically adjust heating and air-conditioning units. He will also be able to help your kids with their homework and assist you in brushing up on the subjects of your choice.

If you're in the market for more heavyweight companionship (and security), you might be interested in Quasar's Sentry I model. This bruiser stands seven feet tall, weighs in at 750 pounds and can chase an intruder through a warehouse at speeds up to 18 mph. Once it gets within eight feet of its prey, it announces: "Stand still. Don't move." If your average plumber fails to heed this call, Sentry I might discharge heavy doses of nitrous oxide



## THE IDES OF LAURA MARCH



©Lorillard, U.S.A., 1978

# Golden Lights™ 100's

Golden Lights Deluxe 100s
Low Tar & Nicotine · Satisfying Taste · by Kent
Golden Lights
Deluxe 100s
10 Mg. Tar, 0.9 Mg. Nicotine
Golden Lights Menthol 100s
Low Tar & Nicotine · Satisfying Taste · by Kent
Golden Lights
Menthol 100s
10 Mg. Tar, 0.9 Mg. Nicotine

## Only 10 mg. tar

0.9 MG. NIC.

## Taste 'em. You won't believe they're lower in tar than all these 100's:

| 19 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC. | 17 MG. TAR 1.1 MG. NIC. | 19 MG. TAR 1.4 MG. NIC. | 11 MG. TAR 0.7 MG. NIC. | 12 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC. | 19 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC. | 18 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC. | 11 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC. | 16 MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|

Source of all 'tar' and nicotine disclosures in this ad is either FTC Report May 1978 or FTC Method. **Of All Brands Sold:** Lowest tar: 0.5 mg.'tar', 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.
**Golden Lights: 100's**–10 mg.'tar,' 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# The Good Life is...

*Making All the Right Moves at The Playboy Club of Los Angeles.*

Tonight's the night to step out with the movers and shakers. Where? On the new Disco dance floor at the Playboy Club of Los Angeles.

Show your stuff. Let yourself go. And have the time of your life.

You can't help enjoying yourself at the Playboy Club. The setting is chic. The lights and sounds are super. And our Disco deejay plays just what you like.

You'll be able to watch exciting Disco dance groups. Or be the show yourself. It's your choice, but no matter which you decide to do, you'll enjoy every dancing minute of it.

You'll have plenty of time to enjoy those wonderful Playboy-sized drinks. There's no place like the Playboy Club to get in step with the movers and shakers. No place like the Playboy Club to play. It's an entertainment mecca under one roof...with super food and drink, great name entertainment in our great showroom and now the Disco.

Get in step with the Good Life Playboy-style tonight. Come to the Playboy Club.

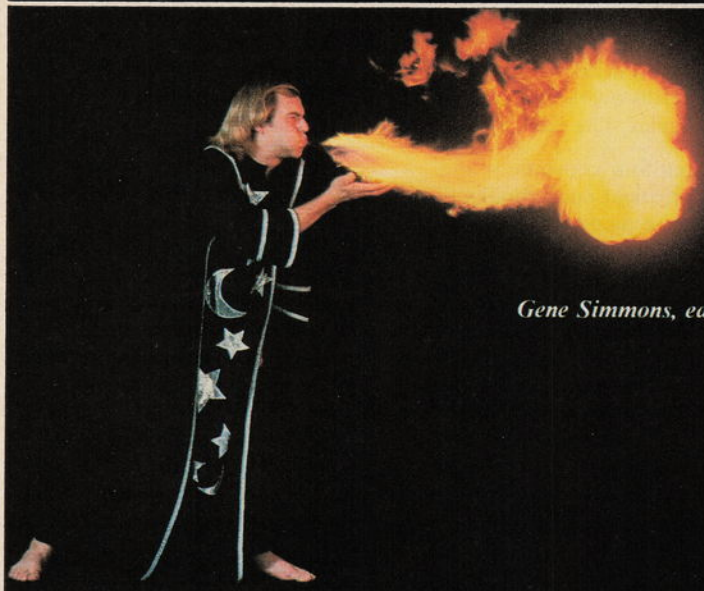
**Not a keyholder?** Make your move today. The Customer Service Representative can issue you a Key on the spot. It's just $25 for the first year, and the Playboy Club accepts American Express, Carte Blanche, Diners Club, Master Charge and VISA/BankAmericard.

**The Playboy Club® of Los Angeles**

At Century City • ABC ENTERTAINMENT CENTER
2020 Avenue of the Stars, Los Angeles
For reservations, call (213) 277-2777.

# DON'T GET BURNED BY THIS TRICK

*Ron Jones is a "pyrotechnic magician," which means that his act is a real flameout. Ron appears at the Magic Castle in Hollywood and at other nightclubs that have heavy insurance policies. He's going to make this parrot disappear in a twenty-foot blast of flames—just like he does in his act. Watch.*



*Gene Simmons, eat your heart out.*

Khapoooof! *Well, this isn't exactly how Ron does it at the kiddie matinee, but you get the idea. "Sometimes I forget the power of my own magic," he explains. Sure. Ron is tight-lipped about how he (literally) pulled it off. "Timing and illusion," he suggests. Nice illusion.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRANT EDWARDS

(laughing gas). Or, if its programmers don't have a sense of humor, it might activate a psychoactive strobe that would temporarily blind you. Or trigger a siren that will make you wish the Son of Sam were shoving picks in your ears. Or both. Meanwhile, a silent alarm is relayed to Sentry's human backup team. All yours for an immodest $75,000.

And then there's the top of the line: Sentry II, at nine feet tall and 1000 pounds, is the new, improved version of Sentry I. This outdoor-security droid will be equipped with its own guidance system and, according to the folks at Quasar, you'll be able to program it to go from New York to Boston and back. Just what a lot of organizations need for those "unsavory" business trips.

Would you be surprised if we told you the Pentagon is interested? Didn't think so.

—DAVID ROTHMAN

## FLASHER OF THE MONTH

Since we started this contest, we've had a number of "firsts," including the one-of-its-kind "Vatican Flash." Now, photographer Robert Peak has captured a rendezvous of the fourth kind in the Hollywood Hills overlooking Los Angeles. The lady, we are told, is a frustrated NASA scientist who was "making a desperate attempt to establish interplanetary relations."

## OPENERS' X-RATED SPANISH LESSON

"If only I could speak her language . . . just a few of the right phrases . . ." How often have you sung this lament while gazing longingly at a hot-blooded miss you encountered on a trip to a foreign country, or while lusting after a spicy import you discovered on your home turf? For adventuresome linguists, bridging the communication gap between the sexes is the most fulfilling grasp of a foreign tongue.

With this in mind, Los Angeles Spanish instructor Ruben Gomez has structured a special course called "Spanish for Lovers" for his college students. He and coauthor Lynne Delaney have also written four convenient and practical pocketbooks that serve as perfect aids for Anglos and Hispanics who want to get it on.

The first of the series, ***The Pick-Up*** *(El Levante)*, offers some basic lines:

*¿Tienes marido?* (Do you have a husband?)

*¿Eres virgen?* (Are you a virgin?)

*¿Cómo se que cojes bien, puedes probarlo?* (How do I know you're a good fuck? Can you prove it?)

The second booklet, ***Your House or Mine?*** *(Tu Casa o la Mia?)*, quickly graduates to more important matters:

*¿Tienes espejos en el techo?* (Do you have mirrors on the ceiling?)

*¿Esas tetas son de verdad?* (Are those tits for real?)

*¿Qué es ese bulto en tus*

## YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL PUPPY...

It's a dog's life when you're as unsightly as this bunch—unless you're a contestant in one of the world's most offbeat beauty pageants, the Ugly Dog Contest, which is held each year in Petaluma, California. Then, it's out of the doghouse and into the limelight, as owners and onlookers alike gather to cheer their favorites on to glory. For fairness' sake, the contest is divided into pedigree and "mixed" divisions. After all, some of these beauties were *bred* ugly, while others are merely unfortunate "accidents." The winner received—you guessed it—a year's supply of dog food. Bruno (the dark gray bulldog) was this year's uncomely champ.

# MONSTROUS QUOTES

The *Cinema Fantastique*, by its nature, lends itself to imaginative dialog. Ever since Bela Lugosi in *Dracula* intoned, "I never drink—*wine*," implying a far more nourishing refreshment, dialog in fantastic films has ranged from the eminently quotable to the embarrassingly laughable. Seldom, though, is it simply dull. Dumb, yes; dull, no.

Listed below is a selection of the best—and worst—lines from a half century of horror, fantasy and sci-fi. Test your memory and see if you can match the dialog with the mad doctor, monster, hero or maiden in distress who said it.

1. "Our Great Lawgiver tells us that never, *never*, will the human have the ape's divine faculty for distinguishing between good and evil."

2. "You male chauvinist pig ape!"

3. "Gobble-gabble! One of us, one of us! Gobble-gabble, one of us!"

4. "I don't want to alarm you folks, but there's a herd of killer rabbits on the way here."

5. "What are they saying?" "I don't know; I don't speak Monster."

6. "If the brain hadn't been damaged, my work would have been hailed as the greatest achievement in medical history. Instead I was sent to the guillotine. I swore I would have my revenge."

7. "Synnnthetic flessshhh! *Synnnthetic flessshhhhhh!!!!*"

8. "We have made machines out of men; now we will make men out of machines!"

9. "The Penis is evil, for it shoots Life. The Gun is good, for it shoots Death."

10. "To God there is no zero. I still exist."

11. "C'mon, Mr. Martian, get some nice Scotch blood! One hundred proof, good for babies!"

12. "Answer me! You have a civil tongue in your head. I should know . . . I sewed it in there."

13. "Your mother sucks cocks in Hell!!!"

14. "What we need today is young blood . . . and brains."

15. "Just a bird! A million dollars' worth of radar can't track it, enough firepower to wipe out a regiment can't even slow it down. Sure, it's just a bird!"

16. "To a new world of gods and monsters!"

17. "It's not as if she were a . . . a maniac, a raving thing. She just goes a little . . . mad . . . sometimes. We all go a little mad sometimes. Haven't you?"

18. "He was a king and a god in the world he knew, but now he comes to civilization merely a captive, a show to gratify your curiosity."

19. "There's breathin' in me barn!"

20. "You and your ancient, juvenile minds! You're stupid, stupid, *stupid*!!!"

21. "Not to eat meat, that is the Law. Not to spill blood, that is the Law. Are we not men?"

22. "Don't be afraid of Lobo. He's as harmless as kitchen."

---

ANSWERS

---

1. General Ursus (James Gregory) to the Assembly in *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* (1970).

2. Dawn (Jessica Lange) to Kong (Rick Baker) in *King Kong* (1976).

3. The Freaks (Johnny Eck, Harry Earles, Violet and Daisy Hilton, et al.) in *Freaks* (1932).

4. The Sheriff (Stuart Whitman) to the townspeople in *Night of the Lepus* (1973).

5. Two Japanese reporters in *Destroy All Monsters* (1969).

6. Frankenstein (Peter Cushing) to Hans Kleeve (Francis Matthews) in *Revenge of Frankenstein* (1958).

7. Preston Foster in *Dr. X* (1932).

8. Rotwang (Rudolph Klein-Rogge) to Jon Frederson in *Metropolis* (1926).

9. The great god Zardoz in (what else?) *Zardoz* (1974).

10. Scott Carey (Grant Williams) in *The Incredible Shrinking Man* (1957).

11. Voice on P.A. system in *The Thing* (1951).

12. Dr. Frankenstein (Whit Bissell) to his young monster (Gary Conway) in *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein* (1958).

13. The Demon Voice (Mercedes McCambridge) to Father Karas (Jason Miller) in *The Exorcist* (1974).

14. Count Dracula (Bela Lugosi) to Wilbur (Lou Costello) in *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* (1948).

15. Morris Ankrum to Robert Shayne (who, between them, played in nearly every B picture in the Fifties) in *The Giant Claw* (1957).

16. Dr. Pretorius (Ernest Thesiger) to Dr. Frankenstein (Colin Clive) in *The Bride of Frankenstein* (1935).

17. Norman Bates (Anthony Perkins) to Marion Crane (Janet Leigh) in *Psycho* (1960).

18. Carl Denham (Robert Armstrong) to the audience in *King Kong* (1933).

19. The old farmer in *The Invisible Man* (1933).

20. Eros (Dudley Manlove) to the earthlings in *Plan 9 from Outer Space* (1959).

21. The Sayer of the Law (Bela Lugosi) to the Manimals in *Isle of Lost Souls* (1933); or Sayer of the Law (Richard Basehart) to some more Manimals in *Island of Dr. Moreau* (1977).

22. Eric Vornoff (Bela Lugosi) to Janet Lawton (Loretta King) in *The Bride of the Monster* (1954). (That's what he said. Honest.)

# MOVABLE TYPE

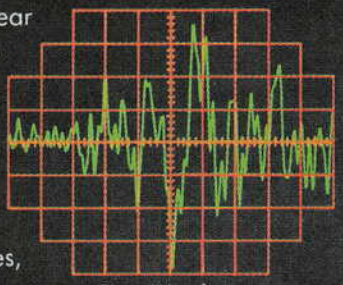
## Openers Discovers Cure for Illiteracy

The whole idea of typography is to make words more enjoyable to read. Our boys in the art department search relentlessly, experimenting with Garamonds and Bodonis, but this new typeface is the first we've seen that can drag a reader's eye away from a centerfold. We're not sure if it should be classified Greek or Roman, but we like the curves.

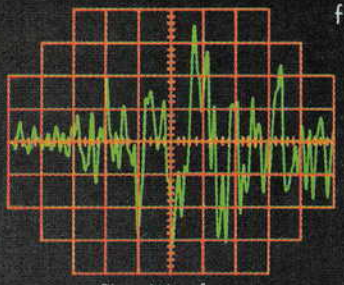
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOE ALPERN

# While our competitors were listening to Technics Linear Phase speakers, we introduced phase two.

When Technics introduced Linear Phase speakers two years ago, we took the audio world by surprise. And why not. After all, Technics Linear Phase speakers were the first speakers to actually show you waveform fidelity. Not simply with tone bursts and sine waves, but by actually comparing the waveforms of live musical instruments to the output waveforms of our Linear Phase speakers.



Piano Waveform.



Piano Waveform reproduced by SB-7070.

Now with the 3-way SB-6060 and 4-way SB-7070 (shown below), Technics takes you to phase two. Because compared to our first Linear Phase speakers both give you wider frequency extension, flatter frequency response and even more phase linearity, which means even better waveform fidelity.

How did we make such good speakers even better? We started with BASS (Basic Acoustic Simulation System), an IBM 370-based interactive computer system. With it, Technics engineers can do what they only dreamed of doing in the past: Calculate the sound pressure and distortion characteristics of transducers without physically building and measuring countless prototypes.

Next we took these computer-derived drivers and combined them with Technics unique phase-controlling crossover network. And of course we staggered the drivers to align their acoustic centers precisely.

It's easy to see the result of all this technology. Just compare the waveforms. On the left is a waveform of a live piano. On the right, the piano as reproduced by the SB-7070. That's waveform fidelity.

Listen to the 4-way SB-7070. What you'll hear is its smooth transition between low, midrange and high frequencies. Then notice the bass response. It's deep and tight. With much more punch, better definition and even less IM distortion than its predecessor. That's because when the upper bass frequencies are handled by a separate driver, the woofer does a much better job at handling the lower bass frequencies.

You'll also hear vocals that are smooth and natural. That's because the SB-7070's high-midrange driver was designed with "free edge" construction to avoid coloration of the critical upper-midrange frequencies.

And by adding a new, smaller tweeter with improved dispersion characteristics, the SB-7070's high-end frequency response was extended to 32 kHz.

Technics 3-way SB-6060 and 4-way SB-7070. For music that sounds like it was originally played. Live.

All cabinetry is simulated wood.

**Technics**
*Professional Series*

# La Dolce Fiorucci

*New York fashion sweetheart Elio Fiorucci, the couturier of the New Wave, threw a bash recently at his newly opened shop in Beverly Hills. The theme of the affair was "Go Frederick's." As you can see, some of the splendid ladies in attendance "went" even farther than that. Guests included a few hundred limosfull of Hollywood celebs, a 747's worth of glitzy Italians (including disco queen Loredana Berte), a truckload of Armenian grape-crushers (all barefoot) and at least one very sexy poodle therapist from Rapid City, South Dakota. (That centerfold offer was not a joke, darling. Please call us immediately.) Everyone had a great time welcoming Fiorucci to Hollywood. "It is a marriage," remarked one observer, "truly made in another world."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD FRIEDMAN AND SUSAN MCWILLIAMS

*pantalones?* (What's that bulky thing under your pants?)

*¿Te gustaría ver mi colección de condones de colores?* (Would you like to see my collection of colored condoms?)

*¡Cuándo dije que era libre no quise decir que era gratis!* (When I told you I was free, I didn't mean you didn't have to pay!)

The third installment, ***The Conquest*** *(La Conquista)*, gets down to basics:

*Quiero acabar en tus tetas.* (I want to come on your tits.)

*¡Cuidado tus dientes estan muy afilados!* (Careful, your teeth are too sharp!)

*¡Tu culo tiene el agujero mas hermoso que he visto!* (You have the most beautiful asshole!)

*¿Qué quieres decir con no puedo ponerla?* (What do you mean—I can't put it in?)

*¿Mancha la esperma?* (Does sperm stain?)

*¿Te importaría taparte la cara con esta bolsa?* (Would you mind putting this bag over your head?)

*¡Yo he escuchado de todo pero con mostaza nunca!* (I've heard of everything, but with mustard never!)

*Lo siento pero los viernes no como carne.* (I'm sorry but I don't eat meat on Fridays.)

*¿Porqué no te sacas los dientes y me chupas?* (Why don't you take your teeth out and suck me?)

Then, inevitably, we come to ***The Morning After*** *(La Mañana Siguiente)*. Professor Gomez is not about to leave you stranded without the ammunition you need for a clean break:

*¿Te olvidaste de tomar tu qué?* (You forgot to take your what?)

*No tienes que quedarte si no quieres.* (You don't have to stay if you don't want to.)

*¿Tú aceptas tarjetas de credito?* (Do you take credit cards?)

*Te prometo que estas fotos no las verá nadie.* (I promise you nobody will see these pictures.)

Or, *¿Comó que tienes gonorrea?* (What do you mean, you have gonorrhea?)

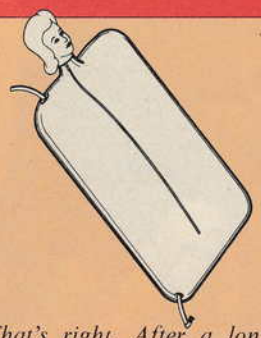
*¡Caramba!* If you would like to improve your Spanish, you can receive Professor Gomez's booklets by sending $6.00 (plus 36¢ for postage) to P.O. Box 2783, Culver City, CA 90280.

—KEITH BRANDON EDWARDS

## KNOCKOUT IN LOGAN, UTAH

A young man walked into a 7-11 store late one night in the college town of Logan, Utah, and proceeded to pick out a few items. While the store clerk, a young lady, began totaling his purchases on the cash register, the man unzipped his trousers and laid his penis on the counter. The clerk, noticing his protruding member, kept her cool and continued checking until the last item—a can of creamed-style corn. She picked up the can and slammed it down on the customer's penis, knocking him out cold. The man was still unconscious when police arrived. —N.R.

## A PORTABLE BATHTUB



*That's right. After a long, dusty journey, Ms. Allen figured her portable bathtub would relax and restore the spirits of any traveler, particularly those wandering through places where the quality of hotels and bathing facilities are suspect. All the bather has to do is attach the hoses to a water source and a drain, zip herself in and scrub away. From "Weird & Wacky Inventions" by Jim Murphy © 1978 (used with permission of Crown Publishers).*

# MERCI

"My favorite fantasy," says pretty majorette Nancee, "is that I'm traveling in a strange foreign land where I meet some soldiers. They seem like very nice men, so I go with them to their camp and I wind up getting ravaged by an entire army." Nancee, of course, is the famous female porno writer and authoress of last year's runaway best-seller, *Gullible Travels*. But before you run off to your bookstore, allow us to display our gratitude to the other fine talents in this month's *Openers* brigade. Editorial: probed females, Terry Fischer; punkratude, Nick Allen; droids, Dave Rothman; monstrous quotes, Ted Newsome; x-rated spanish, Keith Brandon Edwards; ugly mutts, Ken Dollar. Art: droids, Jim Deesing; monstrous quotes, Will Weston. Photo: openers and merci, Grant Edwards (with styling by Patty Ferry); punkratude, Nick Allen; the ides of Laura March and space ship flasher, Robert Peak; ugly mutts, Travis T. Amos. Special thanks and a tip of the hat to Tracy Nelson for paste-up and the numerous other erotic contributions she's made to the staff in our offices at 3 o'clock in the morning.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

©1978 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

# One of a kind.

The man. The cigarette. They speak for themselves.

Ordinary cigarettes just don't have what Camel Filters has.

Its blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos gives him what he smokes for.

Pleasure. Satisfaction.

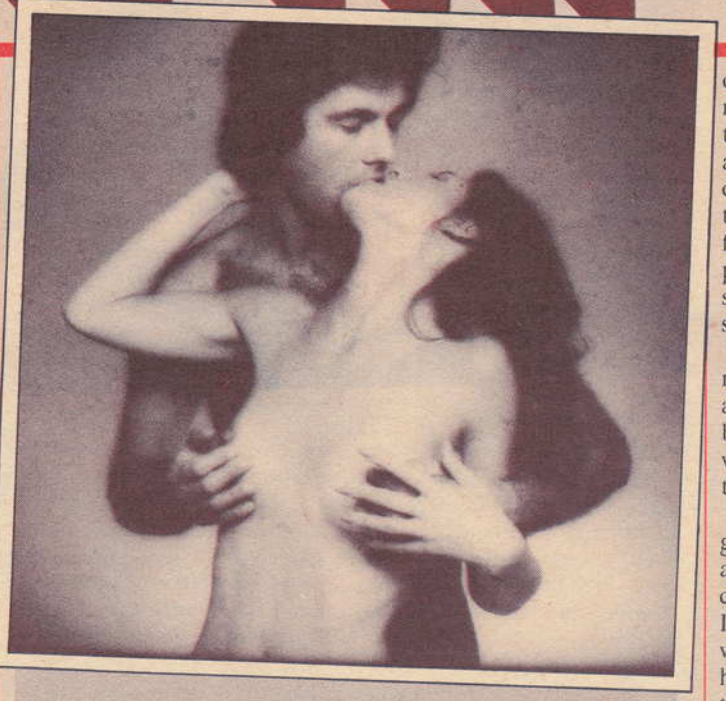
A Camel Filters Man understands why the best times are often the simplest.

Do you?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# SEX TAPES

## SEXUAL GADGETRY



*Most historians date the dawning of the machine age back to the mid-18th Century and the first signs of the Industrial Revolution. Others date it from the invention of the battery-operated dildo.*

*There is no doubt that the variety of sexual aids, battery-operated and otherwise, has had a profound effect on the lives of many of our respondents. Some can't live without them; others can't live with them.*

*A number of sex educators prescribe vibrators and other sexual gadgets as a means of helping women overcome problems in achieving orgasm. There are also aids, such as the old rubber-band-around-the-base-of-the-penis trick, to help men sustain an erection. Whatever the device—and in our enlightened sexual age there are many—their proliferation is an important phenomenon. The very fact that most modern sexual encounters involve some kind of extra-physical assistance, from alcohol or drugs to videotapes and humming dildos, begs the question: Why?*

*Is this increase in the use of such sex gadgets indicative of a move away from the basic human values, or is it simply a natural evolution in the rapidly changing world we live in? Read on. Something is definitely happening here.*

**Robin H., 27, gym instructor:** I've been into body building and exercise all my life, so I guess it's only natural that I would have found a way to use gym equipment to spice up my encounters with various girlfriends. Just the benches and various incline boards in any gym provide a variety of positions that one wouldn't think of anywhere else. But you want stories about sexual aids, right? A couple of things come to mind. One is real simple.

Every gym has a massage room like the one where I work. There are all kinds of vibrating massage units available and they make for great sex aids. The best is one that attaches to the back of your hand and makes the whole hand vibrate, because that way nothing mechanical comes in contact with the person you're massaging.

One time, after the gym had closed, I invited a new girlfriend down for a private session. The first thing she wanted to get at was the massage table. She stripped down to her bra and panties and lay down on the table. Her beautiful ass in those white panties just begged for a massage, so I strapped a vibrator on each hand and began to work on her lovely cheeks. She was oohing and ahhing immediately. We were both enjoying ourselves a lot. Then she turned over, looking at me with half-closed eyes as she unhooked her bra. I turned the vibrators down to their slowest speed and worked my way up to her breasts. Her nipples were all hard and bright pink by the time I began to massage them.

She guided one of my hands down to her panty-wrapped pussy, and I could feel her getting wet as hell. I increased the speed on both massage units. She started coming and kept coming for a full two or three minutes. Just as I was about to throw the damn things away and get down to my own exercises, she suddenly rolled off the table and curled up on the floor. I went to her and she pulled away from me. She was so sensitive that she couldn't stand to be touched anymore.

I invited her into the steam room to calm down, and we had a wonderful sweaty fuck on a bunch of piled-up towels. She was so grateful for the massage that she couldn't do enough.

The other gym item that I guess might qualify as a sexual aid is the vibrating-belt machine. I'm sure you've seen one. It's just a motor hooked up to a wide belt that fits around the hips or waist and can be turned to different speeds. Its original use was for warming up certain parts of the body and helping break down fatty structures that can be burned off with other exercises. I recently found a much better use for it, however.

I love sliding into a wet pussy from behind. I guess you could call me an ass man. To get some lovely, round-bottomed lady in one of those belts, with her belly to the belt and me sliding into her from behind, is the ultimate thrill for a bun lover like me. When the machine is turned on, it creates a slight vibration that I can feel from my balls to the back of my neck. And watching the girl's ass ripple with the energy of the machine is exciting as hell. The women I've known go nuts for this gadget. They say it's like a body vibrator they can feel all over—in their tits, in their cunts,

everywhere. The trick is trying to get them out of the damn thing before you have a heart attack.

**Suzy R., 20, nurse's aide:** I never went out and bought a sexual gadget, but last semester, when I was spending so much time with books that I had very little time for guys, I discovered a new use for a common household item.

Each morning before my classes, I would make myself a protein drink out of bananas, eggs, honey, yeast and orange juice, all mixed up in a blender. One morning I was standing at the sink, nude, waiting for my blender to finish its work, and I suddenly got this weird idea. I wondered what it would feel like to have that vibrating blender humming in my crotch. I guess it was all that sloshing around that reminded me of sex. I turned the blender down to "puree" and put it on the kitchen floor; then I crouched down and snuggled the cool glass in between my thighs. Then I had a better idea. I poured out the protein drink and filled the glass with hot water. The slight vibration, the sloshing sound and the warm glass on my thighs felt terrific. I could turn the blender to different speeds; so just as I was about to come, I punched "frappe" and had an incredible orgasm!

I later tried regular vibrators but they just didn't do the same thing. It was too bad, because I could hardly take a sloshing blender to bed with me when I had a man over. Or so I thought.

I finally found one guy who thought it was great. We would mix up a different kind of drink every time, and when I had come, he would slowly pour the liquid all over me and then lick it off. I bet that's the strangest story you're gonna get about sexual aids.

**Mitchell R., 29, radio producer:** I wouldn't tell my friends this, but the only way my wife can get off is with a vibrator. At first it didn't bother me. Now, after several years, it gets on my nerves a lot.

She enjoys our sex and has never complained or been unfaithful. To the rest of the world we have one of those perfect relationships. But the sex trip is a real hassle for me. I can't tell her how I feel, because when I try, she just avoids the issue, or accuses me of not wanting to give her any pleasure.

I never had any problems with other women. In fact, I always got input about how I was a pretty sensitive lover. It is all very confusing, and most of the time I try not to think about it. But something tells me that playing second fiddle to a fucking noisy piece of plastic is going to piss me off permanently one of these days.

**Allan B., 34, insurance underwriter:** I've only had one experience with any kind of sexual aid. I was seeing this lady, Lucy, who was a stewardess. Whenever she was in town, she would call me up and we might spend anywhere from a few hours to a few days together. We made no bones about it; it was purely a physical relationship—one of those things where the first time we saw each other we just knew it would be hot.

Neither of us wanted any "meaningful" relationship. I was recently divorced and working 70-hour weeks to put the whole thing out of my mind. She was probably the only female Don Juan I had ever known. I knew I was hardly the only man on her flight schedule, and that was fine with me. I could count on great sex a couple times a month, and that was all I wanted.

Anyway, this one time I saw her, she brought along a little bag of tricks. She had a cock ring, a vibrator, some ben-wa balls (sort of Mexican jumping beans for cunts), and this long, scary-looking, rubber anal probe. I had never seen anything like this and, frankly, just the thought of it turned me off, regardless of whose buns it was meant to warm.

Lucy wanted me to slip this thing in her asshole when she was coming. So, after we both got pretty stoned, we began to play around and ended up in her favorite position: her kneeling on the floor, with me entering her from behind. Just as she started to come, I slid the thin rubber probe into her tight little ass. She began clenching and pumping her buttocks like

# Something tells me that playing second fiddle to a fucking noisy piece of plastic is going to piss me off permanently one of these days.

mad. The whole thing drove me up a wall. Watching my cock and that rubber dildo sliding in and out of her pushed me into one of those orgasms you only read about.

Later she wanted to try it on me. Maybe next time, I said, still intrigued with what it might feel like to be inside of her and have something sliding in and out of my anus at the same time. I'm just not that brave yet.

**Ray V., 24, trucker:** I'm on the road a lot—sometimes 80 hours a week. Driving a truck isn't the greatest way to meet girls, either. I spend a lot of time just staying high on coffee and whites, and dreaming about Hollywood starlets hitching a ride in my truck on their way to the big city. It isn't like you might think; that sort of thing hardly ever happens, and it's never happened to me.

A buddy of mine told me about this little gizmo you plug into a car's cigarette lighter. It has an attachment to fit over your cock, and it sorta pulls and makes a sucking tug on it.

Turns out it's pretty worthless. First off, you feel real stupid highballing down the road with your dick wired to the dashboard. I find that it's a lot more fun to jerk off in a sock while you're sitting at some toll booth talking to one of the gate girls. At least I don't worry about getting electrocuted.

**Allan T., 32, racing mechanic:** I've heard of women who need some kind of machinery to get off. It's probably because they just haven't met the right guy, or perhaps they have some kind of mental problem. I've never known a woman who couldn't get off if I ate her pussy long enough.

**Steve M., 26, advertising salesman:** Listen, anything that makes sex more enjoyable is all right with me. The best sex gadget I ever found was really the simplest contraption imaginable. It was a little bumpy ring that fits over your cock. The inside of the ring was soft rubber and the outside had these little knobs. It had to be put on just right, because one of the knobs was larger than the others and meant to stimulate the clitoris. Hell, anyone knows that's where the action is.

**Beth C., 28, bank teller:** I think that it's the use of sexual gadgets that really underlines what seems to be happening between men and women these days. It's almost a role reversal. For years most women, myself included, believed that having intercourse was essentially letting a man jack off in your cunt. It wasn't that the guy didn't care about your pleasure; it's just that he assumed that what made *him* come—pumping in and out of your cunt, say—was the same thing that would make *you* come, too. And we women bought into that. And failed to have orgasms. And consoled ourselves with romance. "It doesn't matter," we'd say. "It feels good just to be held." Bullshit! It feels better to come.

Then we discovered vibrators. And orgasms. And we came to insist on them.

Years ago, when I couldn't have orgasms, I concentrated on the guy, faked coming and was generally told that I was a terrific lay. Now I want to come, too, and I don't stay long with a man who won't let me use vibrators while we're screwing. And most men are—let's face it—not too crazy about the whole idea. "It's too technical," they say. "Not romantic. You've become too goal-directed, too climax-hungry." And they're right. I've been talking it over with my girlfriends and we basically agree: As men grow older, their sex drive slows down. They want to take more time, and they get into fantasies and romance. We women, on the other hand, get more and more greedy about the number of orgasms we can pile up at one time. Ain't that a bitch? □

## SEX TAPES QUESTIONNAIRE

*Mail to: OUI Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069*

Your answers to these questions will be described and analyzed on the *Sex Tapes Letters* page in a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential, so please indicate your initials only. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know what you think about sexual gadgets. And if you haven't thought about such things, now's your chance.

1. I am ____ male ____ female.
2. My age is ____ under 18 ____ 18 to 25 ____ 26 to 35 ____ over 35.
3. My favorite sex gadget is...
   a. a vibrator.
   b. French ticklers.
   c. a dildo.
   d. a shower-massage unit.
   e. Other _____.
4. I use some kind of sexual aid...
   a. all the time.
   b. occasionally.
   c. never.
   d. only when my partner suggests it.
5. (For women) Orgasm is...
   a. impossible without some kind of sexual aid.
   b. more intense with the help of a sexual aid.
   c. inhibited by the intervention of sexual aids.
   d. unaffected by the use of such aids.
6. (For men) In general, a sex gadget...
   a. adds spice and variety to many sexual encounters.
   b. gets in the way of really positive lovemaking.
   c. is insulting when introduced by my partner.
   d. is all right once in a while, but not as a steady diet.
7. My strangest (best or worst) experience with a sex gadget was as follows (use separate page to explain):

# LETTERS

## Sex Tapes

### SPEED FREAK

As for the highs that certain people prefer while having sex (*Sex and Drugs*), I can't figure out why speed was always mentioned in such a negative way. I do a fairly good amount of go-fast for that nice weekend buzz. I'll admit I have to piss to find it once I'm really steaming, but later, when the super high is slowing down, I find it's the best time to seek sexual pleasure. I can last much longer in the saddle, and I'm much more likely to satisfy my female partner. And the blast I finally get is one Ol' Faithful could only hope for.

STEPHEN K.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

### JAILBAIT

I resisted writing you after *Sex on the Sly*; I fought off the urge following *Sex on Wheels*; but finally, your *Sex in Strange Places* has worn down my reserve.

In the winter of 1970, I was transferred from the Orange County Jail, where I had been passing time, to a minimum-security facility and managed to get into a work-release program. I was allowed to leave jail, drive my own car to an outside job and wear my own clothing. What a deal! After lying about my abilities—I'm a psychologist—I was given a job in a gas station across town, working the swing shift.

Every afternoon I would report to the office, change into civilian clothing and drive my van to work. I had an old Econoline with curtains and a deep-pile shag rug over foam padding on the floor. After an evening of pumping gas, I would close up the station and drive back to the jail. I finished work at midnight and had to be in jail by 1 A.M. The drive took 11 minutes, so I'd drive to the parking lot of the local Holiday Inn (two blocks from the jail) and park. My girlfriend would be waiting in her own car. We'd jump in the back of the van and enjoy each other with incredible frenzy for 40 minutes. Then I'd jump into my clothes and hightail it for the jail. Many were the nights that I walked in past the guard with my honey's sweet juices still wet on my cock.

JONAS M.
Sacramento, California

### CARRY ON, NURSE

Your *Sex Tapes* on doctors and nurses reminded me of the first time I ever got laid, which turned out to be the first seven times I got laid.

Leona was a nurse's aide and I met her the night I got a pain in my side so bad that I had to go to the emergency room at the hospital. It turned out that nothing was really wrong with me, and somehow Leona ended up asking me to her apartment—I don't quite remember that part of it. I do remember being nervous once we got there. It was my first experience with sex, so I wasn't sure how fast to go about it.

Taking my clothes off didn't bother me any. Leona was a nurse's aide, after all, and I remember thinking she had probably seen a guy's cock before. I'll tell you one thing, though. Never in my life have I seen boobs to compare with hers. They were 36-D (I looked at the tag on her bra when she wasn't watching).

I had no trouble getting a hard-on; in fact, I'd had one ever since I set foot in her apartment. We got on the bed and Leona told me to relax and get comfortable, and then she guided my piece of meat right into her cunt and bounced around for the longest time. It didn't take me long to come, but I stayed hard and we played around for three hours or so. Leona was one terrific teacher. After we slept a couple of hours, we were at it again. Then we took a shower and made it in there, and then again in the morning. All together it was seven times.

As the weeks wore on, we had a very meaningful relationship and even wanted to get married, but those plans fell through. I guess the Good Lord didn't want me to marry Leona, so he let the plans fall through.

I know it was a sin to lay Leona, but I did it and I'm very sorry for it now. I know that doesn't excuse me but I'm still sorry.

WAYNE N.
Tacoma, Washington

**Although it gets embarrassing at times, I really cannot stop fondling the feet of sexy girls.**

### POPSICLE TOES

Although OUI is officially banned in the Sultanate of Oman, somehow a few copies manage to sneak in every month, for which I am very grateful because I love to read *Sex Tapes*.

I am a young man of 23 and I have a fetish for ladies' feet and shoes. Although it gets embarrassing at times, I really cannot stop fondling the feet of sexy girls when I am at a party. As far as I'm concerned, feet are definitely the most erogenous part of the female anatomy.

When I find a willing girl, I begin by nonchalantly removing her shoe. I then take her moist foot in my lap and breathe in the lovely smell of leather and sweat. It is headier than the best champagne.

I usually light a cigarette and place it between her toes, where I drag on it and lick at the toes lightly. It is really sexy when you start sucking on the toes instead of the cigarette.

By this time my girl is usually very hot and wanting me to

*(Continued on page 134)*

# Get in the swing at Playboy.

There's outdoor fun for everyone on 1400 rolling Wisconsin acres.
Bring the whole family and enjoy one of two sprawling championship golf courses, tennis, swimming in our indoor pool, the electronic game room or miniature golf.

**Boogie at the Bunny Hutch Disco.**

This electrifying disco is super hot. Loaded with 20,000 volts of driving, sizzling, dazzling lights. And 800 Watts of pure music power to get tango-ed up with. Get down and boogie at the Bunny Hutch.

For keyholders, there's a Playboy Club.

**Get it all.**

Try horseback riding, skeet and trap, or bicycling. Shape up in our health club. Or enjoy our planned activities for pre-teens, teens and adults.

And you can enjoy eight dining and drinking spots. For ice cream lovers—our new Sweet Tooth. When evening comes around, the stars always shine. With big name entertainers in the Cabaret. Disco dancing in the Bunny Hutch.

**The stars shine at Playboy.**

The biggest names in show business appear regularly. Lainie Kazan, James Darren, Steve Allen, Vic Damone, Trini Lopez, Rick Nelson, and more.

# Got a few days? Get away and get it all.

Get in plenty of golf, and plenty of other action at Playboy. Day and night, Playboy is where you get it all. There's lots to do—don't wait.

**For reservations and information call toll free 800—621-1116.**
**In Illinois, call (312) 645-9300.**
**Or call the resort direct (414) 248-8811. Or see your travel agent.**

The PLAYBOY Resort & Country Club at LAKE GENEVA

YOUR COUNTRY PLACE
**Lake Geneva, Wisconsin 53147**

# MAN IN THE STREET

BY D. KEITH MANO

## Hardhat Sex: All Talk And No Action

"Hey, Farrah, you walkin' or climbin' a tree?"

"Eh, Farrah, come on up here. We need some workman's compensation."

"Sheeeet, lookit that double feature walkin' behind her."

"It can't be a woman. It goes forward and it goes around. It's a Transit Mix truck."

"No, it's a bowling ball. Only I can't figure where to put my thumb."

"Hey, baby, come back. I'll treat you real good—I'll buy you a newt fur coat."

"Geez, I got a singing telegram from my underwear, and my pants just pegged themselves."

"Galuppi, JL 5-1035! If a woman answers, talk like my mother!"

"Feeee-lings . . . oh-ho-ho, feeeee-lings!"

"Hey, sugar, you like pink zucchini?"

"God, I just saw a plate of gnocchi walking."

"Stop her! That's where they buried Jimmy Hoffa! That's where they buried Jimmy Hoffa!"

"I'm sucking my thumb, doctor. I'm an infant again."

"Don't go away mad, sweets—we're all for Women's Lube here."

"My wife doesn't understand me! My wife doesn't understand me! My wife doesn't understand me!"

Arson, not construction, is year-round work in bankruptured New York; so union seniority has particular clout. These here are middle-aged, middle-heavy men—half-bald, bridgeworkloose, cement-dust-in-the-nostril-hair types. Your midtown building site is like a roadshow. People crane their necks up to watch the next crane up. And a worker can feel he has peculiar, almost theatrical privilege: Just passing through, he is given license to say what no permanent neighborhood laborer would ever dare say. Also, union work rules are sacrosanct: It'll take 12 men, one supervisor and one OSHA jerk-off to install three Port-O-Sans—and at least one qualified man to test them. Since no electrician can pull out a nail, even if it's stuck in his foot, and no carpenter can unplug a plug, even if he's being electrocuted, they have time and overtime to kill, or at least to strangle slowly. Women are the richest diversion. Though repartee has gone somewhat slack since that Great Miniskirt Age—when any street was a burlesque-house runway on amateur night—*ERA* still means Earned Run Average as far as construction men are concerned. They continue to judge for beauty, poise and general quiffishness.

"Young girls are OK," says one guy. "They'll smile: It's a turn-on to them. The ones over twenty-five, they're the ones that give you a face like reinforced concrete. They like it, but they don't want to show it in public. Especially if there's two or three of them together. Also ugly women. They're insecure. No matter what you say, they think it's gotta be an insult. And, hey, we try to keep it in good taste. No one here's gonna say, 'Lean over the curb, baby. I wanna bumfuck you.' We always say, 'Please lean over the curb.' It's a matter of upbringing."

"We're bored and they're bored," says another. "Lunch time, when we're all lined up, there's a bunch of regulars, secretaries, who run the gauntlet. Just to try out their new clothes, I think. Three, four months here, you get to know the girls. And they appreciate us. Shit, on Lexington Avenue it's unisex fagsville. I had one chick say to me, 'Boy, I'm glad you guys are here. The only other meat I see is in Gristede's market.'

"Do we get any? No, not much. I live in Rockland County; my wife calls the police if I'm not home by seven. And where we gonna take a broad here—into the Port-O-San? Can't even find your behind to wipe it in there. In my seventeen years, just once. There was this foxy snatch come by. I said something and she goes, 'Screw you.' And I go, 'Listen, I can be had. You got a dime?' Know what? I took her up to the fifteenth floor and mopped her out against a girder. Saw her for about ten months after that, every Saturday. Told my wife I was going to the gym. She was living with a rich old guy, and she was, you know, into being dominated. Tell you, I felt like some kind of clown, going up to this penthouse on Sutton Place with my hardhat and my rubber boots on."

They're an MCP group: middle-class Irish, Italian—the strong, though lordotic, backbone of America. Woman, for them, is a prone animal. So you weren't astounded in the late Sixties, young Seventies, when hardhat and hippie had POLICE LINE—DO NOT CROSS between them. There were reasons enough. Social. Educational. Patriotic. But there was a secret reason, too: Construction men would neither admit it nor forgive it. I mean the ten thousand times that a hardhat had wolf-whistled at some nubile longhair male by mistake. It unstrung their sexual plumb line, shamed and confused them. One or two can laugh at that dark, androgynous era now.

"Yeah. I got stung about fifty times. The other men really ranked me out. But I learned something."

"What?"

"Y'know, there's a lot of guys in New York with great asses." □

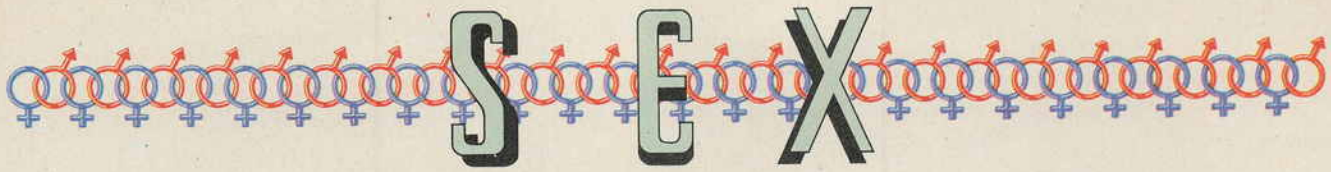
ILLUSTRATION BY RICK OSAKA

# Come to where the flavor is.

Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—
100's: 18 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78




BY IVOR DAVIS

# Sterile Cuckoos: Why Men Reverse Vasectomies

More than a million men a year are going the vasectomy route so they can fornicate without fear. But many more, tired of firing blanks, are changing their minds.

Maybe all the king's men couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again, but a handful of doctors are doing it almost weekly, turning once-sterile men into potential dads again. The operation is called vasovasostomy, and it is a reversal of the vasectomy.

Why are men so eager to lay their balls on the line again for three or four hours?

"She refused to marry me," admits Al D., a 38-year-old printer, "unless I had myself reconnected." He explains: "Eight years ago, my old lady and I weren't getting along. We had three kids and didn't want any more." After his vasectomy came divorce and remarriage to a young Costa Rican girl. "She's a staunch Catholic and I'm lapsed. But according to the church, a vasectomy is a sin, so I undid it." Two months after the reversal, Al scored a hit—his wife Maria is due to deliver shortly.

When Ron F. was a 20-year-old student, he wanted a sure-fire way to enjoy sex and not get his wife pregnant, so he joined the clipped crowd. Four years later, Ron changed his mind and underwent surgery, and now his wife Kathy is about to add to the population. Says Ron: "When I first had the vasectomy, I knew they could reverse it, but I didn't tell the doctor I was doing it only temporarily. He would have hassled me. Now I've got a good job that pays well, and we want kids." And, he says, his insurance paid for it.

Three years ago, Steven T. was into the rock scene as a singer and composer. "I didn't want kids. I was selfish, deeply into my music." He too had a vasectomy—but now, at 31, he's saving hard to undo what the surgeons' knives did to him. The reentry membership fee to

join the ranks of the potent comes high, incidentally. To get your sperm swimming again will cost you $3000-plus. That's pretty steep, considering that the original vasectomy snip costs a mere $200.

But it's the newly remarried who are, by far, the biggest customers of vasovasostomies, particularly the older guy whose ego is on the line when he marries a younger woman. Although in the previous marriage he had been quite content to have a vasectomy and eliminate the possibility of future tax deductions, now he's got to do more than march down the aisle with the youthful bride to prove his manhood. And the easiest way to show that he still has what it takes is to make her pregnant.

With two quick cuts, a vasectomy is achieved. The reversal, however, is much more complicated. The sperm, cut off at the pass when the vas deferens in each testicle was severed, must be sent wiggling through again. (The vas is a tough, muscular tube, one-third the diameter of a straw. The surgeon must delicately sew the two ends back together again under a microscope that enlarges the vas 16–25 times.) While the patient is under anesthesia, the surgeon runs a quick check on the sperm to make sure it's present and active.

The patched-up patient must abstain from sex for two weeks following the operation; after that, it's all systems go. Al says his doctor told him, "Once it's healed, have as much sex as you can; it prevents the inner tube from scarring." Al's only problem, he says, was keeping it a secret from his Latin relatives, who would have been horrified to know he'd been clipped in the first place. "I had a broken nose from childhood fights and I used that as a cover-up. I had my nose fixed, too, while I was in the hospital . . . so you might say I had repair work above and below the belt."

Of course, there's no guarantee that, once a man has been sewn up and sent back to the sexual zone's front lines, he'll be capable of fathering a whole new brood. But chances are good that the one necessary sperm will get through to make contact with the egg. Vegas' Jimmy the Greek hasn't gotten around to laying odds on this particular horse race, but when you consider that 400 million sperm are sent on the rampage during a normal ejaculation, the odds are favorable that at least one good swimmer in the pack will make it.

Doctors' results vary. Most agree that the sperm flow is resumed 70 to 80 percent of the time, although actual impregnation may vary from 40 to 60 percent. (Some doctors claim that their success rate is even higher than that.)

However, all of this may be ancient history if experiments being conducted right now are successful. Doctors have been looking for some time at a valve in the vas that could be literally switched on and off, producing hot and cold running semen. And in laboratory research, monkeys and dogs have been made temporarily sterile by the application of ultrasound to their testicles. This opens the delightful possibility of the establishment of ultrasound clinics.

But all that is in the future. Vasovasostomy is the best that science can offer at the moment. If you're one of the millions of men who want to change the direction of their lives (and sperm), it's time to reload. □

ILLUSTRATION BY LARRY NOBLE

# PINBALL

# Nugent

**BY STERN**

It's the pinball game you've been waiting for.

An idea that began in OUI, is now

a super pinball game from Stern.

**On sale now**

**Stern Electronics, Inc.**
**1725 W. Diversey Parkway**
**Chicago, Illinois 60614**

**(312) 935-4600**

# MUSIC

BY ED NAHA

## C&W Lyrics: So Awful, We Could Die

On the crowded stage, the latest reincarnation of NRBQ plows through a slew of twangy tales of alcoholism, loneliness and lust. Huddled before the band, an SRO crowd of denim-clad cowpokes hoots appreciatively.

The place: the Lone Star Cafe. The prairie: New York City's Fifth Avenue. The desperadoes in attendance: N.Y.C.'s beer-and-briefcase crowd.

Yup, pardner, country music has a grip on urban America. C&W records soar up the pop charts regularly, and countrified clubs are popping up in every major metropolis. Just what is it about the new country sounds that has taken the descendants of Hank Williams out of the sagebrush and dropped them into the subway system?

"It's depressing," theorizes Cowboy Howie in the Lone Star. Howie, who resembles more a Peter Lorre than a Johnny Cash, works for a Manhattan clothing manufacturer five days a week, opting for corn-pone catharsis on weekends.

"A lot of the songs are real downers," he says, "but listening to someone else feel depressed makes *you* feel better. The music hits you where you live. It fits the city. It's almost like a musical mugging."

As bizarre as Howie's reasoning may sound, there is indeed evidence that country music is scoring points with its listeners because of its *mondo depresso* outlook. On any given week, a quick check of the new C&W Top-20 charts will reveal no less than a dozen semisuicidal titles.

In the world of contemporary country music, it's not odd to run across back-to-back hits bearing such maudlin monikers as *Tear Time*, *Sleeping Single in a Double Bed*, *Handcuffed to a Heartache* and *Here Comes the Hurt Again*.

While C&W artists admit that some of their hits may border on hayseed hara-kiri, they insist that the overall effect of their music is downright therapeutic.

"Country reaches people where it counts," says singer-songwriter Barbara Fairchild. "It deals with the everyday problems people face in their lives. It deals with reality more than any other type of music I can think of, except the blues.

"We've all had our hearts broken a couple of times. I think it's comforting for listeners to know that they're not the only ones who've been hurt. People like to bathe in their own misery once in a while. That's why, when you're down, you tell a good friend about it. All you want to hear is, 'Oh, you poor thing, it's gonna be all right.' Country music takes the place of that friend for a lot of people."

Barbara's latest hit single is an up-tempo ditty entitled *It's Sad to Go to a Funeral (of a Good Love That Has Died)*. "The song sounds real happy," she beams. "If you listen to the lyrics, though, boy, is it *sad*."

Singer Moe Bandy seconds Fairchild's opinion. Bandy, a happy-go-lucky sort who has fashioned a career out of warbling such gin-soaked dirges as *Here I Am Drunk Again* and *I'm Not Holdin' the Bottle, the Bottle's Holdin' Me*, is fairly objective about his musical miseries.

"Most of the songs I've been doing are about drinking and cheating and broken homes," he explains. "But I believe that this sort of music satisfies the needs of a lot of people who are listening to jukeboxes in bars.

"Besides, there *is* all that stuff going on in real life. And that's what this is all about. Country tells you about things that people can relate to in their own lives. And life *can* be sad."

"I expect that everyone can identify with my music," says Fairchild, "because everyone goes through certain kinds of depression.

"I wrote *It's Sad . . .* when I was having problems with my husband. I thought, well, breaking up is like a funeral. You have friends who love you and just don't know what to do. If you read the lyrics to the song, you can just about hear the pallbearers bringing in the casket."

Other songwriters have managed to turn personal melancholia into hot musical meandering, as well. Willie Nelson's first marital demise led to the tearjerker *Hello Walls*, and Tammy Wynette, who has had a history of rocky marriages, attained fame a few years back with *D-I-V-O-R-C-E*.

Surrounded by all this hoedown woe, how do country artists survive? Why don't they just give up their ghosts in an *Anna Karenina Meets Hee-Haw* move? That's not necessary, insists Bandy. All you need to stay alive and wealthy is a little bit of perspective . . . and a good imagination. "Man, if I had lived through everything I sing about, I'd be in *bad* shape."

So the singing goes on and the hits keep selling. *Ain't Life Hell. Cryin' Again. Another Goodbye.* The songs get sadder and the crowd gets bigger.

"It's not only *what* they sing about," explains Cowboy Howie. "It's *how* they sing it. They sound so miserable, you just know they're worse off than you are. It's a release for me, you know. An up."

And week after week, millions of Howies partake in such sweet-home psychotherapy, swallowing large doses of unrequited love, drunkenness and desolation. Music to their ears. Country music has touched just about every painful base there is, every depressing topic . . . except maybe one. "No one's done anything on nuclear warfare, yet," says Howie.

Willie . . . are you taking notes? □

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE SPENCER

# Pro Cheerleaders Revisited!

As everyone who was paying attention during the pro football season knows, some pictures we ran in our December issue caused a few NFL teams to overreact and fire some of their finest cheerleaders. Well, sir, we knew you'd want to know whatever became of these lovely, spirited ladies. So this month we do an instant replay and pay another visit to our favorite sports figures: the girls of pro football.

Also in March PLAYBOY, Part One of a funny new novel by Joseph Heller. An ex-Senator's exposé of the latest lobby group tactics. Results of a new Harris study that uncovers the real American male. Also, Craig Vetter on how it feels to bomb in a Comedy Club, Mario Andretti on how it feels to drive a bomb at Indianapolis and Alex Haley on the sour side of success. All this and a lot more in March PLAYBOY.

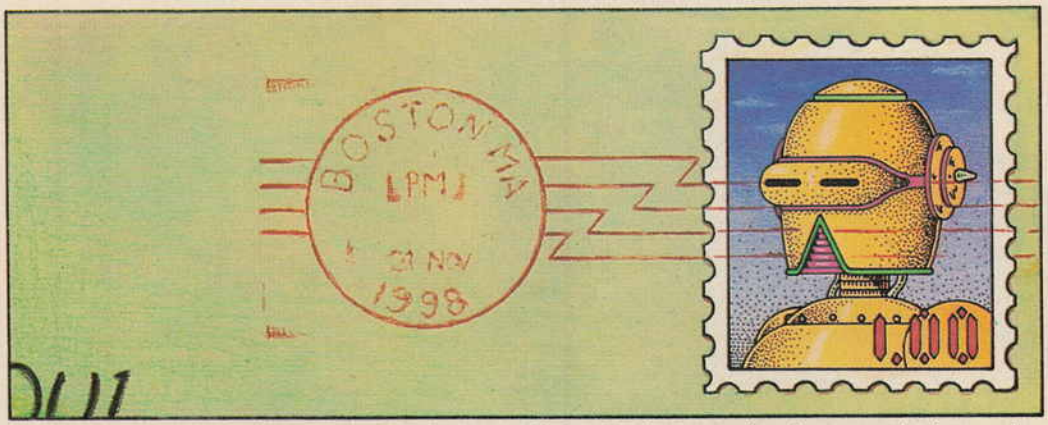
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
A FIRST LOOK AT JOSEPH HELLER'S FUNNIEST NOVEL SINCE "CATCH-22"
"WHO ARE WE? THE PLAYBOY REPORT ON AMERICAN MEN"
ALEX HALEY: MY PROBLEMS WITH ROOTS
UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL
THE CHEERLEADERS WHO WERE TOO HOT FOR THE N.F.L.

on sale now

# ???FUTURE???

BY JESSE KORNBLUTH

## Electronic Mail: Wait A Decade, Mr. Postman




*Problem:* Your baby writes you a "Dear John" letter. The post office takes so long to deliver it, you show up at her house for your next date. Her new lover is there. Whom do you shoot? Your lover, her lover or the postman?

*Problem:* Your employer cleverly does his banking in a town eight miles up a dirt road in West Virginia. During the rainy season, which is always, your salary check takes a week to reach you. Because your bank clears checks by mail, it takes another week before you score your money. How do you convince your creditors "the check is in the mail"?

Both these problems *can* be solved. You need not shoot anyone or invent elaborate scenarios. You need—hell, we all need—electronic mail.

With this service, you just sit down at your computer terminal, type your message out, press a button and—*bang-zoom*—your electronic letter is delivered, most likely over the telephone lines, to your recipient's electronic letter box. And should your recipient have a response to your letter, he can have it on your screen in less time than it would have taken you to find a stamp. Your cost: electricity, telephone charges and computer rental.

No more "lost" mail. And it's coming soon.

Ah, but what of the post office? you ask. Traditionally, the P.O. does not welcome competition (last summer, for example, investigators busted a 14-year-old Charleston, South Carolina, kid who was delivering wedding invitations in his neighborhood for a nickel), but this time around, the service-that-dares-not-become-a-business is all in favor of electronic mail. It has to be. Every time you mail a letter, it gets handled seven times before it leaves your post office, and it goes through seven more handlings before it reaches its destination. Consider that 50 billion pieces of mail pass through the P.O. each year and that 85 percent of the postal service's operating costs are for labor, and you see there's just no way the present arrangement can work.

What the government has come up with, not surprisingly, is more useful for business than for you and me. One phase of its plan, the International Electronic Message Service, will be publicly demonstrated this month. Messages destined for other countries will be transmitted from New York or Washington to the "earth station" at Etam, West Virginia. From there, they will be beamed 23,500 miles to a satellite, which directs them to earth stations abroad. This method, though dramatic as hell, affects only the 410 million pieces of our foreign mail; more urgently needed is something to ease the burden of the 15 billion pieces of first-class mail that business generates each year. For that, the P.O. came up with Electronic Computer Originated Mail (ECOM).

ECOM, which went operational late last year, isn't much different from Mailgram. Large-volume business mailers send their bills, notices, whatever, to the post office via computer. There, a Pitney Bowes printer and Fairchild Camera scanner print, fold and envelope four letters per second.

ECOM was suggested to the postal service by an oil company, and ITT and AT&T are preparing to do battle in the rapid - information - delivery arena. The big guys definitely see the kind of market for rapid-delivery electronic mail that other whiz kids, a generation ago, began imagining for the microprocessor. As a result, before we're pushing 1984, corporations will be able to plot and scheme—and get their bills to you—faster than ever.

COMET, the first business computer mailer that can fit into a briefcase, was (according to its manufacturer, the Computer Corporation of America) developed in conjunction with Digital Equipment. The more I hear about it, though, the more I'm convinced it came directly from God. If there's one device that gives us small-incomed technology wonks hope that toys like electronic mail will be affordable soon, it's COMET.

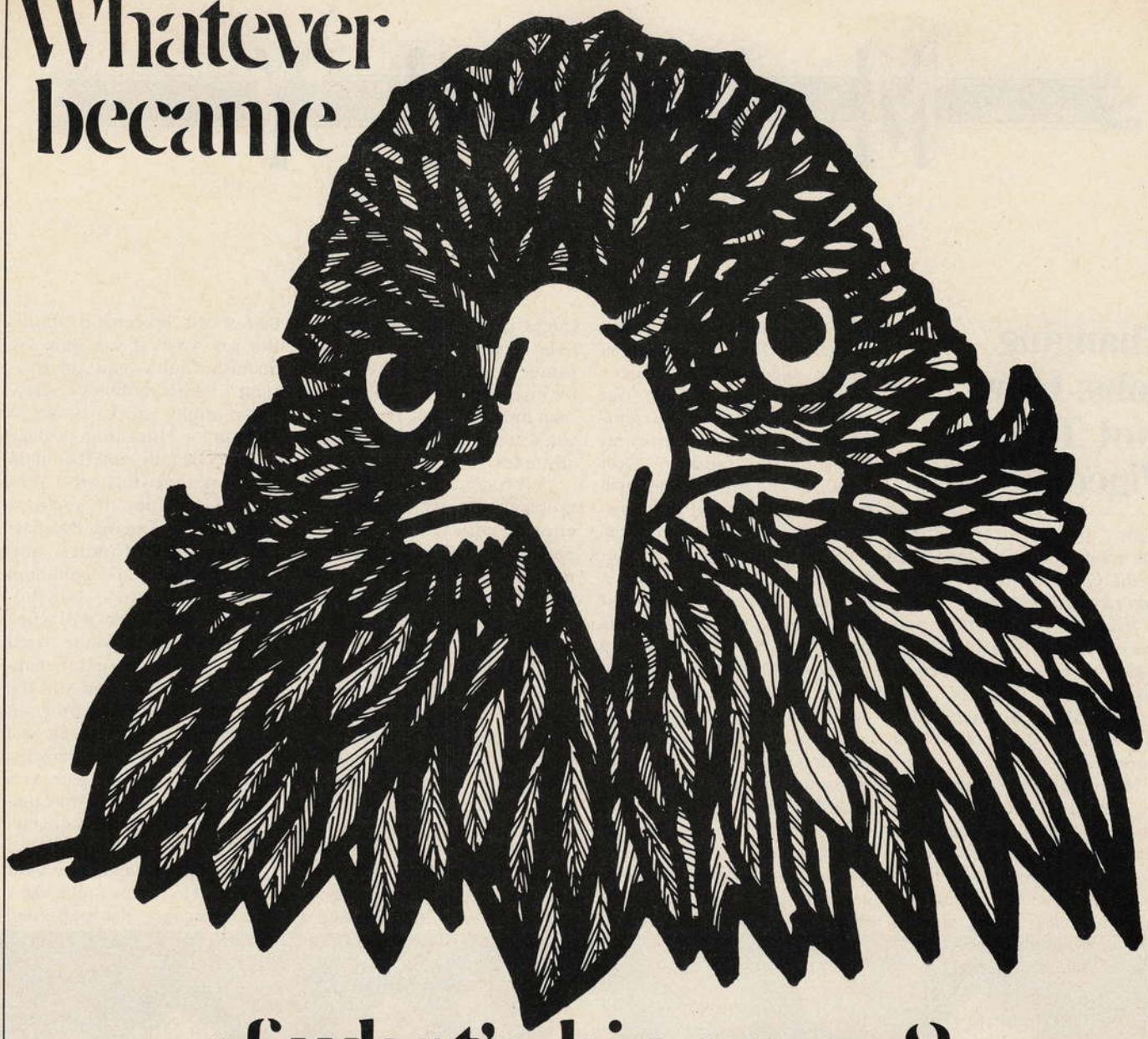
Step up to your COMET, type in your name or code—only you know it—and the terminal indicates if there are messages for you from other COMET subscribers. You type out your answers—calling upon data you request from the electronic files, if necessary—and push the SEND button. No one's been hijacked from more important work to take your phone call; no one has had to put a secretary through a steno session to get a letter back to you; no one has wasted time filing the correspondence.

Progress always hurts some people, and electronic mail will be no different. Mail-fraud artists will have to find different employment, and oil companies may find profits shrinking when consumers no longer have to drive to the post office, bank, library—or even the office. Feel sorry for them.

And add a moment of silence, too, for the businessman. About to be stripped of his expense-account lunch, he is now going to lose his last sexist privilege. "Miss Jones, can you come in and take a letter—and shut the door, please" is a line that, come 1981 or so, will get a bigger laugh than even the post office does now. □

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK FISHER

# Whatever became



# of what's-his-name?

In years to come your children might ask that question. You may answer, "He is dead. He was called the bald eagle."
But your children may be asking more urgent questions. They may ask, "What has happened to the trees... the oceans and rivers... the air we breathe and the foods we eat?.."
The danger to the bald eagle represents only a small fraction of the hazards we are creating for ourselves, and for the world we live in. The results of short sighted actions by man are endangering us *now*, and must be acted on *now*, to assure that the problems do not grow beyond the point of remedy.

The EDF is a coalition of scientists and lawyers. We intercede in the courts and before government agencies on behalf of you, the bald eagle, and other living things. Our work is not glamorous, but it is essential. We strive to assure an environment which allows for technological progress in a humane context. We urgently need your support.

**I would like to support the Environmental Defense Fund. Enclosed is a contribution of $_____ (Membership $15)**

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Donations to EDF are deductible for income tax purposes

**Environmental Defense Fund**
**475 Park Avenue South**
**New York, N.Y. 10016**

**edf**

# MONEY

BY CHRIS BARNETT

## Changing Jobs: How Not To Get Pigeonholed

Memo to the career-minded: The solid-gold watch inscribed by the Old Man isn't worth it. Don't even think about "doing 45" for the same outfit and bowing out gracefully at a chicken à la king bash for blue-hairs and skinheads. You should make a personal pledge *now* to move up or move out every five years.

The corporate comers play the game that way. You're not job-hopping; you're building a career. So, if someone's hacked the rungs off your ladder and you feel trapped (a recent *Psychology Today* survey showed that almost one-half of all job-holders feel that way), get out. Chances are great you'll get a more challenging job with more responsibility—and more bucks.

Too many people stay put, stay miserable and stay broke, because they don't know *how* to get a job that's right for them. Think about that for a minute. During all those ass-chasing, dope-smoking years at old Ivy or Aggie U., were you ever offered a class in job-hunting?

This month, we're going to plug that gaping educational hole. Your textbook? A witty new guide with a title that sums up the dilemma many career fledglings face: *Want a Job? Get Some Experience. Want Experience? Get a Job* (Amacom, $12.95). The author, Don Berliner, who bills himself as a mathematician and management scientist, warns at the outset that there is no single, surefire strategy for getting a job. Luck plays a big part. But the informational nuggets he's unearthed here should help fuel your climb to the top. And if you ever get sacked, it should help keep you off the streets.

To get in the door, a job-hunter needs a resumé. It's your personal advertisement, so make it punchy, persuasive and to the point. Berliner suggests you keep it to a single page, unless you have a lot of technical experience and you're sure that an engineer, scientist or detail freak will be reading it.

Berliner, currently employed by a Denver energy-research firm, doesn't think a resumé should be crammed full of all your personal statistics (hair color, children from a previous marriage, etc.), but don't forget birthdate *and* age. Growth companies want 28-year-old hotshots with 20 years of solid experience.

While he advises you to leave a little mystery in your resumé ("otherwise, the interviewer can't get his curiosity up"), he suggests that you spell out your career goal at the very beginning: "sales manager for a consumer-goods manufacturer," for instance. But don't list more than one goal, says Berliner, or you'll come across as a jack-of-all-trades.

The resumé body can be a problem. Do you list experience or education first? Depends on which is the most impressive, he says. Since you're probably writing for the "hasty glancer," he suggests listing employment history first and indicating years on the job only, not months *and* years. Your resumé should list the *deeds* of each job, not the *duties*. "Use decisive, action-packed language to describe your accomplishments. Make it active, not bland," Berliner writes. "Example: As assistant product manager responsible for adult games aimed at twenty-one-to-thirty-year-olds, I supervised a one-and-a-half-million-dollar advertising budget, from selection of artwork and layout to choice of appropriate media. Increased our share of market segment from ten to fourteen percent in nine months. Directed development of two new game ideas from concept to finished product." Show tangible gains plus any unexpected results—"like, say, a four-page spotlight write-up in *Game Play* magazine."

Forget trivia, advises Berliner. If you were the student-body president in high school, list it; that shows leadership ability. But who cares if you were the Spanish Club's assistant treasurer? Forget hobbies. Somebody might think you're so hung up on Hungarian postage stamp collecting, you'll do it on company time. But stress your outside activities. If you're a wheel in the Omaha Purchasing Managers Council and you're applying as a salesman for United Brushes, your prospective employer will subconsciously think you're wired in with the purchasing managers; and it might land you the post. Or, if you are program chairman for the Jaycees, you may be deemed an organizer, a leader. Just don't be seen as a Jaycee zealot who might organize pancake breakfasts when you should be out selling.

Don't list references on your resumé; it looks too much like a setup, because the personnel manager knows you aren't going to supply him with enemy names. Simply offer to "furnish them on request." And tell your references that you are listing them. It's a courtesy, Berliner says, and they might be a bit more glowing in their appraisal. Best references include former co-workers, ex-bosses, grad-school profs and industry or association brass. Skip relatives (unless one's a VP with Ma Bell or some other corporate heavy), neighbors, frat brothers, golfing partners and drinking buddies, past girlfriends, your land-

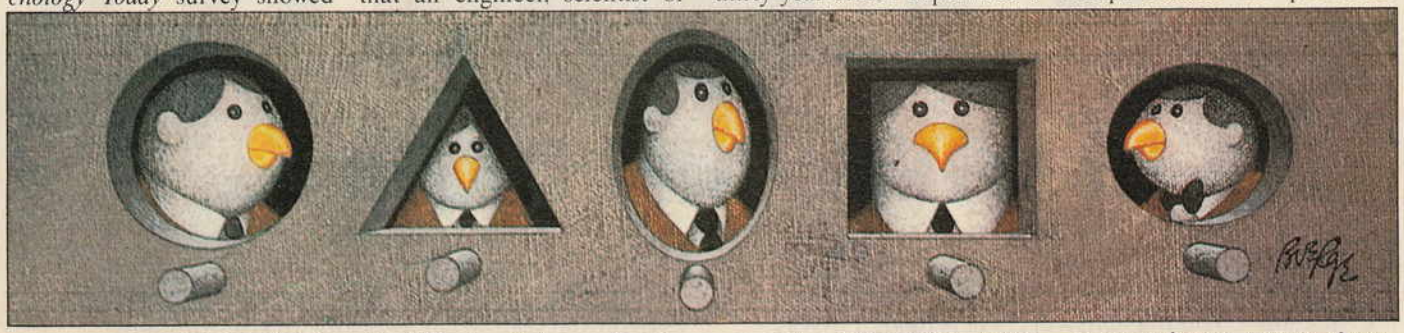
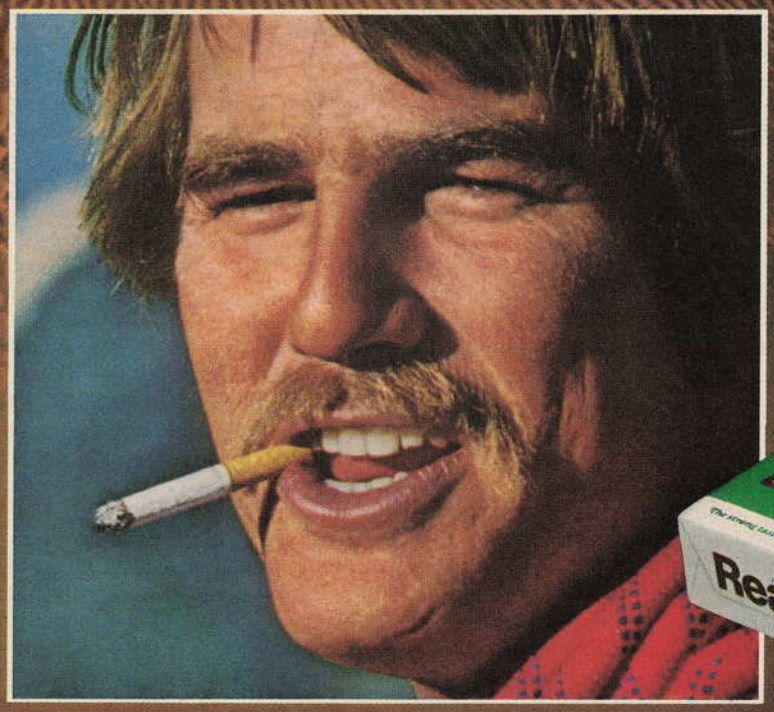


ILLUSTRATION BY BILL BUERGE

MENTHOL: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



*Only 9 mg tar.*

# *"Real's got dynamite taste! Strong...more like a high tar."*

***The strong tasting low tar.***

© 1978 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

**MONEY** Above all, be honest. Don't be devious. If you got fired from your last job, tell what happened. You won't be branded outright as a loser, that's for sure.

lord, drug dealer or the Avon Lady. "Remember," warns Berliner, "companies do check references." (You can find out if you're getting a bad rap by having another friend "check" them.) Final word on resumés: Don't list your salary history. Why tell the world?

Now, where do you find the best jobs? The most obvious source, as Berliner points out, is the classified-ads section of the newspaper. "But the odds are stacked against you. Some ads may pull in two hundred resumés," he says. And if you aren't one of the five applicants who is lucky enough to snare a personal interview, it may shatter your self-confidence, if it happens enough times.

A smarter strategy: Plug into trade-association execs who know where the openings are; keep in touch with your old boss and former colleagues; run a blind-box "situation wanted" ad in a trade journal; and rifle a few powerhouse letters to company presidents showing them just how savvy you really are.

For example, to the president of Whosis Wire and Cable Corporation, Berliner would write: "Speculation in the trade has it that you are seriously considering going nude—that is, making a radical decision to strip away the two outer layers of your number-eight, forty-eight-conductor, supercolloidal, coaxial hypercable for underwater use . . ." After you grab his attention, Berliner implies, you would trumpet your prowess with seminude cable by reeling off the technical breakthroughs you've achieved at your current company. Then—and this is important—you don't ask for a job. Simply suggest in the letter that "our association might be good for the company" and that you'd like to discuss ways you can "contribute" to his "excellent, forward-looking firm."

OK, you landed an interview. Now the sledding gets tougher and you'll need more than Berliner's guidebook. "Ninety percent of getting a job is the interview chemistry," insists Valerie Parr, who heads one of the busiest executive-recruiting firms in New York City. Her advice: Stay cool. "There's a tendency," she says, "for the applicant to interview the interviewer. He'll ask why the job is open and what happened to the person who had it before. That's death. Think of yourself as an actor putting your best foot forward."

Parr says the client—the personnel manager or potential boss—should do all the talking. "While they're talking, watch their eyes. If their pupils dilate, or if they lean toward you, they're interested."

Business people are busy, warns Parr, so don't waste time—yours or theirs. Don't risk their wrath with the "I just want to talk; I'm not looking for a job" ruse. "If you get a crack at the top honcho, it's your opportunity to go in and sell yourself. Don't blow it. You won't get a second chance," she says.

Bone up on the organization before the interview and, in Kennedyesque terms, ask not what the company can do for you but what you can do for the company. Better yet, know in advance what you can do. Outline mutual growth goals, Parr suggests. "Give them something specific about your talents, capabilities. Even if you don't get the job, they'll remember you down the line. They might even invest some free advice in you if you look good—like who might have an opening in that industry."

Yet do not be afraid to ask *thoughtful* questions about how you can best strengthen the company "team." It's OK, especially if you're going for your first or second job, say the pros. "It's very normal for good people, say, twenty-two to twenty-five years old, to be groping for the right position," contends Parr. "If I see they are sure of themselves and can point to achievements, but they need some solid direction, I'll work with them. That's different from a person who walks in and says, 'I don't know what I want to do; I came in here to find a job.' A boss can sense the difference between an immature person and one who simply hasn't matured long enough."

Parr has some pet hates that every job-hunter should know. Don't try to muscle or seduce the receptionist: "I'll throw out anyone who tries to intimidate my secretary to get an appointment with me," she snaps. Even worse, don't patronize the executive recruiter: "I turn off to any person who says I've been recommended to them and I should tell them *my* life story."

Finally, don't dress like a rube. Be aware that big industrial companies in the Midwest and South expect you to dress more conservatively than a consumer-goods outfit in the West. Family companies usually have a more rigid dress code. Beards and long hair, however, no longer typecast you as a potential Charlie Manson in some companies. It's a good idea to "scout" the company a few days before your interview.

Above all, be honest and straightforward when you're selling yourself. Don't be devious. "If you got fired from your last job, tell me what happened," says Parr. "You're not branded outright as a loser, that's for sure."

It's wise to send your resumé with a cover letter to an executive recruiter after an introductory interview (better yet, drop it off in person). But you could also mail it cold to a company you would like to work for—again with a cover letter. In most big companies, your resumé will be read and filed, not junked, says Ed Kelleher, recruitment and placement manager for giant International Harvester in Chicago.

If your resumé gets you an interview, go in with your ears open and your mouth closed. "Listen carefully so you answer the exact questions asked," advised Kelleher. "When you're asked about your *salary* history, don't give them your ten-year *job* history. You'll turn the interviewer off. Don't elaborate. Don't ramble."

Kelleher is a real stickler for listening hard to what the interviewer says. "Too often, an applicant comes away feeling that the job description was interesting, but he doesn't know what would be expected of him. He wasn't listening but was trying to anticipate the next question."

Sometimes a job-hunter will try to bluff his way through an interview, boasting that he can handle any job, given the chance. Kelleher says even the greenest personnel man can spot that hoodwink, and it will tick him off. "The interviewer wants to know what experience you've actually had, so he can make a judgment."

What about bucks? Kelleher says you should give the interviewer the chance to discuss salary, because "if you bring it up in the first five minutes, that's crass." But don't let it go unresolved. One good approach is to discuss the salary range and then to ask what quarter of the range you would be in. He'll get the message. Warns Kelleher: "Look out if you start at the top of the range. There may not be any room for you to grow."

The best salesmen know when to stop selling, so don't drag out the interview just to dazzle 'em with your sincerity. Kelleher says most interviewers make their decision about you in the first 15 to 30 minutes. You might just *unsell* yourself by staying there and running your mouth.

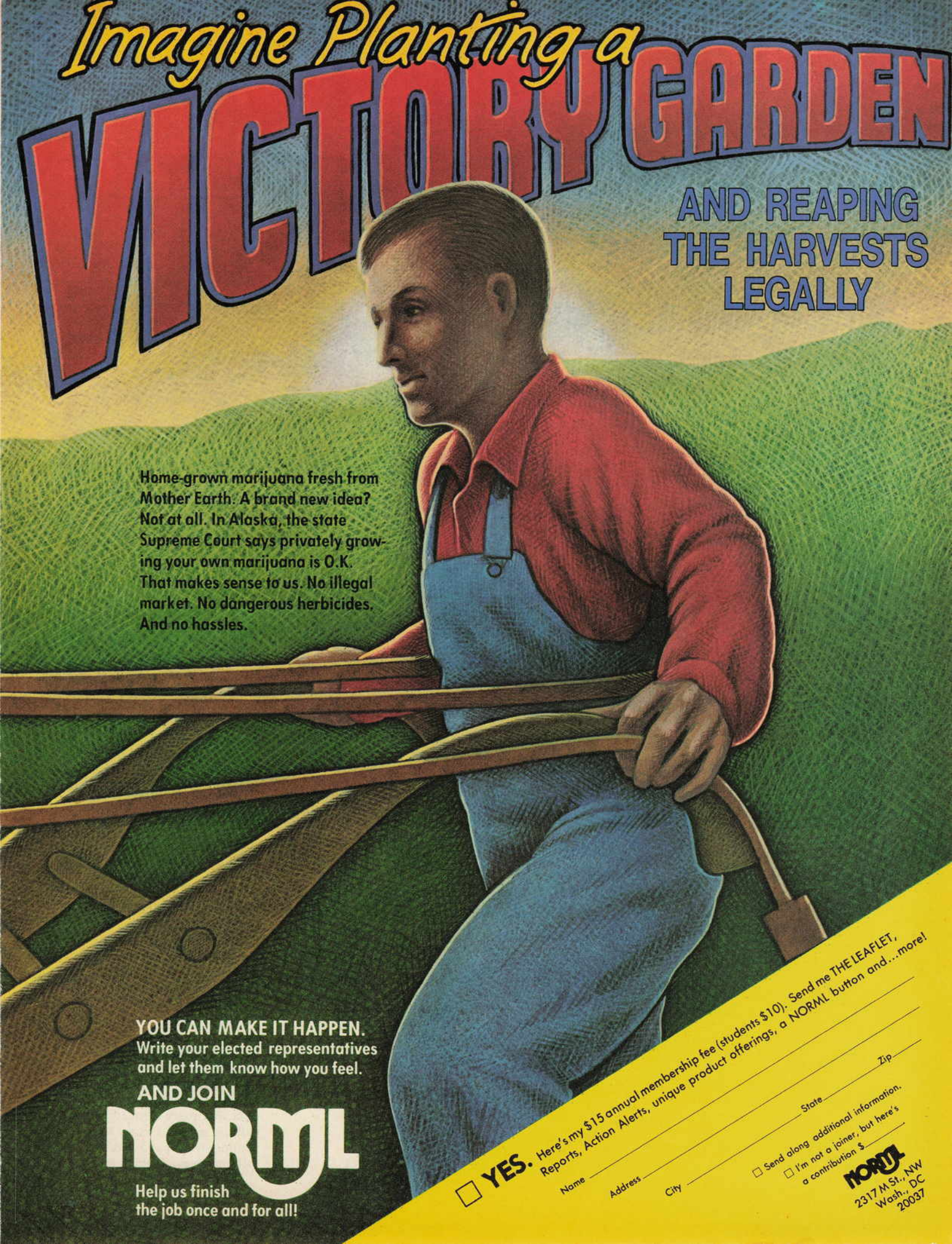
Of course, none of this unconventional wisdom should be etched in granite for future generations. As author Berliner said at the beginning of this column, there is no magic formula that will land you the job of your dreams. You have to market yourself like a box of soap—make that a hand-crafted luxury motor car—and that takes plenty of planning and thinking.

There are no shortcuts, although some promoters would like you to think there are. These are companies that pass themselves off as "career-preparation consultants." Steer clear of them. They're mostly ripoff artists who will stiff you up to $3000 just to show you how to write a resumé or take command of the interview. Any professional personnel type or executive-search firm will warn you to watch out too.

In fact, if any agency or employment firm tries to charge you money for getting you a job, tell them to fuck off. □

# Imagine Planting a VICTORY GARDEN

## AND REAPING THE HARVESTS LEGALLY



Home-grown marijuana fresh from Mother Earth. A brand new idea? Not at all. In Alaska, the state Supreme Court says privately growing your own marijuana is O.K. That makes sense to us. No illegal market. No dangerous herbicides. And no hassles.

**YOU CAN MAKE IT HAPPEN.**
Write your elected representatives and let them know how you feel.

**AND JOIN**

**NORML**

Help us finish the job once and for all!

☐ **YES.** Here's my $15 annual membership fee (students $10). Send me THE LEAFLET, Reports, Action Alerts, unique product offerings, a NORML button and...more!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Send along additional information.

☐ I'm not a joiner, but here's a contribution $ _____

NORML
2317 M St., NW
Wash., DC
20037

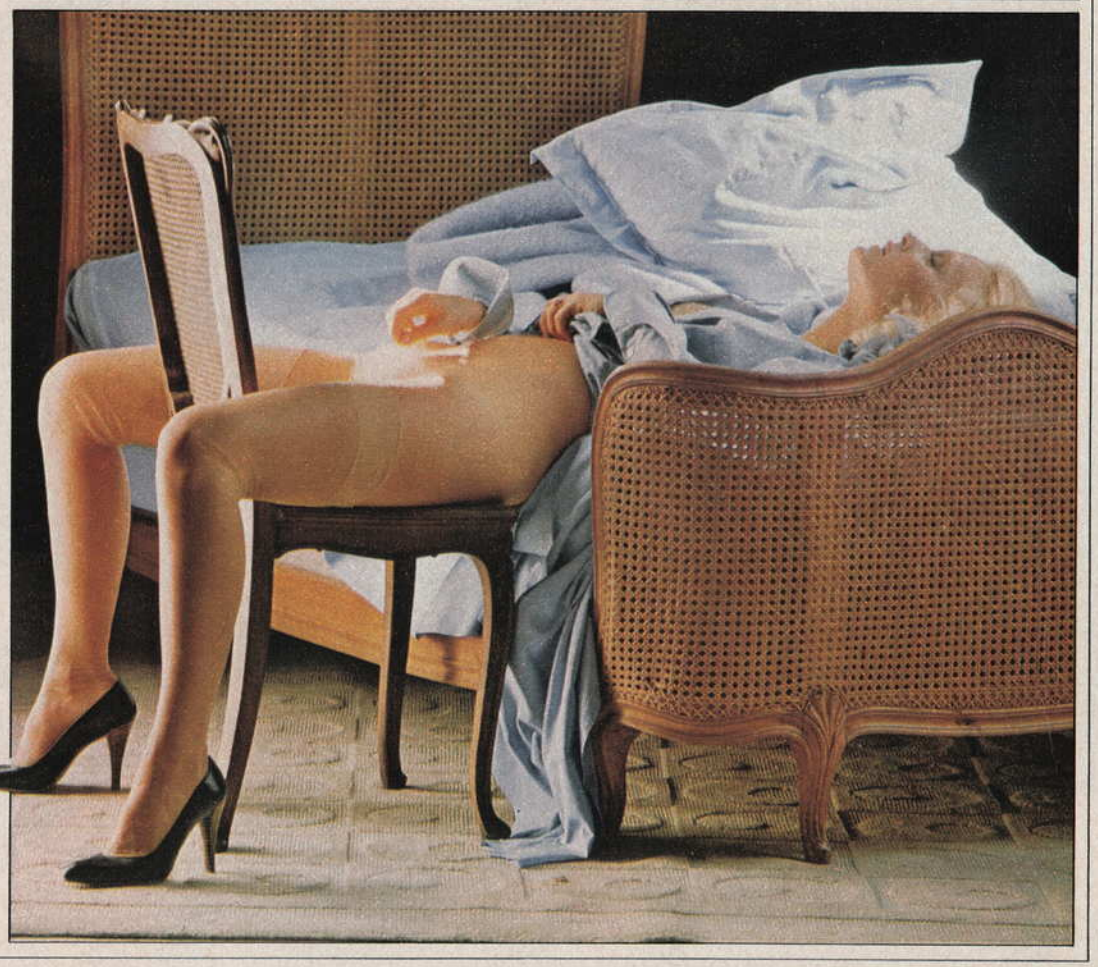
# kristin

## Flying High

Photography by S. Carter

"For the first time in my life," Kristin told us, "I'm starting to feel like my own person." Didn't she always? "From the outside, Sweden looks terribly free, but my life was regimented from the day I was born. Father and Mama wanted children, but they really weren't ready to deal with me and my two brothers. We were normal kids growing up, experimenting with everything we could get away with. Father hit the roof when he found out my oldest brother smoked dope once at a party. Threatened to call the police! I know that sounds strict, but Swedish fathers are not known for their leniency."

"Things started to change, though, after I moved out of the house and went out on my own. I heard that a certain U.S.A. airline was recruiting Swedish girls to inaugurate its service to Stockholm; I applied for the job and got it. Since then, all the traveling and the exposure to different ways of thinking convinced me that life didn't begin and end with Father's approval. The girls I share an apartment with in New York were a big help in pulling me out of my shell. I can remember one day, after a grueling flight across the Atlantic, I burst in on Cheryl and Tammy, right in the middle of one of their parties. There they were, in the company of several attractive men, doing exactly what they pleased—and there I was, bursting in." Were they embarrassed? "They didn't even come up for breath."



"When I acted surprised, all they could say was 'Live it or live with it.' They were so calm and natural—not like the Swedish girls I went to school with. I learned then and there that life is too short to miss out on anything. And that's been my philosophy ever since. Sometimes, now that I'm a veteran stew, I think that things have gotten so out of hand that the whole world will come crumbling down around us. But if I weren't supposed to use my sex, how come God gave me a body like this?
I know your readers will read this and think I'm some kind of lounge empress, but actually I'm the prude of the apartment. Cheryl and Tammy are always after me to score, to bring something home for them to play with. That seems too exploitative. When it comes to men, I like them one at a time.
Sure, you probably also want to know if I'm interested in eventually settling down, meeting the right guy, having kids. . . . No."

# RICK BARRY

## The Second-Best White Player in Basketball

*It's too bad his fans think he's such a prick/Profile by Burr Snider*

The biggest news of the National Basketball Association's off-season this past summer—aside from the persistent rumors that Bill Walton had signed to play with the Grateful Dead—came when it was revealed that Rick Barry, the stormily brilliant leader of the Golden State Warriors, had unexpectedly exercised his free-agent option and traded himself to the Houston Rockets. The basketball world was shocked. There had been a flurry of signals that Barry and the Warriors were not seeing precisely eye-to-eye in their contract negotiations, but nobody seriously believed that the glittering linchpin of the Golden State franchise would ever jump ship. The Warriors, after all, had become almost a Barry-family affair. "Captain Rick" dominated the team both on the court and off, enjoying the kind of total hegemony that only a precious few professional athletes are ever accorded. Before home games you could see Rick's kids scampering around the court as the team's ball boys, and after games the sportswriters invariably beat a path to the star's locker, even before they went to head coach Al Attles for a rundown on the team's performance.

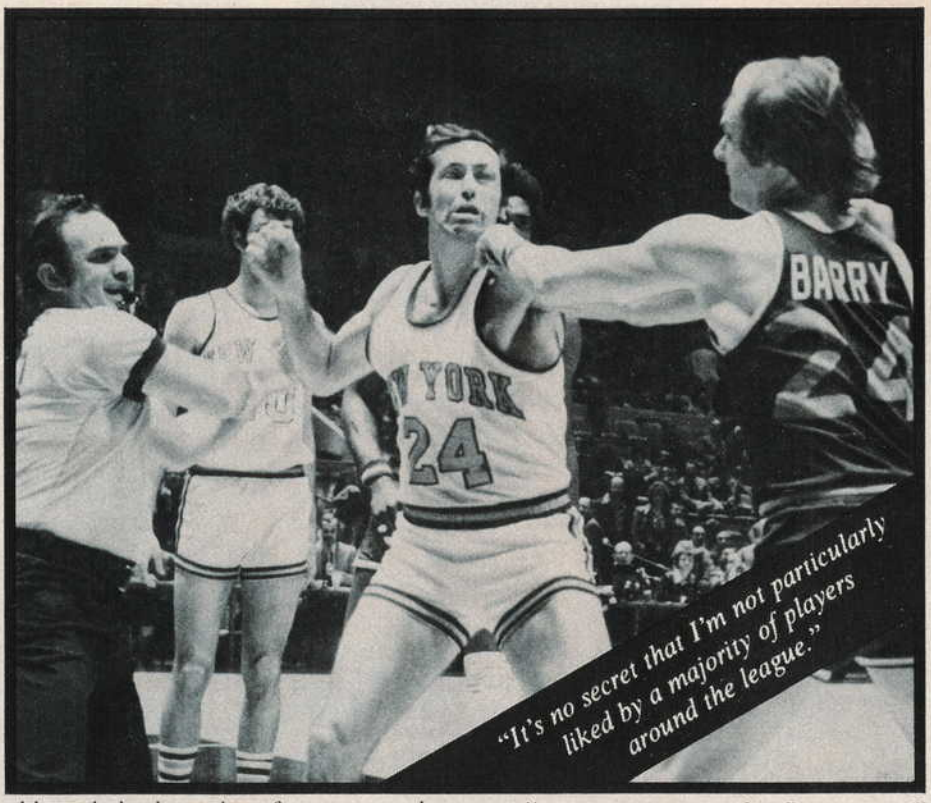
Besides, Barry had put down roots in the San Francisco Bay Area. After the early years of being basketball's highest-paid nomad, he seemed at last to have found some security and stability with Golden State. He had been with the team six years; he was on friendly terms with Franklin Mieuli, the Warriors' eccentric but likable owner; he had made some important and lucrative local business connections; and he was known to be building a Xanadu-type mansion out in the

ILLUSTRATION BY MARGO NAHAS

Oakland suburbs. It was naturally assumed that this one-in-a-million athlete would finish out his perfectly incandescent professional career right where it started, in Northern California.

But Rick Barry is nothing if not a constant enigma and a walking bundle of contradictions. He is one of the true iconoclasts of sport, and this was far from the first time he'd thrown the entire jock world for a loop with his shock tactics. Back in 1967, he'd been smack in the middle of the most controversial sport story of the year when, induced by one of the original million-dollar contracts in professional athletics, he became the first topflight NBA superstar to jump to the new American Basketball Association. Barry had been in the pros for only two years at the time, but he was already recognized as one of the truly exceptional talents ever to cross the baseline. Coming out of the University of Miami, where he'd led the nation in scoring as a senior, he then proceeded to completely tear up the NBA during his first season, again leading all scorers and walking away with Rookie-of-the-Year honors. The ABA literally staked its whole claim to existence on Rick's shoulders, and it is perhaps not too much to say that the league would never have survived without the legitimacy that his presence provided.

Nevertheless, Rick was excoriated in the sports pages as being a disloyal money-grubber who possessed neither ethics nor soul, and the NBA was so incensed that he was forced to sit out a season before joining his new ABA team, the Oakland Oaks. Years later, when the two leagues merged, Barry was welcomed back into the NBA with open arms, but he was never quite able to shake the cachet of controversy that dogged him from the start.



*"It's no secret that I'm not particularly liked by a majority of players around the league."*

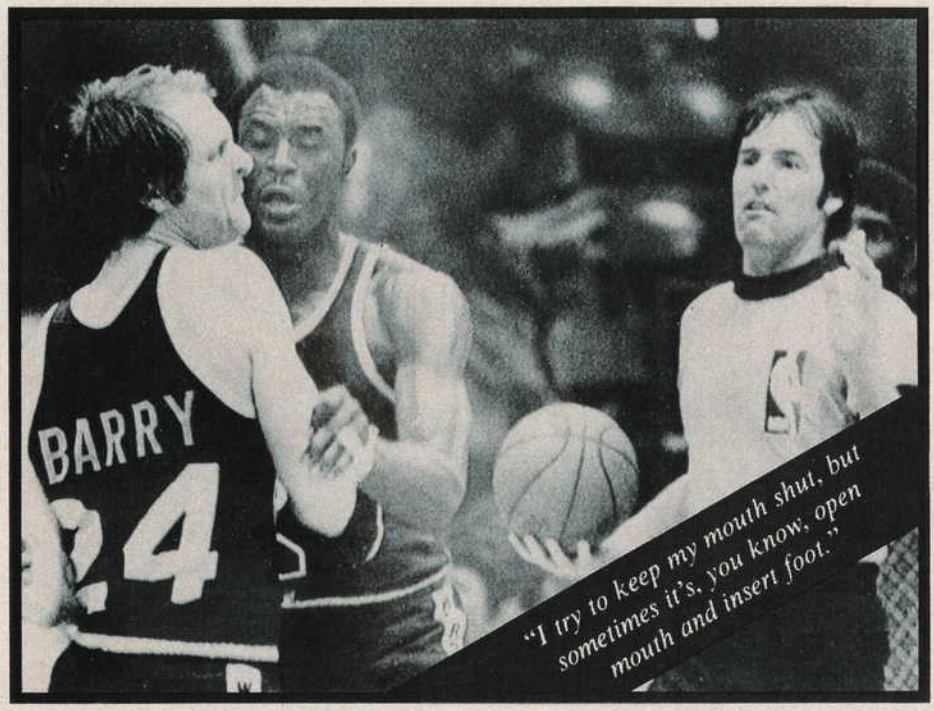
Now, this new move to Houston seemed to rekindle all the old antipathies. Once again, Barry was accused of being disloyal, ungrateful and unethical. The Warriors put out the word that Rick had reneged on a gentleman's verbal agreement to sign a two-year, no-trade contract for a figure in the neighborhood of $900,000. Management said that Barry had fought for the no-trade clause because he wanted to finish out his career with the team and because he didn't want to subject his family to yet another move. And then came the startling announcement that Barry was off to Houston.

The local press commenced to tee off on Rick's head. The writers couldn't quite agree whether his motivations were greed or a bruised ego (Franklin Mieuli had refused to deal personally with him), but many of them agreed that, once again, Rick Barry had proven himself to be a supreme asshole.

Barry, for his part, simply said that Houston had made him an offer he couldn't refuse. He also declined to discuss the terms of his contract, but Jimmy the Greek reported that Houston not only had come up with a half mil a year, but had tossed in the promise of a palatial $350,000 home and a guarantee of $250,000 a year—*after* Barry retires—for some vague PR duties which wouldn't, it was emphasized, interfere with his sportscasting work with CBS. There was also strong feeling that some of the high rollers from Houston's financial-power alley had dangled business propositions in Barry's face that were just too juicy to pass up. By making the move to Texas, Rick was going to become one extremely wealthy ballplayer, and as far as the Bay Area and its sport fans were concerned . . . well, it's been fun and fuck you very much.

•

Well, as far as *I'm* concerned, and no matter *what* it cost to obtain him, the people in Houston have a real treat coming to them. Rick Barry may have lost a few steps over the years, but when he gets the hot hand he is electrifying and there is no way of stopping him. Even now, at the age of 35, when most pro basketballers are shopping around for a bowling alley or a



*"I try to keep my mouth shut, but sometimes it's, you know, open mouth and insert foot."*

# On the road Rick can pack a house with people who seem to come for no other purpose than to boo him

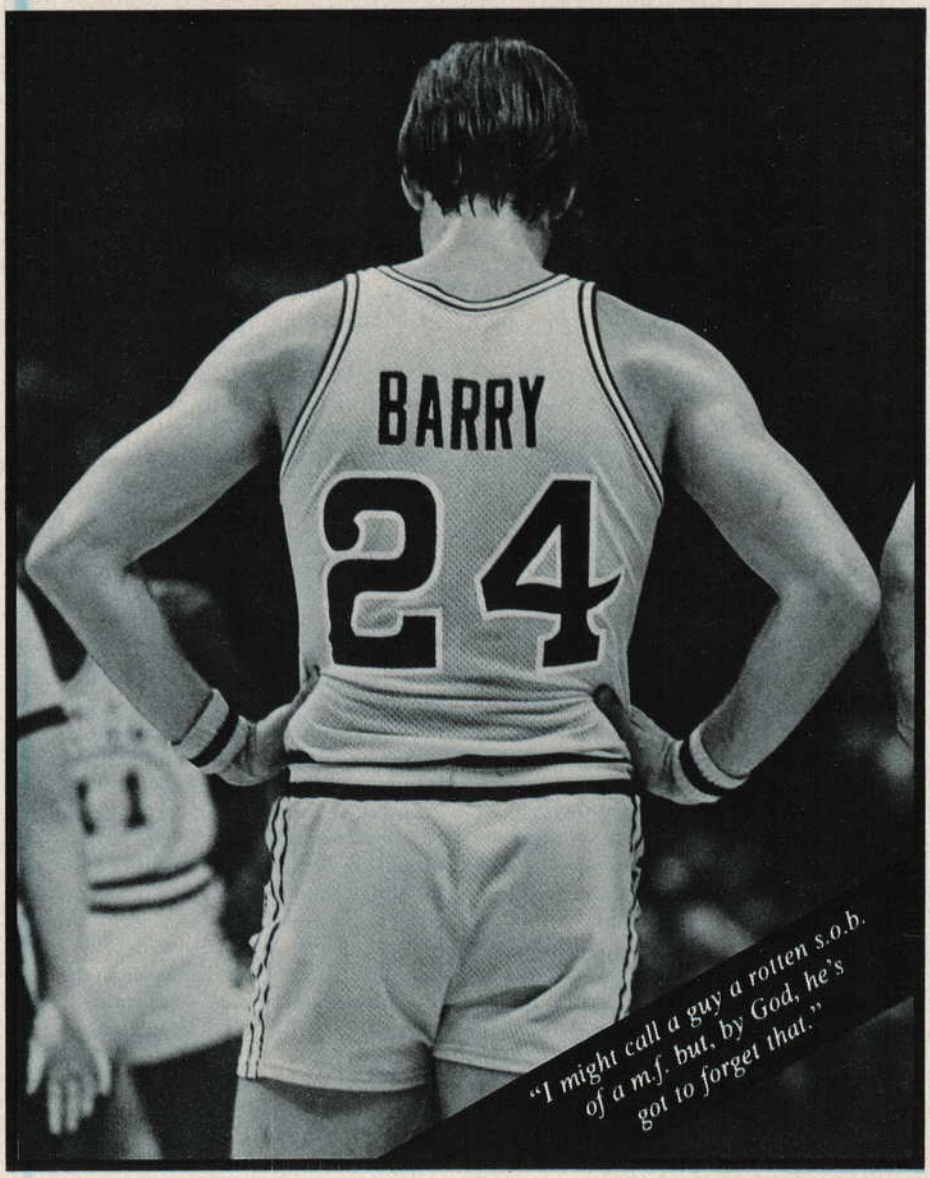
laundromat to manage, Barry still threatens to score 40 points every time he steps on the court. In a clutch situation there is possibly no man alive you'd rather get the ball to. He's deadly from anywhere on the floor, arguably the keenest pure shooter in the game, and if you try to double-team him, he'll kill you with his laser-beam passes. If you clog up the middle, he'll stay outside and bomb away all night long. If you come out to get him, he'll drive the lane—maybe not as often or quite as effectively as he once did, but still enough to give you fits.

Rick Barry is not the most aesthetically graceful basketball player who ever trod the boards and, by his own admission, jumping is not one of his great skills. But Rick possesses the uncanny ability to slice into the crowd gathered around the foul line, then leap and hang in the air, gliding toward the basket in seeming defiance of gravity, while he surveys the situation for either a shot opportunity or an open teammate to dump off to. Because of this, defending against him can be so maddening that many times a team will just give up and try to beat him to death—which is fine with Barry, because it gets him to the foul line. They howl with derision up in the dollar-ten seats when he unleashes his sissyish, anachronistic, underhanded foul shot, but what does Barry care? He is simply the greatest foul shooter on the planet, holding the pro record for free-throw percentage for both a single season and lifetime: He once sank an incredible 60 straight, also an NBA record.

In fact, a lot of the people who know about such things feel that Barry is among the two or three best forwards ever to play Dr. Naismith's winter game. Al Attles, who was Barry's coach at Golden State and who is one of the more astute thinkers on basketball, agrees. "There's no question about it that he belongs right up there at the top, that he's one of the great all-time basketball players," says Attles. "I would personally rank him in the top one or two with Elgin Baylor. You can flip-flop them either way, they're so close; but those two are the best ever, regardless of how you feel about Rick personally."

*Regardless of how you feel about Rick personally.* It's funny how often that phrase comes up when Barry is discussed. There's just something about the guy that brings out the bile in people. With the Warriors there were always reports of disgruntled players fed up with toiling in Rick's blanketing shadow. And he is certainly the man they most love to hate in NBA arenas across the country. Rick can, in fact, engender a collective case of the red-ass in a whole coliseum full of people by the mere act of dribbling down the court, his thin blond hair bouncing arrogantly up and down like some strutty rooster's coxcomb. The rap on him around the league is that he is a prima donna, a supreme egotist, an incessant nitpicker and a crybaby. On the road he can pack a house with people who seem to come for no other purpose than to boo him.

Rick Barry *is* intense, folks. He does not step out on a basketball court to fuck around. And he readily admits as much. "It's no secret that I'm not particularly liked by a majority of players around the league," he says. "I know that. It's unfortunate and I wish it weren't true; but it really doesn't bother me that much, because I'm not out there to win friends. I'm out there obviously to win games. It's another world out there, another consciousness, and it doesn't matter to me that I don't have a lot of friends within basketball, because I don't care to have them. I don't *want* a guy to be my buddy-buddy if I'm going to have to beat him. No, I'm not liked, but most of the guys don't know me, anyway. They judge me as a person by what they see out there on the basketball court and, unfortunately, a lot of fans do the same thing. And



*"I might call a guy a rotten s.o.b. of a m.f. but, by God, he's got to forget that."*

**RICK BARRY** In commercial terms, he's the white equivalent of O.J. Simpson—bright, articulate, attractive and easily recognized due to his sportscasting work.

that's not fair to me because, as far as I'm concerned, I'm a totally different person off the court."

•

Off-court, Rick Barry *is* perceptibly mellower than his fierce playing persona; it's just that sometimes you have to look kind of hard to notice. Close up, Barry positively exudes kinetic energy. Even while engaged in desultory conversation with him, you are somehow aware of an underlying tension coiled up in there, waiting for a sudden chance at release. At his most relaxed he is still a dervish of minor movements, like a hyper-antsy school kid bent on driving his teacher up the wall. Most people attribute Barry's abrasiveness to hubris—excess pride. I think it is simply that he is imbued with an excess of energy.

Not that he isn't a cocky bastard, and not that he doesn't give the appearance of being totally devoid of self-doubt, of being completely on top of things—but then why shouldn't he? To paraphrase Mr. Bob Dylan, Rick Barry just can't help it if he's lucky. He was born with the wonderfully synergistic combination of talent, brains, ambition and energy, and he has patently made the most of his gifts. For years he has been the best at what he does, and now, looking down the road to the end of his lustrous career, he can only anticipate his days getting better and better. Rick is an eminently marketable commodity and he knows it well. In commercial terms, he's the white equivalent of O.J. Simpson—bright, attractive, articulate, and possessed of good sight-recognition due to his sportscasting work. He has been offered acting work, and he's currently taking drama lessons. He really doesn't know how he'll spend his days after he hangs up the jock, but he's pretty sure it's gonna be fun.

"Life is *supposed* to be fun," Barry told me at the annual basketball camp he runs for high school kids in Cotati, California. "And I'm just not going to let anything get me down to the point where I'm miserable." There are some 250 boys in Barry's camp, which means that approximately 500 eyes are riveted on him right now, as he participates in a noontime pick-up game. For the kids on the court, this is the thrill of a lifetime. Back at school they will live for months on the delirious knowledge that they once played on the same court as Rick Barry. And Rick refuses to play down to them, either. Maybe he's not rushing the basket for rebounds as hard as he might, and certainly he's passing up a lot of shooting opportunities to shovel the ball off to teammates, but it is rather abundantly obvious that when Barry steps across the inbound line for a game, *any* game, he knows only one speed, and that is balls-out. He's been playing ball for 31 of his 35 years, and he still goes at it like the scrappiest street kid on the block. And if you're playing with him, you'd best be on your *toes*, Jim, 'cause if he rips one of those bullet passes your way and you're not watching, it's going to take your *head* off.

Barry looks terrific out there. He's been running and working out regularly to get ready for his first season in Houston. He wants to knock those Texans on their asses down there, and the work he's put in is evident. Sometimes during a game, especially late in the grueling NBA season, Barry's body takes on the slack and sallow look of terminal fatigue. His eyes sink back into his head, and he gets a terrible haunted look about him that makes you wonder just what wells of resource he is depleting by going out there game after game, season after season.

But at this moment, Rick is looking, as I say, right on top. He is wearing just a pair of shorts with no shirt, and one of those soul tams that ghetto kids affect. In spite of the abuse he has absorbed over the years, he looks amazingly unblemished. His skin is tan and smooth on his big, beautifully proportioned 6'8" frame, and he is already down to a good playing weight, with only a hint of the old love handles buffering his hip bones. He says he's been running and working out hard all summer to get in shape, because he wants to be ready to go all out with his new team in Houston. Even so, he hates training and body work with a passion. "I wish I could take a pill and do it," he says. "That would be wonderful. But I feel this is really what I'm getting paid for. The money I get is for going out there right now in the summer and playing every day and doing all those things you have to do to be prepared for the season. The playing itself is the easy part. But my body is not only my life; it's my livelihood, too, and I've got to maintain it."

Suddenly a gasp comes hissing out of the crowd. "Goddamn!" exhales a black kid standing next to me. "You see that?" On the offensive court, somebody has just passed a scorcher to Barry, who's standing in a crowd at the top of the key. Instead of taking possession of the ball for the shot as everybody in the gym expects, he just reaches up and barely tips the ball with his fingers, deflecting it behind his head to a teammate standing all alone over in the corner, who, with no defender within ten feet, pumps in the easy swish. No way in the world Barry could have actually *seen* the kid standing there; it was pure sense he was working on. The kid next to me just laughs out loud in disbelief.

•

Rick says he had a happy, normal childhood, growing up in lower-middle-class circumstances in suburban New Jersey. His father, who was a strict but fair disciplinarian, had been a semipro basketball player and coach, and it was he and an older brother who'd gotten Rick into the game when he was about five years old. His father drummed the fundamentals into him and instilled in him an aversion to mediocrity, but Rick says that his moves and style came from another source.

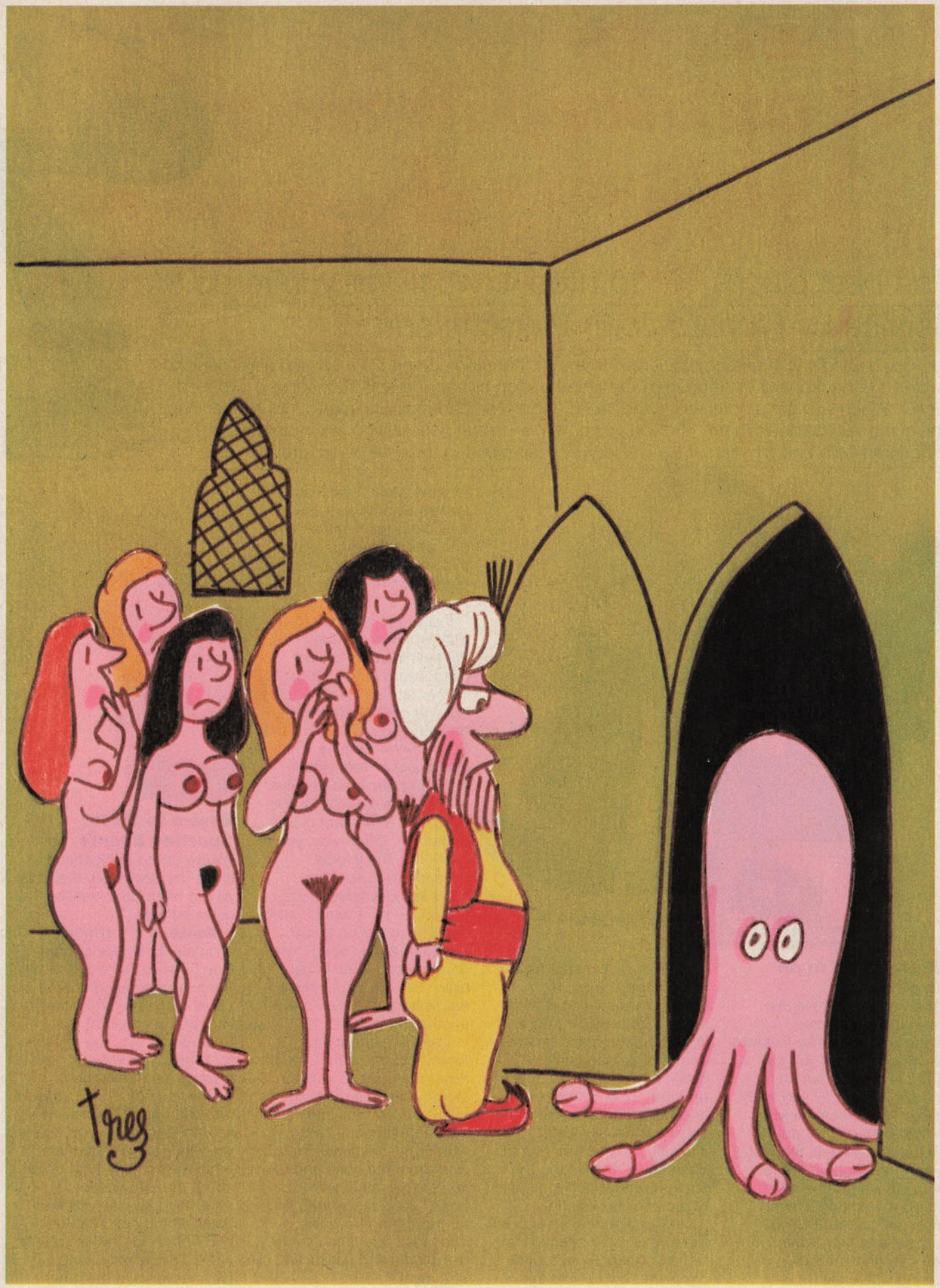
"The area I grew up in was integrated, and I played with all the black kids down at the playground," he recalls. "I picked up a lot from them and it probably helped my basketball. A lot of people say that I am a white player who plays black, which I don't particularly believe, but I was brought up in the same kind of conditions as the black kids, and as far as playground ball goes, they were tops. I learned to play the game their way."

Adolescence, he says, was a tough time for him, and he developed some character traits during high school that he feels have largely been responsible for the image problems that have dogged his career. He laughs while talking about it now, but he openly admits that he went through a lot of pain.

"Contrary to what you might think, I was definitely *not* the all-American boy in high school," he says. "I was not outgoing at all. When I grew up, my teeth came in crooked and I was missing two of them, and I kind of hated myself. I thought I was ugly and it really messed me up. It was a real problem for me, and it became a very serious problem for a number of years, personalitywise. I kind of withdrew, went into a shell. I mean, I was so ashamed of my teeth that I talked with my hand over my mouth, and I couldn't look people in the eye. It really affected my life, especially where women were concerned. My tastes always ran to pretty women, and when I finally did get the courage to ask out a couple of the beauties at school, they turned me down. Talk about feeling rejected! So I just stopped trying. I withdrew into basketball and it became my whole life."

After a brilliant schoolboy career, Rick chose the University of Miami out of hundreds of scholarship offers, and it turned out to be one of the real pivotal decisions of his life. The coach at Miami, Bruce Hale, employed a pro-style offense that was tailor-made for Rick's talents, and the school became a major basketball power during his time there. Bruce Hale also had a beautiful daughter named Pam whom the star was soon dating, and whom he eventually married. (They still are married, and they have five kids, a family unit so photogenically perfect that Barry could probably hire the whole bunch out to

*(Continued on page 125)*


Trez

# Where to Sit or Sleep Nearly Anywhere

## The best places to drop it, whatever you're up to

Service by Richard John Pietschmann

OK, you've had it with getting stuck next to the kitchen door, pinned in a packed aisle, banished behind the backboard or trapped in the spray of flop sweat and spit from some overdosed rocker. When you get a hotel room, the traffic noise is so bad that you might as well be driving one of those cabs down there. So you've had it. Well, some people who know about such things can help end all your misery by tuning you in to some of the ground rules.

### Where to Sit in an Airplane

"The way they fill planes these days, it's a zoo," bitches a buddy who flies way too much. Unless you can afford first class (which, of course, is the *only* way to fly), comfort becomes the key to flying. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar always gets the first seat on the right in the jet because it's got the most legroom, and that's most important to him. But you may prefer sitting where you can eat, drink or move around with ease.

In general, the best place to sit in these days of multi-across seating is as far forward as possible—right in front in one-class service, and right behind first class, otherwise. "It's quieter up front; there's less noise and vibration; food and drink service is usually faster; it's easier to dash off to make connecting flights; and the survival rate is higher in case of a crash," ticks off a thorough-planning air traveler. Stews pay more attention to passengers here, too. Most big planes try to hold this forward section for fussy customers who fly a lot, but they can't really refuse anyone who asks for a seat in this area. When booking, request the "frequent travelers" ("FT") section.

If your major concern is with avoiding a bumpy ride, the best place is over or just forward of the wings. The worst ride is in the tail. Keep in mind that on wide-bodied jets (747s, L-1011s, DC-10s) the shimmy and shake is from side to side; on narrow-bodied jets (727s, 707s, DC-8s, DC-9s, 737s) the movement is up and down. Either way, you're best off in the middle.

People who fly a lot can't stand window seats since they pin them in, and they like to get on board first to stealthily hang their garment bag in first class. An aisle seat will also make it easier to grab a stew's eye for another drink.

The thing about air travel, though, is that you can never really figure where stews will begin drink and meal service: Sometimes they meet in the middle and work out; sometimes they work from the nose and tail in. "I like to sit in the back," says a guy who flies far more than he walks, "because one time I sat in the middle and got fucked out of a meal."

### Where to Sit for Sporting Events

You've got to think ahead since the best seats available all too often go to season-ticket holders.

**Football** is a perfect example. Last year's Super Bowl in New Orleans saw all the heavy money grouping up as usual on the 50-yard line. But because of the Superdome's configuration for football, the *best* seats were the least expensive, goal-line seats. As a matter of fact, although 50-yard-line seats are usually good, many veteran football watchers prefer seats fairly high up, at about the 20-yard line. That way they can catch in detail all the action at their end of the field, while having a great angle for seeing plays develop at the other

end. But the best rule of thumb is to get seats as high up in the stadium as possible, where you have the complete sweep of action. Right down on the field is the worst of all. Down at field level, you see, there is no perspective; the action is confusing, and lumbering players stand up in front of you, blocking your view.

**Basketball** opinion is divided. Some guys prefer sitting as close to the sideline as possible; others would rather be up higher than court level along the sideline; and still others like the view of the thumping action from seats behind the backboard (which, these days, is almost always transparent). The best bet, however, is to position yourself in a row level with the basket and as close to midcourt as possible.

**Baseball** requires thinking ahead if you really want to study the game. For example, if a great right-

handed pitcher like Nolan Ryan is throwing, you may want to sit on the first-base side so you can best watch him work. The third-base side is good for watching the Yankees, a team with predominantly left-handed batters. But baseball may be the one sport in which it is most interesting to get as close to the playing surface as possible. "I like to be down low, near the field, so I know I'm not seeing the game on TV," says one expert. After all, the manager watches from there.

**Ice Hockey** is a sport to watch from as close to the ice as possible, except if you fear for your dental work. Hockey is so fast it's hard to see and follow the puck, unless you're right down on top of the action. But there are those who say yes, hockey is real fast, and that's why you should watch it from higher up, so you can more easily follow the flow of play.

## Where to Sleep in a Major City

Hotels are not tough at all, as long as you know the danger signs and are willing to spring the occasional tenner for what you want. Sometimes, of course, it doesn't work that way. The basic rule in a busy city is to get a room as high up in the hotel as possible, away from the street noise that is sure to wake you at six in the morning.

Hence, the hotel checklist: (1) Insist that the room be in the uppermost floors, (2) unless there is a rooftop disco, in which case you do not want a room on the top floor. (3) Make sure the room is not next to an elevator shaft. (4) Try to snare a corner room. (5) In a convention-type hotel, do not accept a room on a floor full of suites used as hospitality rooms or meeting rooms. (6) Always request a double bed.

Low-rise resort hotels have an entirely different set of rules, except for the double-bed rule, which is universal. (1) Avoid ground-level rooms near walkways, unless you don't mind being watched in your bare-assed splendor. (2) Get as near to the beach or water as possible. (3) Make sure the ice machine isn't too far away. (4) Do not accept a room overlooking the parking lot. (5) Keep the dining room within walking distance.

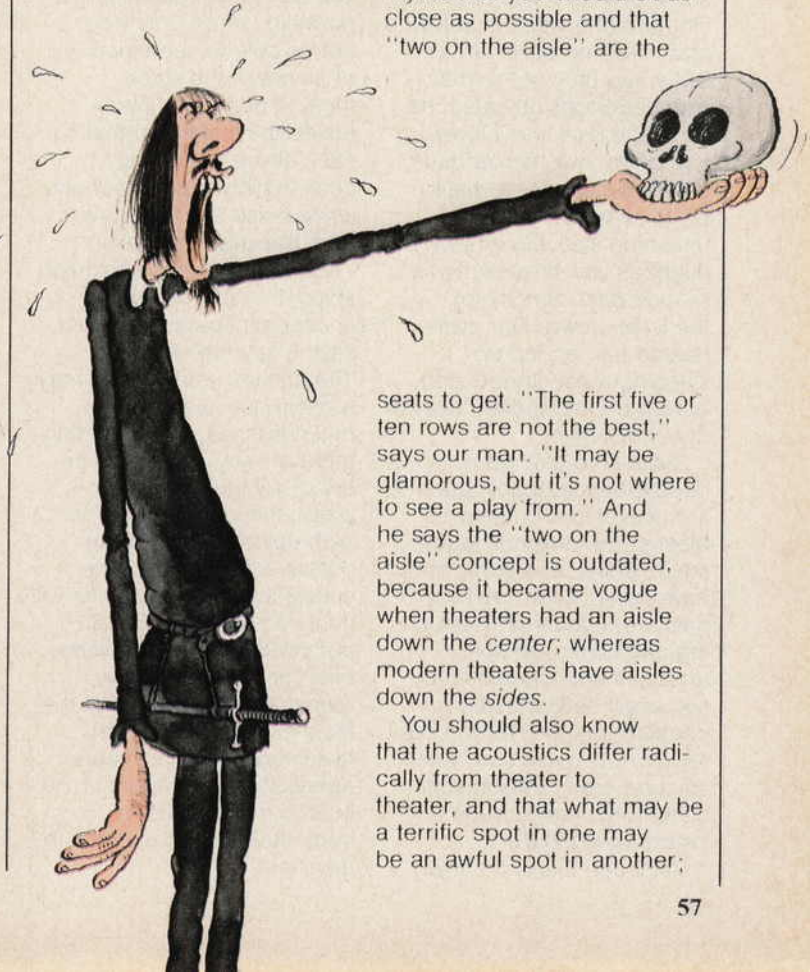
On the matter of room service—a very key function to experienced travelers—the consensus is that there is no way to scope out the quality of this vital ministration. No one location seems better than another. "Room service is tough unless they know you," reveals a hotel regular, who says he gives somebody a lot of money as soon as he checks in. "I give the room clerk twenty if I'm unknown, and I give ten to the first room-service waiter. Word will get around."

## Where to Sit for a Stage Play

My seat in a Broadway theater for *The Wiz* was so far up the steep balcony that I had to brace my legs to keep from pitching into the orchestra. The sound was so distant that by the time I heard a sentence (that is, *when* I heard a sentence), the next actor's mouth was already working away in reply. Do not, I told myself between oaths, ever again buy a ticket for a stage play without knowing where the seat is. Better still, don't go at all, unless you can get seats in the center of the orchestra in rows 10 through 20. The wait and the extra bucks will be well worth it.

"Sit close enough so that the actors don't look like they're on the small screen, and far enough back so you don't get sprayed," advises a guy who gets paid to see plays. That means rows 10 to 20 in the middle, not on the aisle. "That way the actors won't perspire on you and you can't see the eyeliner," he adds. It's not always possible to get these prime seats, even though you should try, but rows 20 to 40 in the middle are also just fine.

This advice shatters the myths that you should sit as close as possible and that "two on the aisle" are the

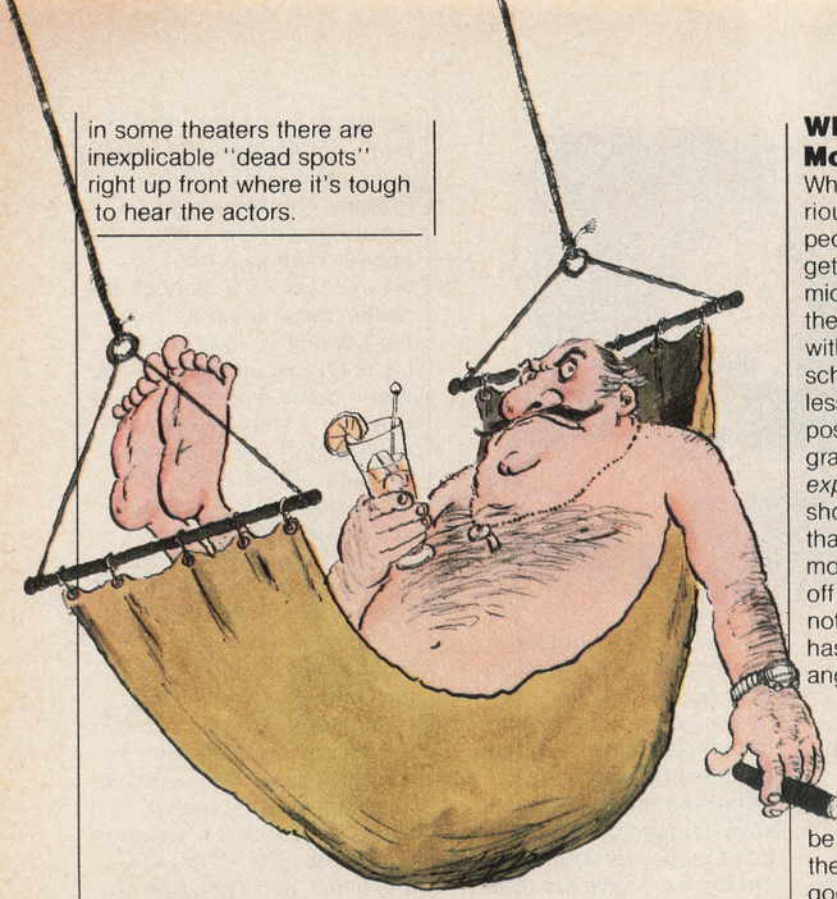


seats to get. "The first five or ten rows are not the best," says our man. "It may be glamorous, but it's not where to see a play from." And he says the "two on the aisle" concept is outdated, because it became vogue when theaters had an aisle down the *center*; whereas modern theaters have aisles down the *sides*.

You should also know that the acoustics differ radically from theater to theater, and that what may be a terrific spot in one may be an awful spot in another;

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR ROBINS

in some theaters there are inexplicable "dead spots" right up front where it's tough to hear the actors.



## Where to Get a Cabin on a Ship

It was a woeful tale to hear, coming as it did from the self-professed seafaring expert. He had planned it all. The perfect cruise with the perfect lady. The perfect score of stash. The perfect itinerary of a week at sea with practically no ports of call. But when they got to their expensive topside cabin, he knew the deal was blown. You got it: two narrow beds screwed to opposite walls. Beds on which a couple thrashing about in ecstasy might as well have signed a suicide pact. Strictly for the S/M crowd. Our overheated pair ended up skipping most dinners and balling on the padded floor of the ship's gym.

Make sure you get a double-bedded cabin aboard a cruise ship, but beware: Most ships have only a few such cabins, and some ships have none. A few cruisers, however, feature an interesting and quite workable arrangement, whereby the two small beds may be coupled together for the duration. Just make sure you ask and are promised sufficient horizontal surface before you depart.

Although this is the main consideration for the horny, there *are* others. The smoothest ride in rough seas is always in the middle of the ship at, or even below, the water line. Which is ironic, because the lower you go the cheaper the cabins get. If you don't mind sacrificing a porthole (which you may not be able to see much out of anyway), the smart thing to do is to book an amidships stateroom that's a deck above the lowest deck (which may experience some noise and vibration from the ship's propellers). "Aboard most modern cruise ships, the only difference in accommodations is price," says a guy who knows. That means you'll get as nifty a cabin but you'll pay much less, as well as getting more privacy. On the other hand, if your aim is to impress, the idea is to get as high up as you can in an outside cabin. Except for suites, these prime cabins will cost you only about $150 per person more for a week than the least expensive rooms. But be aware that the most expensive and the least expensive cabins are always the first to sell out; so bear in mind it's best to book three or four months in advance.

## Where to Sit in the Movies

When it gets down to serious viewing, most film people say the best place to get into a movie is in the middle, about two-thirds of the way back (disagreeing with the French fanatic school, which holds that unless you sit as far front as possible and develop a migraine, you just aren't *experiencing* the film). It should be noted, however, that a significant number of movie freaks prefer to sit off to either side. Why, they're not sure, but a few think it has to do with getting an angle on the screen. They do agree it doesn't make any difference whether the film is a comedy, musical or drama . . . the best place will still be the same. "Once you're in the theater and watching a good film," explains a true popcorn connoisseur, "it transports you."

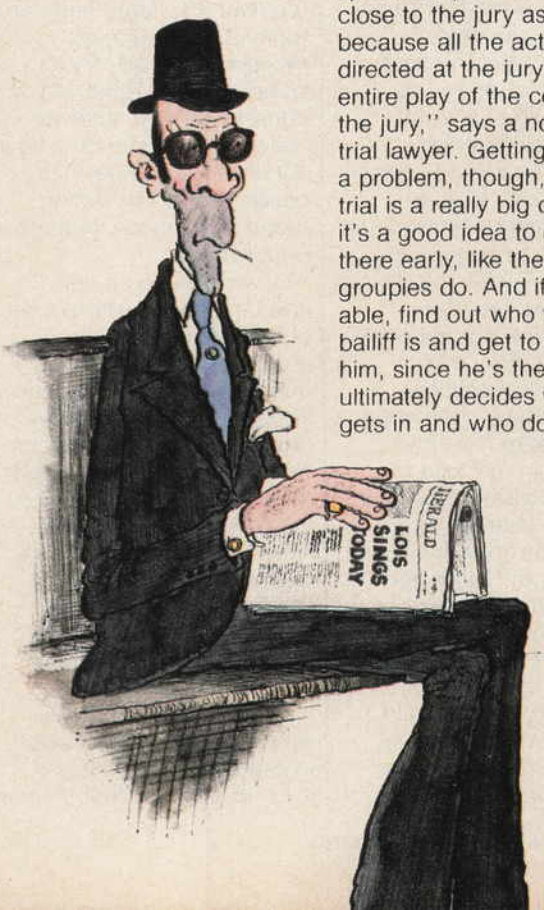
But then a friend of ours, who sees movies as a means of supporting himself, sardonically comments that he likes to sit "close to an exit," so he can flee the cinematic dreck that's being hurled at us these days.

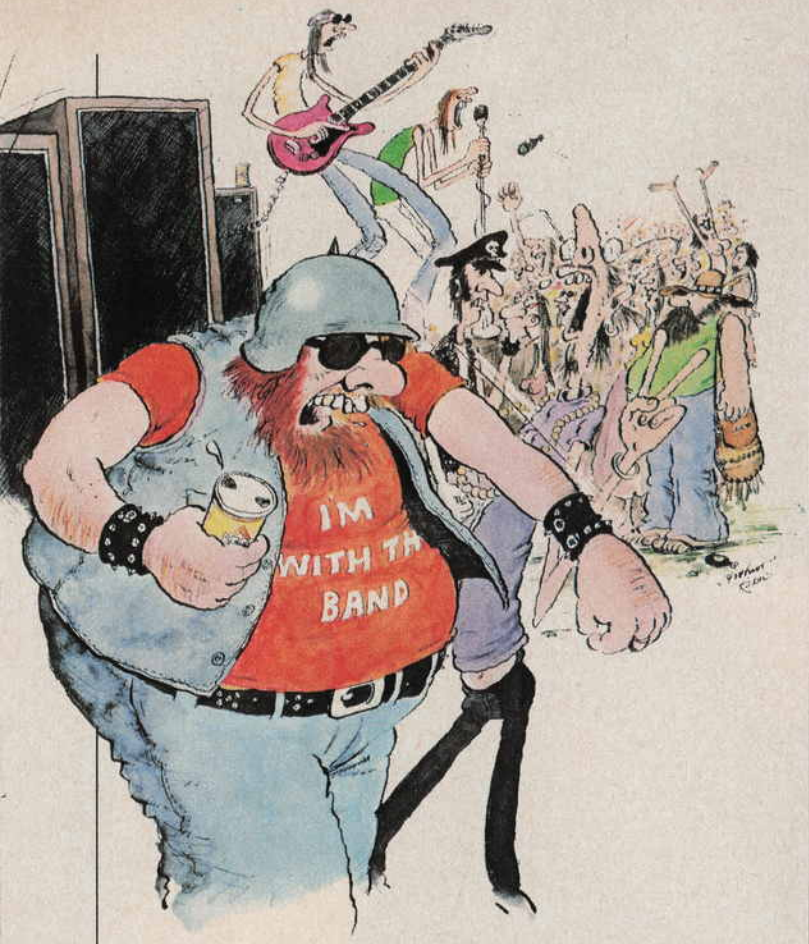
## Where to Sit at the Symphony or the Opera

Look, sometimes this works real well with a certain type of lady. Besides, what's wrong with sitting through a little Wagner or Beethoven for some sure ballet later on in the evening? But to do it right you should get seats 14 or 15 rows from the stage in the orchestra, or the seats in the front of the first balcony, since sound tends to travel upward. These locations are "where the sound is likely to have gelled," and where you can find the "most rounded quality of sound."

## Where to Sit in a Courtroom

Sensational trials are big attractions these days, when it seems we have more of them, and they're more spectacular than ever. Think about telling stories the rest of your life about viewing the Patty Hearst show. Of course, if you are a participant in a trial, you are *told* where to sit. No choice there. But if you want to be a spectator, pick a seat as close to the jury as you can, because all the action is directed at the jury. "The entire play of the court is to the jury," says a notorious trial lawyer. Getting in may be a problem, though, if the trial is a really big one. Then it's a good idea to get there early, like the trial groupies do. And if you are able, find out who the bailiff is and get to know him, since he's the guy who ultimately decides who gets in and who doesn't.






### Where to Sit at a Rock Concert

The time when the chick stood up on her chair down front, lifted her "Speed Freak" T-shirt and shook her mammoth jugs at Alice Cooper was good fun—but the sound wasn't so great. And later, when all those 12-year-olds mugged the stage, it wasn't too terrific getting shoved around by those Gestapo, Steve Reeves types they always hire to keep things in hand. Or, as is often the case, getting mauled when they allowed things to get totally out of hand. Now, this isn't going to happen with a singer like Janis Ian, but for Kiss, the Rolling Stones or any other act where the excitement is pumped way up, you'd better stay away from the front of the room. Besides, the sound just isn't very good right up front, because those giant banks of speakers blast the music out over your head.

The best place to hear a rock concert, according to roadies and other experienced sorts, is up off the floor on the side. But at a really big concert, you will have to make a decision whether it's more important to you to hear or see the acts. You can't always have everything, you know. For outdoor rock concerts, it's pretty much the same thing—except that you should stay more to the center because outdoors the music washes out at the extremes. For smaller halls, the sound is good almost anywhere, except in the first couple of rows. If it's a place with tables and drinks, comfort becomes the most important factor: Where you won't have people climbing over you and where you can order a drink fast is where it's best. Additional hint for small places: Avoid opening and closing nights, which is when the heavyweights and freebies get all the good seats from the record label. On those nights, even if you have great seats, you're liable to be asked to relocate for the future good of the performer. Usually it's some "big shot" producer who wants a close view of the act.

### Where to Sit/Sleep in Trains

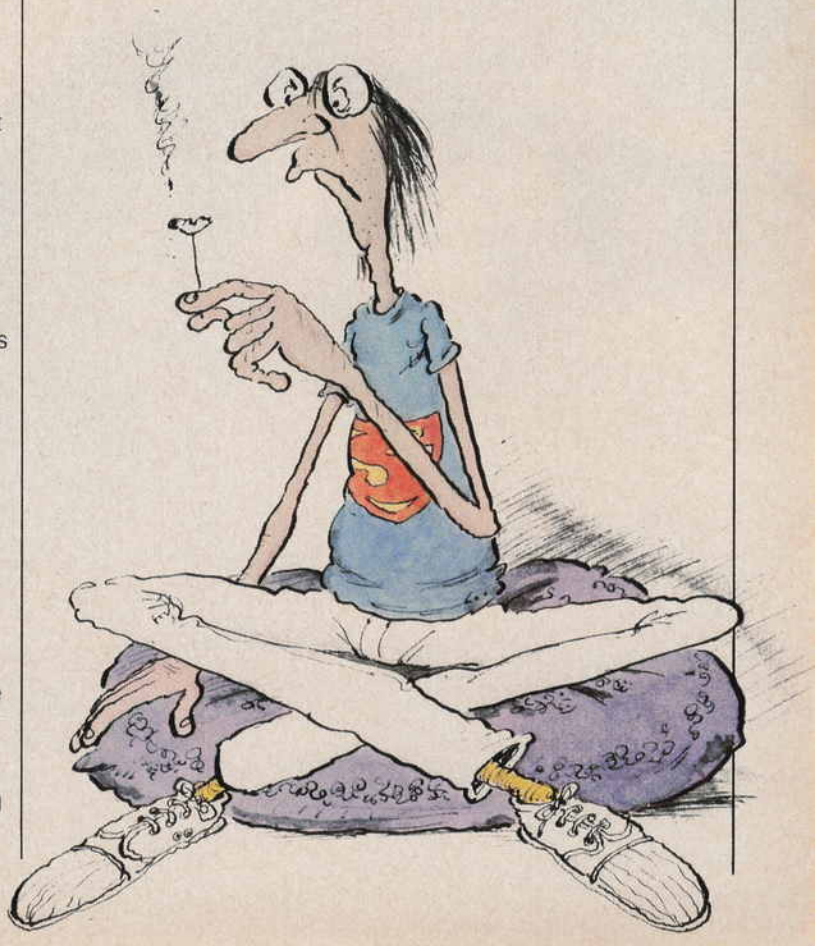
First, you should know about the condition of America's passenger trains and tracks, which borders on the disgraceful. The trains are wrecks because many first saw duty back in the Forties and are now old and decrepit, and because those who work on them are bored and disinterested. The tracks are in disrepair, and Amtrak's ride is so rough or slow (because engineers don't dare go faster) that it just isn't worth it. Too bad about that. In Europe, where they care about their trains (which usually run on a fat government subsidy), the situation is reversed: Trains there most often are a delight.

On the other hand, however (as if you didn't already know this), train travel is cheaper than flying. And there's always the off-chance that you'll meet someone on the first day, have intimate conversation by the second, a screaming affair on the third and still arrive refreshed at the station.

Provisos behind us, if you are going to board Amtrak, charge straight for the dome-observation or bar car, if the train has either. Stake out a seat for the view, for the drinks or for the company. If you're traveling any distance at all, the additional cash for a roomette (a single) or a bedroom (for two) is well worth it, as long as the Pullman is one of the newer models. But, face it, trains in this country are still what they used to be. Old.

### Where to Sit when the Joint Is Being Passed

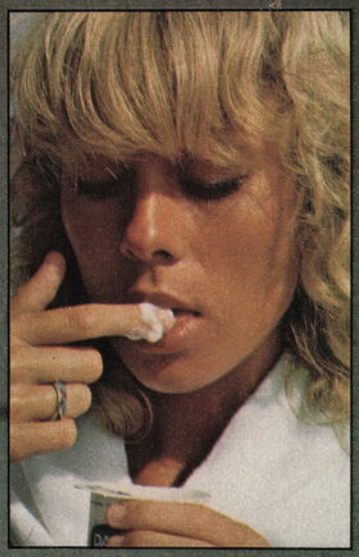
There's real strategy here, but there are two excellent ways to accomplish your objective: (1) Position yourself right next to the supplier of joints or packer of pipe. Most smokers start to feel guilty stoking up on somebody else's shit, so he gets remembered a lot. And you're right there. (2) Lay back until the smoking has formed a cycle; then insinuate yourself where the action is the heaviest. It will always be heaviest somewhere. □



LOOKING
FOR TROUBLE

# MICKI

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY
OTTO WEISSER



# IT ISN'T DIFFICULT TO SEE WHY MICKI HAD TO LEAVE LONDON

It isn't that Micki actually goes looking for trouble. It's just that trouble has a way of finding her. "It's been that way ever since I was a kid," she admits, referring to her not-so-proper English upbringing. Her father, while not exactly in line for the throne, is well known enough so that when his wife ran off to the Isle of Wight with a hippie musician, the resultant scandal filled the tabloids for "Oh, a couple of weeks or so. I was twelve at the time and madly in love with George Harrison. My parents detested The Beatles. And miniskirts. And black eyeliner. And just about everything else a twelve-year-old girl could want." The Scandal—and that's how everyone in the family still refers to the year 1968—changed all that. Mummy and Daddy were embroiled in such a mess of their own, they could hardly pay attention to their pubescent daughter. And Micki reacted like the

WHY BOTHER TO GET UP AND LOOK WHEN YOU LOOK SO GOOD SITTING DOWN?

# ON THE ISLAND OF IBIZA, WHAT YOU SEE IS NOT ALWAYS

## WHAT YOU GET

proverbial mouse let out of a cage. "I went to a lot of parties the year I turned thirteen," she remembers. "I didn't really do much, but I certainly saw a lot." Well, like what? "Like body painting and acid tripping, stuff like that. I mean, I saw sex being performed years before I ever got around to trying it. A movie of my life would have the title *I Was a Teenage Voyeur*." And now? "Well, why do you think I moved to Ibiza? It's a voyeur's paradise. There's a couple across the way who go at it every afternoon. And a gay guy next door who can get ver-r-y kinky all by himself. Want to have a look?" Thanks a lot, but we'll pass.

oui

HOT FLA
OF AMER

A CONVERSATION WITH

# ROBIN WILLIAMS

*He has the quickest wit since Jonathan Winters trashed himself in a Hefty bag. As star of TV's "Mork & Mindy," he is lovably cute and impossibly talented. No one can find a bad thing to say about this guy. But we'll keep trying.*

Six months ago, "nanu-nanu" was what someone on Quaaludes might have said while trying to roll out a simple "no, thank you." Today, however, with the electronic immediacy of television, Robin "Mork" Williams' greeting to Earthlings, "nanu-nanu," has joined such immortal TV buzzwords as "kiss my grits," "dy-no-mite!" and "excyoo-ooze me!" Williams has become an instant celebrity, with his face splashed on the covers of *People* and *TV Guide*, and rave reviews in *Rolling Stone* and *Time*. Not since the Fonz has a TV star rocketed to the top with the rapidity of the offbeat Orkan come to Earth to learn about love. Which is ironic, given that *Mork & Mindy* is a spin-off of Williams' one-shot appearance on *Happy Days*.

Although it might be tough to find a kid under 90 who hasn't experienced at least some of the fallout from *Mork*, Williams' work as a stand-up comic is still largely unknown to people outside Los Angeles. His nightclub act is highly improvisational; Robin relies on a seemingly endless cast of self-created characters, from a six-year-old nuclear physicist, through a bizarre collection of Hollywood hustlers, to a tooth-whistling survivor of World War Three.

When we sent television writer C.W. Metcalf to interview Williams, Robin was "just another comic" at L.A.'s launchpad for laugh-getters, the Comedy Store. Says Metcalf: "Robin's press hype, even before *Mork & Mindy*, was not to be believed. 'He's a genius,' insisted a press agent, 'the best comic mind of the century.' 'Aw, c'mon,' I said. 'Who could be funnier than Jerry Van Dyke?' But Robin is a true original, an actor so grounded yet so maniacally inspired that he can break any comedy convention and get away with it every time. Watching his work reminded me of stories I'd read about the early American Indians. Whenever a brave went bonkers and ran around spouting gibberish, he was revered by the tribe as a magician possessed by the gods.

"In our subsequent conversations, whether at Robin's beach house, in a restaurant or on the *Mork & Mindy* set, I never knew what character he'd slip into next. One minute I'd be down deep with the artist, the Williams who acts as landlord of a heavily populated psyche, and the next I'd be interviewing one of the many tenants. I believe we were discussing the polydipsic inclinations of latter-day existentialists when I suddenly found myself talking with Mork about the sexual nature of the universe."

**OUI:** How did you learn about Earth in the first place?

**WILLIAMS** [in his space-voiced character]: From your television broadcasts, of course. They travel throughout the universe. Our impression was that Lucille Ball was Queen of the Galaxy.

**OUI:** And here you are, doing a TV show. You come to study Earth and we end up studying you.

**WILLIAMS:** Yes. Strange how you people do that. I find it amusing. But what can one expect of a country where the burning question is, how do you spell *relief* backwards? There's an old Orkan phrase that describes your country very well: You can fool some of the people some of the time and jerk the rest off.

**OUI:** In your show, you live with a young, not unattractive Earth girl in a nonmarital situation. What exactly is your arrangement with her?

**WILLIAMS:** Ah, yes, you do work for one of those sex magazines. Well, my relationship with Mindy is purely platonic—Jupitonic, actually. Just friends. Besides, Orkan sex is so different that it would be awkward. It takes over a year for us to have sex. We are infrasexual; that is, we can have sex with anything—a chair, a plant, any consenting object. Of course, the universe is full of sexual permutations. There is one planet, Handya, of totally self-abusing people. You can always tell them apart from other galactic residents, as they are totally covered with hair. Speaking of self-abuse, can you tell me anything about Richard Nixon's hormones?

**OUI:** Only that eighteen and one-half of them are missing. But politics is not nearly so interesting as what raises a sweat out there in the cosmos.

**WILLIAMS:** Ah, yes, your quaint little pornographic mind. Well, there *is* the planet Vrobose—they are all quadrasexuals.

**OUI:** What does that imply?

**WILLIAMS:** It implies that they have a hell of a great time.

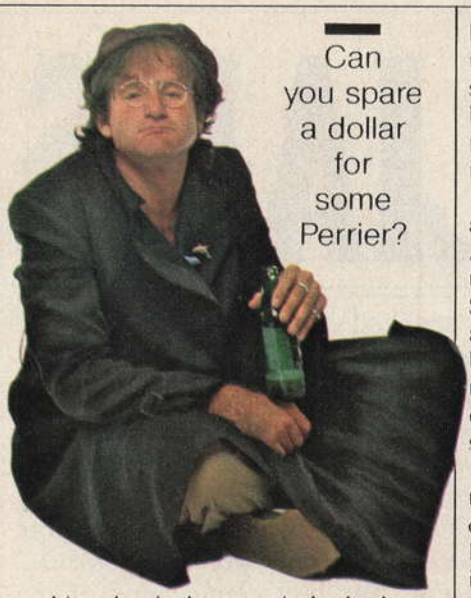
**OUI:** Has anyone in the universe moved beyond sex?

**WILLIAMS:** Oh, no. There is nothing beyond sex, except perhaps Miami Beach. Oh, I forgot—there are the Flamedongens. They banned sex centuries ago.

**OUI:** How did they turn out?

**WILLIAMS:** They? There is only one old man sitting in a barren landscape. He is starting to look a lot like someone from the planet Handya. He writes electronic pornography. [Robin emits a series of computer noises.] That's a good one, eh? Oops. Your tape recorder is steaming up. I guess that's enough of that. Then, of course, there is the fourth-dimension Earth: just like your planet, only everything is backwards. It is called Htrae and it would confuse you. For instance, children are not born there; they die first and then grow back to goo. Politicians are assassinated and then elected—a very sound basis for government, actually. Sex there starts with the ritual smoking of a cigarette, moves through orgasm and ends with a few minutes of foreplay. Television series on Htrae are canceled before they run. That is the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARY HEERY



Can you spare a dollar for some Perrier?

one thing that is the same in both places.

**OUI:** How long do you intend to stay here on Earth?

**WILLIAMS:** As long as this silly series lasts, and they keep paying me those big Earth dollars so I can buy drugs.

**OUI:** You don't want all of us to think that Mork from Ork, hero of millions, actually takes drugs?

**WILLIAMS:** Of course. Tupperware. You grind it up, snort it and feel like a whole party. Of course, it's dangerous. An overdose can bring on menopause.

•

Mork is only one of a seemingly endless number of escapees from Williams' asylum of a mind. That first night I saw him perform at the Comedy Store, he unleashed a lineup of loonies with such a startling rapidity—his voice changing, his body in instant transformation—that it was more like witnessing a possession than an impression. Funny, yes, but eerie as hell.

Just before he was announced, there was a feeling of giddy tension in the room. Abruptly, Robin was onstage, having raced through the audience with the energy of a Super Bowl team on acid. He was immediately in charge and it was obvious he loved being there. He generated an excitement that is usually reserved for frenzied sports events. People turned to one another and said, "Who *is* this guy?"

Williams shot around the stage and into the audience, moving like a combination of Bruce Lee, Fred Astaire and Daffy Duck. In all of the ensuing gonzo hysteria, it soon became apparent that a hallmark of Robin's work is walking the edge, tempting disaster. Something he told me later explained it perfectly.

**WILLIAMS:** I love to break the barrier between performer and audience. It's a fine line, I know, and very scary sometimes.

**OUI:** It's become your trademark, this running around in the audience. I understand the professional thrill and uniqueness, but what's in it for you personally?

**WILLIAMS:** I have this incredible urge to be liked—you know, *desired*. That's what Lenny Bruce used to talk about—love me, love me.

**OUI:** Did you always play with the audience like that?

**WILLIAMS:** No. In the beginning, I started off with some really bizarre stuff, more removed from the audience. After about a year, though, I just found myself out there. It can be dangerous. I mean, I've had friends almost get killed working that close to people.

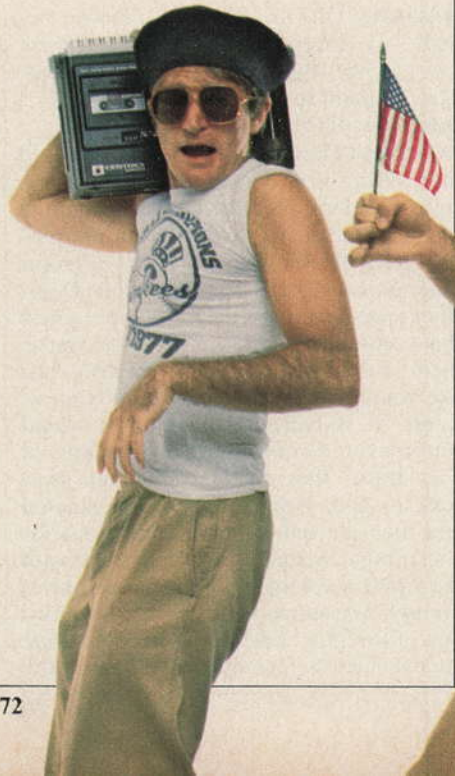
**OUI:** Have you ever had any major hassles with it?

**WILLIAMS:** This is one I remember vividly. Some woman was very pissed at the fact that I improvised so much. She said she paid to see an act, I started doing my Japanese science fiction, and she hollered out, "Thass John Belushi's." She was a little loaded. Then, when I went fishing for assholes, she got real pissed and started talking loudly to her friends to hassle me. I countered by going into an equally loud bit of my own, my gospel revivalist. I was out in the audience healing some folks, and this same lady snuck up behind me and poured a glass of water on me and said, "There, thass what you wanted, izzn' it?" So I went to grab a huge pitcher of water, saying, "It's time to baptize this crazy bitch." At that point these two giants who were with her stood up and headed for me. I said something about turning the other cheek, and then split. Yeah, that was interesting.

•

Moving at hyperspeed from one part of the club to another, Robin merges with the crowd. That involvement can take a hundred forms. At various performances, I've seen him leap from tabletop to tabletop as Liza on the ice floes escaping Simon Legree, playing both parts with alarming

Mira, honey, se habla Yiddish?



Are you one of them damn hetero boys?

Mommy, let's play Lizzie Borden.

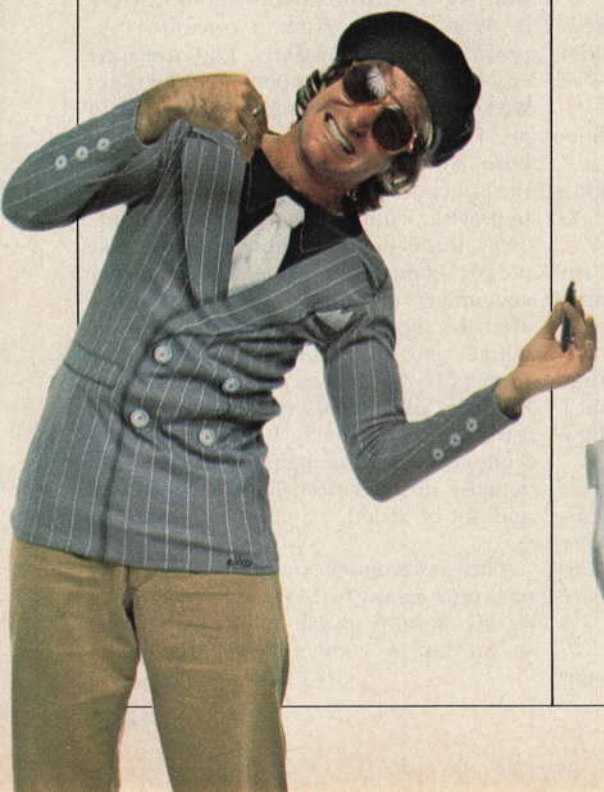
speed. Then he'd segue into a Shakespearean quarterback: "Yeah, verily, it doth appear that I shall be creamed; perchance, to get my ass kicked." One night at L.A.'s Roxy found him climbing a lighting standard to reach the box seats, where he welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln to the show and promised them a bang-up time. Another time, he turned abruptly on a heckler, chastised him for his "poor material" and proceeded to help the guy rewrite his insults: "Change 'eat shit' to 'fuck you'; more people can relate to it."

Constant improvisation is another hallmark of Williams' work. Most comics run and rerun material to the point where audiences can call the punch lines. Robin's work is as much as 70 percent new, right from the Twilight Zone. One of Robin's alter egos, an acid-blown hippie named "Life," with a voice like a spaced-out Perry Como, filled me in on some of the joys of improvising.

**OUI:** So, better than half the time, you don't know what will happen next?

**WILLIAMS** [in whispery, "oh, wow" voice]**:** Oh, well, that is how it is—isness is it, being is, you know—*wow*. The flow, I mean, ultimately, the thing is just improvise totally, man; be the play, dig it? I mean, everything is intertwined, ooooh, cosmic glue binds us all together. I wrote a poem about it on 'ludes, entitled *Eeeeegheeebruah*. It goes: "Growlgenjabible askonky crankasplop, huevos rancheros." See, it is all there, one big breath we all breathe together. We are born, slapped and sent forth to improvise. Reality, what a concept—*wow*.

Would you believe only four short weeks ago I was white?



**OUI:** I, uh, see.

**WILLIAMS:** Yeah, seeing is part of it—*wow*.

**OUI:** I'm not sure I am completely copacetic and one with that statement, though. Can you make it any clearer?

**WILLIAMS:** [Silence.]

**OUI:** Is it that you like to improvise, or is it just a genetic deformity of some kind?

[At this point Robin leaned back on the couch and became himself again, I think. His voice took on the classically trained resonance and natural sincerity that marked a lot of our conversations.]

**WILLIAMS:** Listen. New shit is what I love more than anything. That's my drug, that high I share with an audience when we're out there, over the edge, barely maintaining, full-goose bozo, mondo wacko. I love pushing myself beyond the safety zones of comedy. It's a wonderful, religious feeling, getting off, finding something that works.

Look! The moon like a testicle hangs low in the sky!

**OUI:** Is that the drug that will sustain your career?

**WILLIAMS:** Well, playing off an audience is nice but it's not lasting, not a really tangible thing. I mean, it works for the time—it works great, but . . .

**OUI:** You'd like to find something to transcend that?

**WILLIAMS:** Yeah. Be more self-contained in the fact of not constantly relying on an audience, even though the feedback is very important. There are times when I can get into a couple of characters, and I'd like to just explore them for myself and not rely on the audience for the approval stuff.

**OUI:** But that's even more dangerous. Especially in the world of a stand-up comic. That's a brutal, moment-to-moment world, isn't it?

**WILLIAMS:** It's incredible. It's combat, man, combat. [Going into a war-zone reporter's voice] Don't leave any bodies. Make 'em laugh till they die! Wipe 'em out. No survivors [explosion noises] . . .

•

Robin's ability to improvise has set fire to ABC's *Mork & Mindy*. Very few performers are allowed to deviate from a script, especially newcomers. Robin, though, is encouraged to do just that. His energy brings a charged-up vitality, missing in most other sitcoms, to the set. No one, often not even Robin himself, knows what direction he might go in next.

One of the writers for the show told me, "His improvs are so sharp that we are always changing the scripts around to fit them in. He's an Einstein of comedy—he

Reality— what a *concept*.

**ROBIN WILLIAMS** Then, with complete in-character nonchalance, Robin dropped the towel and sauntered naked off the set, profile to the audience. The place came apart.

thinks faster than the speed of light." Bruce Johnson, one of the show's producers and a man who has been on top of the business for years [ten comedy series in as many years], summed it up very well: "In his first season he's one of the best comic actors I've ever seen."

Audiences pack the live filming sessions, and Williams keeps himself sharp by creating moments that will never be seen on the home screen. Such as the time Robin, attired in a pink shower cap and wraparound towel, turned his back on the audience and apparently flashed his co-star, Pam Dawber. Her wide-eyed take was the setup. Then, with complete in-character nonchalance, Robin dropped the towel and sauntered naked off the set, profile to the audience. The place came apart. Kiddies, matrons and Midwest hardware salesmen fell screaming to the floor. Nothing Robin does is really vulgar; he is so damned likable that he gets away with material that Richard Pryor, say, would be chastised for even considering, much less doing. In fact, it was Pryor who encouraged Robin's zaniness when Williams appeared as a regular on Pryor's censor-scarred TV show.

**OUI:** What was it like working with Pryor?

**WILLIAMS:** He gave me total freedom. He just said, "Go crazy!" It was like the king had said OK.

**OUI:** But it went off the air after a few weeks, didn't it?

**WILLIAMS:** It was just too outrageous a show. They put it on to compete with *Charlie's Angels*. It was like having the Marquis de Sade on prime time. The whole experience made me very wary of television.

**OUI:** Do they ever hold you back on *Mork & Mindy*?

**WILLIAMS:** Not very often. So far, they've only backed off on one bit—a thing about death. This guy dies and I jump-start him back to life. He was supposed to die again, but we had to cut that out. Instead, the guy runs out the door and falls in a hole. Maimed for life. The kids won't mind that. They see maimed people but they don't see dead people, understand? I'm lucky, though. Everyone gives me a lot of freedom to improvise. That's because it works. Tomorrow . . . shit, it could all be chrome under water.

•

Williams began life innocently enough. His childhood was largely dictated by a father who worked as a Detroit auto executive. At one point, Robin lived on a large estate and rarely saw other children. There was a gardener, a very old man, who lived in a cottage on the back grounds. Robin would sit and listen to his yarns about the Boer War, the Old West and the days before internal combustion, electricity and Eisenhower. This old man turned up later in Williams' work.

Then there was his peculiar toy collection. "I had all these toys, hundreds of them. They bored me. So I tore them all apart and began gluing the different pieces together. I'd put the legs from a horse on a set of airplane wings, stick a doll's head on top and cover it all with feathers." He also had standing armies of toy soldiers that attacked ant colonies and forced them to sign peace treaties. His macabre toy box began to foreshadow the construction of his adult mind.

Robin didn't watch television as a young kid, having been seduced first by the musty shelves of books in his father's large library. Out of that early solitude came another character: Andrew, the six-year-old nuclear physicist.

**OUI:** Does Andrew reflect your own childhood at all?

**WILLIAMS:** Yeah, I guess so. Because he was an only child, and that was pretty much how I felt growing up. He's super imaginative but very lonely.

**OUI:** Maybe we could talk to him for a while. Is he in there somewhere?

[At this point, Robin sort of curled up cross-legged and his movements became very childlike. His voice took on a high, squeaky tone.]

**WILLIAMS:** Fuck you and the horse you rode in on, Baldy [giggle].

**OUI:** That's a pretty stale joke, Andrew.

**WILLIAMS:** Well, yes, it is a bit banal. But then, adults seem to find that sort of humor amusing.

**OUI:** Tell me, Andrew, what are your hopes for the future?

**WILLIAMS:** A world without adults; that's my ultimate hope. My greatest fear is that I'll grow up and inherit the world you've created.

**OUI:** But you have to grow up sometime. Then what?

**WILLIAMS:** Oh, no. You see, I'm working on a drug that perpetuates pubescence. As soon as my little testes drop, I stop.

**OUI:** You certainly have matured at an early age. I mean, you have such a cosmic overview of the universe for one so young.

**WILLIAMS:** What did you expect—caca in my diapers? You see, I took heavy drugs when I was two and saw in a vision that I could make my existence infinite. Andrew is forever.

**OUI:** What about your parents?

**WILLIAMS:** Well, Daddy works at ABC, and I don't know if he has a job from one day to the next. Mommy plays tennis. I'm raised by the maid, Suzy, who is very cute in her ethnic perversions.

**OUI:** Do you see other children?

**WILLIAMS:** No, I entertain myself making toys. I'm working on a neutron bomb now that I made from a pair of my father's nylon knee socks.

**OUI:** What about sex?

**WILLIAMS:** Well, Oedipus shmedipus, sometimes I think about Mommy, but that's none of your business—no lie. You're just like most adults. Banal, banal, banal.

**OUI:** Thanks, Andrew. Do you have anything else you would like to say?

**WILLIAMS:** Yes. Eat boogers and die. You bore me.

•

The 26-year-old Williams didn't really consider becoming a comic until a few years ago. Prior to that, he lived in New York, preparing for a career as a serious Shakespearean actor, having won a scholarship to Juilliard. Then, as is often the case, his life was changed by a woman. She stole his heart and split for San Francisco. Robin dropped everything and pursued her, arriving on the West Coast to discover himself both jilted and unemployed.

**WILLIAMS:** I went to this comedy workshop called the Intersection in the basement of a church, about the same time that romance fell apart.

**OUI:** Ah, heartbroken and seeking release in comedy.

**WILLIAMS:** Yeah. It was '75, I think, and there were no straight acting jobs available; so I did this comedy thing as a sort of release, I guess. It worked. It was fun and I had a chance to use my stage experience. Then I found the Holy City Zoo, a really crazy place. I tended bar there and began really getting into the comedy thing. That was where the characters really started coming to life.

**OUI:** We've all read how you got the *Mork & Mindy* series from a one-shot appearance on *Happy Days*. Did you have any idea what was happening at the time?

**WILLIAMS:** No. I just knew it was made for me. I showed up at the audition and went bozo. They loved it. Then, when we shot the sequence, I automatically began to improvise. I didn't take the time to think, "Hey, this is big time, these are stars. Take it easy, schmuck." I just let loose and they encouraged me. I was in heaven. The day after the show aired, I was walking to the market and these kids went by, shouting from a car, "Mork, you're my man. Beautiful, baby." I suddenly realized I'd reached a whole new audience—it was a wonderful feeling. Then I thought, God, you can actually do television, have a good time and not be afraid.

•

Those kids on the street weren't the only ones blown away by Mork. ABC received a record amount of fan mail on that one show. *Mork & Mindy* followed, the media

*(Continued on page 92)*

# They're greasy, fattening and have absolutely no redeeming social value. No wonder you can't stop eating them.

## A guide to America's favorite junk food

by Michael S. Lasky

BAG DESIGN BY VIGON NAHAS VIGON/PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAN KUPERSMITH

Eating potato chips is much like having an orgasm. You can't have one without wanting another. Quick. And sooner or later we are all seduced by the junk-food superstar.

Potato chips are a three-to-one leader in sales over corn chips, popcorn, pretzels, cheese doodles, tortilla chips and other noshes and nibbles. When Americans were polled, 85 percent said that if they had to choose one snack, it would be potato chips. According to industry and government calculations, each American consumes 4.5 pounds of chips a year; or, in more spectacular terms, one billion pounds are produced annually to meet our ceaseless craving. We forked over $2.5 billion on chipsnacks last year.

Dem dere is alotta chips. So just what is it about them that we like so much?

*Oil and salt:* That's what the potato chip is all about, what makes it worthwhile. Each oil has its own character—like wine—and because oil carries the flavor, the type used determines, for the most part, whether we are going to like the chip. Cottonseed and palm oils are the cheapest, so, naturally, they are the most extensively used. Cottonseed results in a deep-fried taste, as well as a thin patina of grease on

Unlike most of our favorite snacks and beverages, the potato chip has managed to escape the blandness of mass marketing and distribution. The multisnacktional corporations would no doubt love to eat up the industry but are stymied by the delicate nature of the chips, which ship less well than eggs. Reprocessed and preserved potato extract of the Pringle's variety has emerged nationally, but PepsiCo's Frito-Lay division is the only company that distributes *real* potato chips nationwide, employing 37 plants throughout the country. The rest of the chip biz is entirely regional, with some 200 plants slicing a galactic four billion pounds of potatoes each year to meet our chip fix.

The following popular brands are some of the best—and worst—chips in the country.

■ Area of distribution

● Type of oils and preservatives

★★★★ Junk-food paradise. Member of the Potato Chip Hall of Fame.

★★★ Good chips, but not good enough to induce orgasm.

★★ Passable—in an emergency, like when you're at the drive-in and that's all they've got.

★ Good for feeding ducks.

### Bachman's Golden Crisps

★★★

■ New England, Mid-Atlantic, Midwest

● Cottonseed and/or soybean (TBHQ for freshness)

While these feather-light chips are sliced Twiggy thin, they are surprisingly not OD'd by oil. It's a shame that Bachman has resorted to a preservative—especially one as nefarious sounding as TBHQ.

### Bell Brand (Sunshine Biscuits)

★

■ Southwest

● Safflower

To be diplomatic, these are awful. If you're looking for a mouthful of salt, try falling off your surfboard. If you want your hands dripping with grease, consider Crisco for a snack. If you want good chips, these aren't them.

### Bon Ton Potato Chips

★★★½

■ Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, Connecticut

● Cottonseed and/or peanut

Proof that the all-around best state for chips is Pennsylvania. These seem so light on the tongue you'd think air was pumped into them. Paper-thin spud slices, crisp but not floating on an oil slick.

### Boston (Ranch Style)

★★★★

■ Colorado, New Mexico

● "Vegetable shortening" (cottonseed and/or soybean)

When you open the package there's the dismaying air of day-old fish. Fortunately, they taste great. The regular chips may be too oily for some, but the new Ranch Style will please all—they're unpeeled, bursting with a bold potato flavor, exactingly salted and just greasy enough for comfort.

POTATO CHIP HALL OF FAME

### Cawley's Tater Flakes

★★

■ Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, South Dakota

● "Partially hydrogenated vegetable oil shortening" (soybean, cottonseed, palm—any or all)

The shortening encrusts these chips with a white residue that makes them heavy and cloddish—like gamma globulin. Cawley's does offer stud-sized slices, perfect for dipping. The preponderant oil odor can be rectified with a shot of Right Guard.

### Clary House (includes Kitty Clover and Cardinal brands)

★★★★

■ Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Arkansas, Minnesota, South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Oklahoma

● Soybean

Clary House cuts their chips thicker than most, and the result is a near-perfect product. The bouquet that gushes from newly opened bags is fragrantly greasy, but with chips it's the taste, not the smell, that counts.

POTATO CHIP HALL OF FAME

### Clover Club

★★★

■ Utah, Idaho, east Oregon, Washington, west Texas, Montana, Colorado, west Nebraska, New Mexico, Wyoming, Arizona, Nevada

● Cottonseed, palm, sunflower, soybean (any/all)

the chips. Safflower, found most frequently on "natural" brands, is an excellent polyunsaturate and provides chips with a nuttier, zestier taste. Peanut oil is seldom used because it adds a heavy grease aroma to the chips. Sunflower and corn oils are also more rarely relied upon, because they are bland.

You will notice on the labels that most chippers don't specify what type of oil they are using. Rather, they coyly list an all-or-some multiple choice (much like questions in the SAT exams) after "vegetable oil or shortening." This merely means they fry in whatever happens to be the bargain oil that week. Soybean oil has risen in popularity and provides a snappy taste, but you wouldn't know it because it is too often dumped in anonymous "vegetable oil" blends.

Besides grease and salt, *crunch* is also critical in tasty potato chips. It's the gestalt of the chip experience. We like crunch. We love crackle. We thrive on crisp. The entire breakfast-cereal industry is predicated on our passion for food that talks to us. Hence, how a chip is sliced from the potato is of paramount importance. Most are cut into paper-thin shavings, a minuscule slice of potato coated with oil and salt. Roughly.

Even though the texture is mildly boring, the taste of Clover Club holds up. And even though these chips are mass-produced at plants throughout the West, Clover Club's "super scoopers" and "dainty dunkers" manage to rise one spud above the middle of the road.

### Daddy Crisp

★★★½

■ Atlanta, dist. nationally
● Cottonseed

These Southern-fried chips are packaged in a canister not unsimilar to the Pringle's can. The difference is that Daddy Crisps are real potato chips. The canister prevents them from disintegrating during shipping. A welcome national chip that's well worth trying, even if slightly overpriced.

### Golden Flake

★★½

■ Most Southern states
● Palm, partially hydrogenated cottonseed and soybean (any/all), BHA and BHT for freshness

The oil on these chips leaves a sharp aftertaste. Dip style is like a salt lick. Nonetheless, these are still some of the best chips in the South. Most Southern potato chippers rely on Southern-grown spuds, which, unlike potatoes from the Northwest, are not into being fried. So, for what they have to work with, it's amazing that Golden Flakes can turn out a chip even partially acceptable—but they do.

### Granny Goose (Old-Fashioned)

★★★★

■ California, Nevada, Hawaii
● Vegetable (mainly cottonseed)

Nirvana. Career junk-food junkies agree that they have never tasted a potato chip as delicious as Granny Goose (a division of Del Monte). The potatoes are unpeeled and sliced *extra* thick. They are still crispy, very crunchy, with a big, bold potato flavor. You can just about make sandwiches out of these oversized chips. There is a resplendent, greasy oil taste that enhances the flavor. Granny comes closest to homemade.

POTATO CHIP HALL OF FAME

### Grippo's

★½

■ Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana
● Soybean or palm-soybean

If there is any taste of potato here, it is merely coincidental. These chips are entirely too salty and coated in grease. But Grippo's is not without its benefits. The package offers a suggestion: To prevent breaking potato chips when used with a dip, do not use potato chip as a scoop—just dip the chip in the dip and withdraw." Sounds sort of sexy.

### Guy's

★

■ Missouri, Kentucky, Nebraska, Arkansas, Tennessee, Oklahoma, Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana
● Palm, cottonseed, soybean

The first mistake is the packaging: piss-colored transparent yellow (almost all chips are housed in foil or double-wax bags now). As a result, the shelf life of these chips is radically shortened, because light attacks chips. This may be just as well, since they aren't that grand anyway. Although the label claims they are salted, Guy's Waffle and Regular chips tasted distinctly *sans sel*. The oil has been allowed to sink deep into the pores, further imbuing the potato with a flavor reminiscent of greasy broiler pans.

### Hiland

★★

■ Iowa, South Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, Missouri
● Soybean, cottonseed, sunflower, corn, peanut, palm (any/all)

Too many different kinds of oil spoils these chips. Too *much* oil doesn't help them any, either. They're salted appropriately, but the overbearing oil taste leaves behind an almost grease-lined tongue.

### Husman's

★★★

■ Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky
● Partially hydrogenated soybean and/or cottonseed

The package reads, "Delicious food—serve with meals," but these chips are also excellent straight from the bag anytime. Occasionally you'll hit a salty dud, but overall they are sliced thick enough and kept in the fryer just long enough. Which just goes to show that there are some good things made in Cincinnati.

### Jay's

★★

■ Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan

they are 60 to 65 percent potato and 30 to 40 percent oil, according to potato-chip technologists.

Potato chips are more American than apple pie: They were accidentally conceived, 125 years ago, by an Indian *chef* on the rampage. George Crum, the notoriously hotheaded kitchen man at the Carey Moon Lake House in Saratoga Springs, New York, invariably flew into a rage whenever a patron decided to return a dish to his kitchen for modifications. So, when an order of fried potatoes was returned, Crum—pissed, as usual—sliced the potatoes into paper-thin shavings, dumped them into a pot of boiling grease until they were dark and curly, then salted them to death and sent them back out to the customer's table. When word came back that the diner wanted *more*, Crum knew he had done something, er, right. In a matter of years, Crum's chips were listed on menus in restaurants across the country. They were called Saratoga chips, and the French took to them so heartily that they invented stories about how *they* were the real inventors.

If there is anything about chips that establishes them as perfect junk food, it's their incredible fat content. Still, the potato is the only vegetable that can be fried and still be considered healthful. Besides, it's the salt that makes you crave another handful, not the fat. Right? Right.

● Vegetable

A little bit too salty. A little bit too greasy. A little bit too thinly sliced. A little bit OK.

### Laura Scudder's (Natural Style)

★★★½

■ California, Nevada, Arizona
● Cottonseed

These are delicious. Fried until medium-well, they come out crispy in a radiant golden hue, roughly the same as Chenin Blanc. As the label truthfully says, they are "lightly dusted with natural salt derived from solar evaporated sea water." But these won't make you crazy.

### Lay's / Ruffle's

★★

■ Nationally distributed from 37 regional plants
● Vegetable (mainly cottonseed)

This PepsiCo subsidiary has 38 plants across the country and, like a fast-food franchise, the product varies in quality from one place to the next. During our testing period, the Lay's in Arizona and Utah were surprisingly good, but in California, Florida and New York they needed rebirthing therapy. Some good, some bad—average.

### Mike-Sell's

★★

■ Ohio, east Indiana
● Peanut

Most chippers shy away from using 100 percent peanut oil because it completely overwhelms the chips' taste and smell. Mike-Sell's has that ballpark taste, and, while not unpleasing, they are less than satisfactory. The chip is cut too thin, allowing even more of the peanuty oil flavor to be absorbed.

### Morton Foods

★★

■ Texas, surrounding states
● Vegetable (BHA, BHT, propyl gallate and citric acid in propylene glycol for freshness)

It would be understandable—if not acceptable—if the spittoon's worth of assorted preservatives found here were protecting a worthwhile taste sensation. But there's not much to savor here. The much more expensive Natural Style variety is a scad better, which takes it only one step up from mediocre.

### Munch King

★★½

■ Georgia, North & South Carolina, north Florida
● Corn, soybean, cottonseed (any/all)

Munch King fries their well-sliced spuds until they are well done, crispy and remarkably ungreasy. Unfortunately, there is something about the oil they use that leaves an unsettling aftertaste. You wind up asking: Do these taste funny to you? Yes.

### Nalley's (100% Natural)

★★½

■ Washington, Oregon, Idaho
● Sunflower

Here's close to a perfect chip—the right oil, a nice thickness for a clean, crisp texture—and then they smother the whole thing with enough salt to melt the Matterhorn.

### Nibble with Gibble's

★★★½

■ Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, New Jersey, New York

tato has been an unduly maligned vegetable on this count. It is actually a nutritious carbohydrate that provides a surprising amount of vitamin C and a whole slew of trace minerals (potassium and phosphorus). It is *how* the potato is prepared or processed that prostitutes it into its role as fatmonger. With potato chips, it is the fat that carries the flavor. A sliver of potato is dunked into oil. This dehydrates the high percentage of water in the spud (from 78 percent to a bare 1 percent), concentrates the nutrients and accents its natural sugar content. We don't think of potato chips as sweet, but it's that sugar combined with the glorious oil and salt that hooks us.

Look at it logically: The average-size baked potato has just 0.1 gram of fat. With a tablespoon of obligatory butter, the fat content rises to 11.3 grams. Stuff the same-size portion (by weight) of potato chips into your kisser, and you will have ingested close to 40 grams of fat—and not even satiated your minimum craving for the chips. Converting this to calories, that potato and butter is 193 calories for every three and a half ounces, while an equal weight of potato chips contains 568 calories, with most of the numbers sliding in

*(Continued on page 128)*

● Shortening (read: lard)

Gibble's are the only folks who rely on lard for their grease. The taste to most chipsters trained on vegetable oil is, in the words of the company, "unusual." But once you get accustomed to the slight aftertaste, these home-style chips are incredibly satisfying. Salting is perfection, as is the texture—crisp, yet as light as a French croissant.

### Pringle's

½

■ Nationally distributed/ produced by Procter & Gamble

● Partially hydrogenated cottonseed (dextrose added)

Apart from the fact that these have a texture that is part stale Handiwipe, part emery board Pringle's taste like they've been washed out and set on a clothesline to dry. It seems rather ghoulish to eat *anything* out of a tennis-ball can, much less reconstituted potato chips.

### Spud Chips

★★

■ Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah

● Cottonseed, palm, sunflower, soybean (any/all)

We discovered these chips in a little inn near the north rim of the Grand Canyon. While they're not anything to rave about, they are most welcome on the trail. The packaging is neat: a plain Brand X–style white wrapper, with label card stapled to the top.

### Tommy Dale

★★★★

■ Reading, Pennsylvania and 100-mile radius

● Edible shortening

The only thing lighter than these chips is helium. Added to these delicate, light-colored morsels is a generous sprinkling of salt and "edible shortening" (you mean the others aren't edible?). The aftertaste is piquant with a salty snap that makes you reach for more. Tommy Dale claims they have requests to ship their chips the world over.

POTATO CHIP HALL OF FAME

### UTZ

★★

■ Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, District of Columbia, Delaware

● Cottonseed

An all-American average potato chip with a solid fix of oil and enough salt to guarantee thirst. Not great. Not bad.

### Weaver's

★★★

■ Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, South Dakota, Wyoming, Texas, New Mexico, Utah, Montana

● Soybean, cottonseed, corn (any/all)

The subtle, slightly jejune flavor of these chips is derived from the stingy application of salt and the light buoyance of the vegetable oil, which is not allowed to soak the chips. The slices are perhaps a teeny bit too bantamweight.

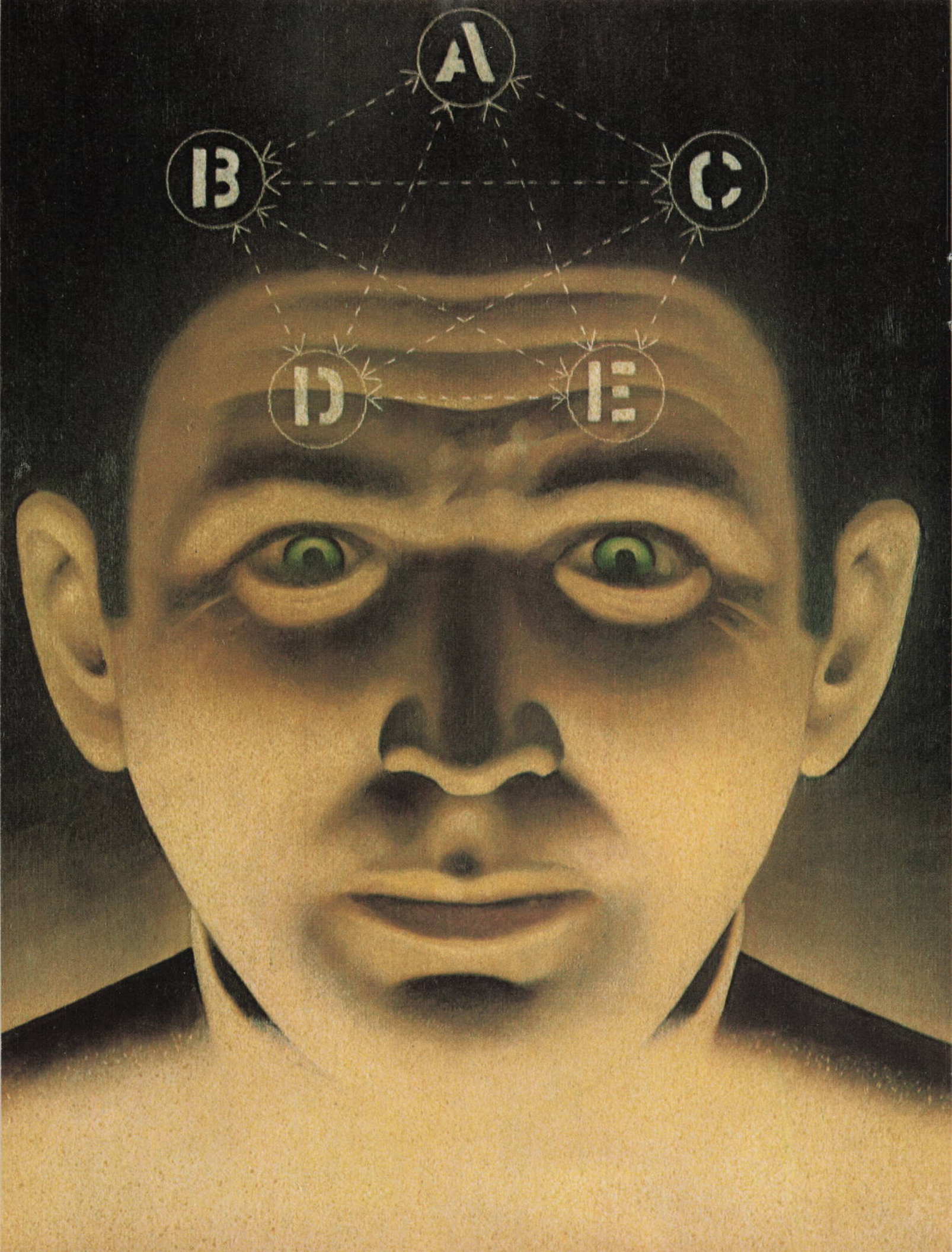
### Wise

★½

■ Eastern seaboard and Ohio

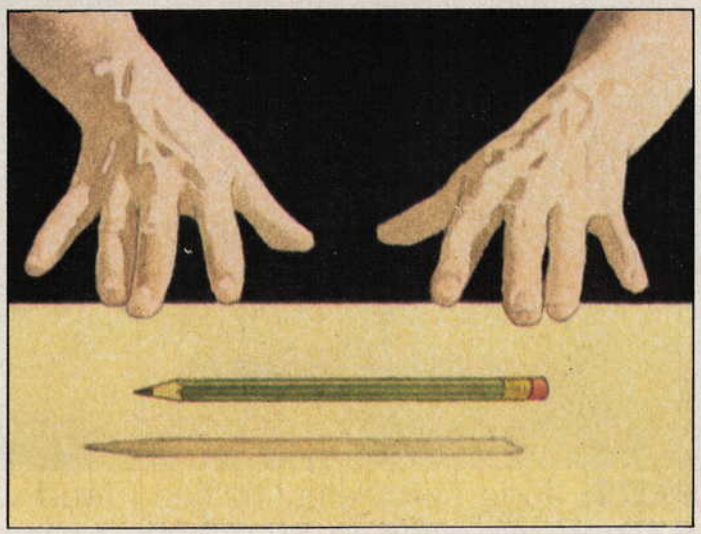
● Vegetable

Besides Nalley's, Wise is the only chip company to put a nutrition breakdown on their package. Beyond this *pro bono publico* attitude are the chips themselves: briny, greasy, flaky numbers. Wise, a subsidiary of Borden Foods, is the leading chipper on the East Coast—not necessarily because they make a great chip but because they are well distributed. □


A
B
C
D
E

ARTICLE BY ROBERT ANTON WILSON

# THE SCIENCE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE



There *is* an explanation for spoon bending, levitation, faith healing, out-of-body experiences, psychic phenomena and even the eyes of Laura Mars. Sorry to kill the fun.

One day in 1909, Dr. Sigmund Freud and Dr. Carl Jung were arguing about extrasensory perception. Freud—I imagine him with the inevitable cigar clenched between his teeth—was insisting that all that stuff was nonsense, and Jung was arguing that there was something in it really, although he didn't know what. As the argument heated up and the emotional energy began to crackle, there suddenly came an explosive *bang* from Freud's bookcase.

"There," said Jung. "That is an example of a so-called catalytic phenomenon."

"Oh, come!" Freud exclaimed. "That is sheer bosh!"

"It is not," Jung replied firmly, feeling possessed by an intuitive conviction he could not understand. "You are mistaken, Herr Professor. *And to prove my point, I now predict that in a moment there will be another loud report!*"

No sooner had Jung spoken than the same detonation went off again in the bookcase. Freud looked so aghast that Jung, who was a bit unsettled himself, dropped the subject at once. In his autobiography, Jung says he and Freud never discussed the incident again.

What are we to make of such a yarn? The skeptic will label it "mere coincidence"—or, even more strongly, "sheer coincidence"—and forget about it. This does not really satisfy anybody but the skeptic himself, and leaves most of us thinking of Ring Lardner's immortal line: *"Shut up," he explained.*

Parapsychologists will offer two alternative pseudoexplanations. Some of them will say that the bangs might have been caused by something as banal as seismic tremors in the earth or traffic in the street, and the paranormal aspect of the incident was just that Jung suddenly exhibited *precognition*—the ability to see ahead in time. Other parapsychologists will suggest instead that what happened was *psychokinesis* (PK)—what laymen call "mind over matter." According to this theory, Jung's unconscious somehow *made* the second explosion happen. Those who believe in this explanation say it also accounts for poltergeists (a German word for "noisy ghosts"), who allegedly afflict some houses with crashes and bangs for months on end, and even make the furniture fly. The noisy ghost, they say, is emotional-psychic energy accidentally unleashed by one of the people living in the house.

The trouble with these explanations is that, like *coincidence*, they are only words. The term *precognition* does not tell us what any scientist would want to know—how Jung saw ahead in time. And the word *psychokinesis* does not tell us *how* Jung's mind caused the boom.

But there *is* an explanation for it and for all the other paranormal events you've read about: the spoon bending, the out-of-body experiences, the faith healers, even the eyes of Laura Mars. And the explanation lies in physics.

•

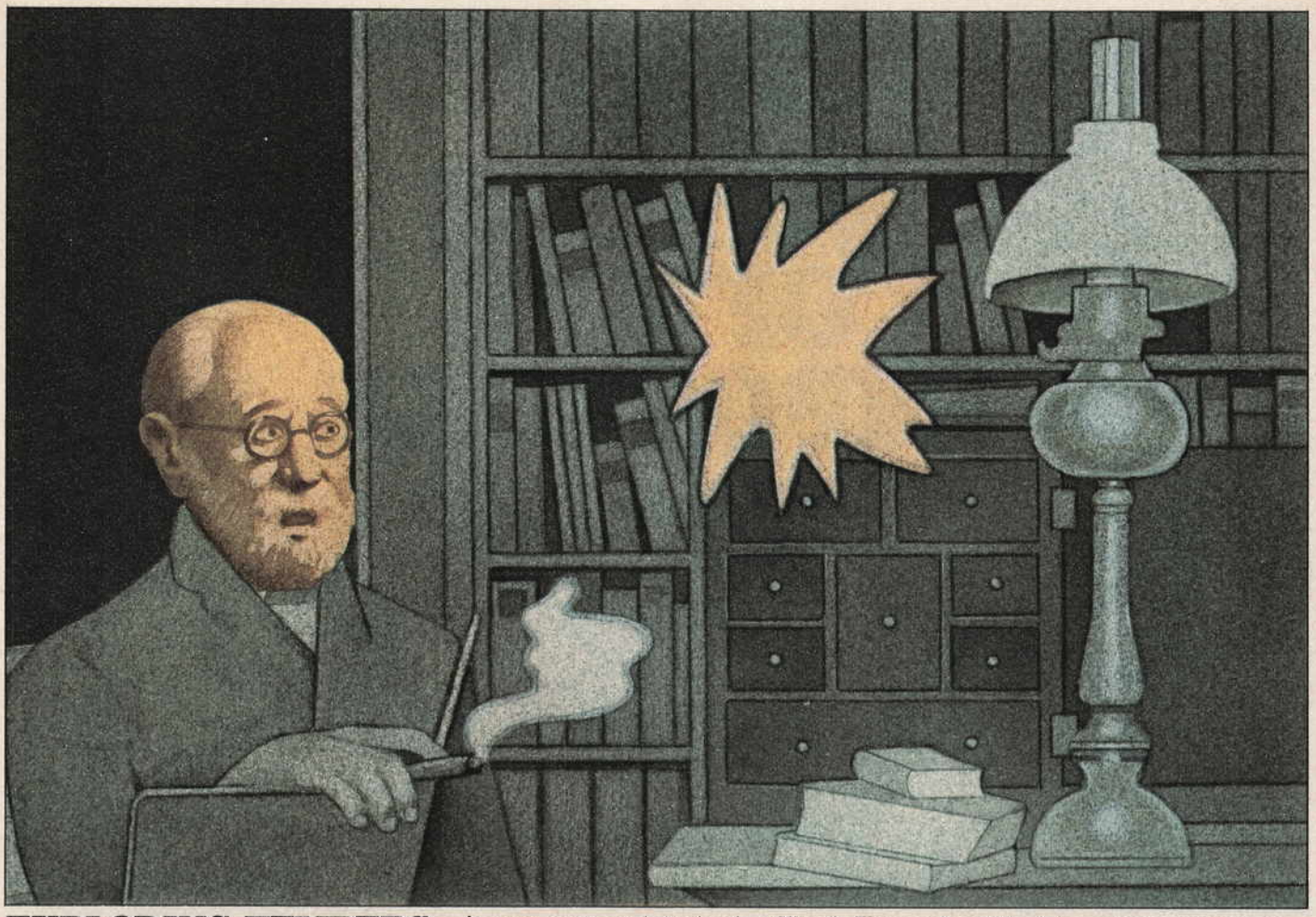
"I am inclined to believe in telepathy," Albert Einstein once said, "but I suspect it has more to do with physics than with psychology." When Einstein said this back in the Twenties, nobody in either physics or psychology understood what he was suggesting. Today, new breakthroughs in a far-out branch of physics called quantum theory indicate that Einstein was, as usual, 50 years ahead of his contemporaries.

These new discoveries seem to offer a single scientific explanation for all the weird events that parapsychologists have classified under such conflicting labels as ESP, direct-brain perception, clairvoyance, distant viewing, psychokinesis, out-of-body experience and cosmic consciousness (enlightenment).

What some physicists are suggesting is that all such mystical brain functions are aspects of one phenomenon—a subatomic but universal intelligence system that receives, integrates and transmits information at a level much deeper than the sensory appearances

*Robert Anton Wilson, author of the "Illuminati" series, explains complex things with such clarity that we'll never again believe a "National Enquirer" headline.*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE SAFFOLD



**EXPLODING TEMPERS:** Jung completely baffled Freud with his extrasensory ability to predict the second explosion in Freud's bookcase. If they lived today, however, both could have found the explanation in physics.

of what we call space, time and separateness. And this intelligence system, although outside space/time as we know it, manifests within space and time as electrons, atoms, molecules, cells, complicated critters like you and me, planets, stars and whole galaxies.

So what is quantum mechanics? A quantum is a unit of action, just as a foot is a unit of length or a gram is a unit of weight.

Quantum physics first appeared as a theory in the 1890s, when Philipp Lenard observed that light travels in distinctly timed, choppy units like the beats of a drum, not in smooth, continuous waves like the singing of a violin. These distinct units are called quanta; the single unit is a quantum; and quantum theory is the body of experiment and mathematics dealing with such discontinuous actions. Furthermore, it is now known that all subatomic events occur in this quantum, or jumpy manner—somewhat like a miniature psychedelic light show.

If the world of large things seen by our senses is like a straight line (——), the quantum world is like a dotted line (-----). Or, to employ three artistic analogies, a painter would describe the quantum world as collage, not portrait; a musician would call it staccato, not legato; a filmmaker would say it was montage, not linear narrative.

No cause-and-effect relationship has yet been found between one quantum action and the next. Most physicists are convinced that there is no cause and effect on that level. It is as if law and order function only above the atomic level; inside the atom, the surrealists, crapshooters and anarchists have taken over the shop.

To the ordinary citizen, everything in modern physics is as queer as a three-legged duck anyway, and this lack of causality in the quantum wonderland is no stranger than anything else physicists tell us. For the physicists themselves, quantum mechanics has done to traditional science what Sitting Bull did to George Armstrong Custer. One of the greatest quantum physicists, Nobel laureate Erwin Schrödinger, was so distressed by his own equations that he denounced "this damned quantum jumping" (*verdammte quantumspringerei*) in a letter to Einstein. Science, you see, is supposed to be able to yield accurate predictions, based on the iron law of cause and effect; and the breakdown of causality within the atom makes it look as if science itself may be an arbitrary human attempt to *impose* order on a disorderly or chaotic universe.

Rising from the wreckage of causality, three lines of thought have attempted to make sense of the seemingly senseless facts. These are known as the Copenhagen Interpretation, the Multiple Universe Model and the Hidden Variable Theory.

**The Copenhagen Interpretation** was devised in the Twenties by Nobel laureate Niels Bohr and named after his hometown, where he lived in the middle of the Carlsberg brewery, in a house given him by the crown. (Yes, Virginia, the commercials are true: Carlsberg is really the official brewer for the King of Denmark.)

The breakdown of causality in quantum mechanics is expressed mathematically in the concept of "the collapse of the state vector." You don't need to know what that means technically: Roughly, a vector is a mathematical expression telling you the direction and magnitude of a force. It is enough to know that in ordinary (large-scale) mechanics, the vector tells you what *will* happen next, and in quantum mechanics, the state vector tells you only what *might* happen next. There is thus a great gaping hole between what

science should be able to predict and what quantum theory does allow us to predict, and it is a hole big enough to fly a 747 through.

Bohr filled in the hole by saying the collapse of the state vector exists only in our minds. No, that is not a misprint and, no, I am not oversimplifying. Another physicist, Bryce DeWitt, tells us bluntly, "The Copenhagen view promotes the impression that the collapse of the state vector and even the state vector [itself] are all in the mind." To the ordinary person who doesn't know the state vector from Finnegan's feet, this may not sound too alarming, but to traditional physicists, Bohr sounds like a man saying the brick wall you banged your head on is only in your mind.

Bohr was not a solipsist; he didn't claim the state vector was only in *his* mind. But his theory does seem, at least to his critics, to imply a kind of group solipsism—a notion that the universe known to science is not a model of the real universe but something once removed from that: a reflection of how the human mind goes about building models of the real universe. As Sir Arthur Eddington, an astronomer much influenced by Bohr, states this position: "We have found a strange footprint on the shores of the unknown. We have devised profound and elaborate theories, one after another, to account for its origin. At last, we have succeeded in reconstructing the creature that made the footprint. And lo! It is our own."

**The Multiple Universe Model** has its roots in science fiction, and some physicists think it should have been left there. It is, however, a logical and consistent alternative explanation of what the hell collapses that unpredictable state vector. Briefly: Everything that can happen to it, does happen to it.

This is also known as the Everett-Wheeler-Graham model, having been devised by three Princeton University physicists: Hugh Everett, John Archibald Wheeler and Neil Graham. I don't know what they were smoking at the time, but this view holds, in effect, that if you toss a coin, it lands *both* heads and tails—in different universes. The state vector collapses every which way, as the actual quantum equations imply. We see only one result, because we are in only one universe; but in the universe next door, another you and another I will see a different result. And there are an incredible number of such *possible* (and by this fundamentalist reading of quantum math, *real*) alternative universes.

As Bryce DeWitt has written in *Physics Today*, "I still recall vividly the shock I experienced on first encountering this multiworld concept. The idea of $10^{100+}$ slightly imperfect copies of oneself constantly splitting into further copies . . . it is not easy to reconcile with common sense." Indeed it is not, but DeWitt and others have accepted it as the least absurd way out of the quantum uncertainty problem.

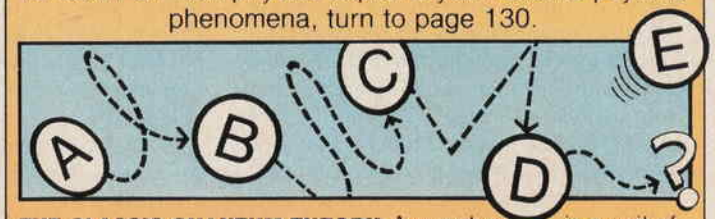
If you can deal with the idea that in the universe next door, Hitler is remembered as a popular artist who never went into politics, and in the next universe over, John F. Kennedy decided not to go to Dallas on November 22, 1963, and lived to a ripe old age, and in yet another universe, you don't exist because your parents never met—you can take the multiworld path out of quantum anarchy. Otherwise, it is back to Copenhagen, where the universe we know is inside our heads, or onward to the Hidden Variable, where space and time do not really exist.

**The Hidden Variable Theory** was started by Albert Einstein, even though he never explicitly used the term "hidden variable." Nevertheless, Einstein was always annoyed by quantum uncertainty, and he attacked quantum mechanics from every angle possible, summing up his view in the famous dictum: "God does not play dice with the universe." In 1952, Dr. David Bohm, then considered the most brilliant pupil of J. Robert Oppenheimer, showed explicitly that Einstein's criticisms of quantum theory are valid if there is a *subquantum* level—a world below the quantum world. Bohm also showed that this subquantum world could be the hidden variable that collapses the otherwise anarchistic state vector, but only if the supposed variable functioned "nonlocally." This means *only* if space and time do not exist as we think they do.

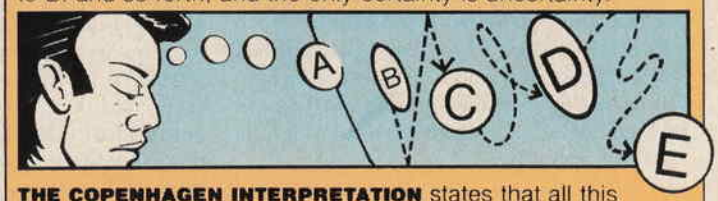
The trouble with the Copenhagen solution is that, however

# COSMIC GLUE 101

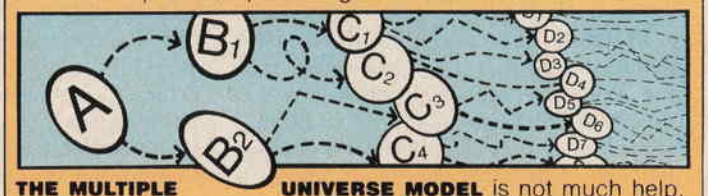
Here, briefly, are explanations of the theories that Robert Anton Wilson offers. Nothing like visual aids when you're discussing science. For a rundown on how physics explains your favorite psychic phenomena, turn to page 130.




**THE CLASSIC QUANTUM THEORY.** A quantum is a unit of action. But how can we predict in what direction an element will make its quantum leaps? This theory says you can't. A will leap to B, and so forth, and the only certainty is uncertainty.

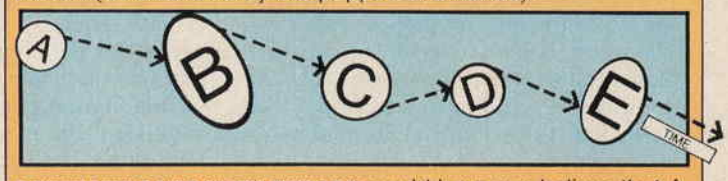



**THE COPENHAGEN INTERPRETATION** states that all this quantum business is merely an invention of scientists trying to justify their fat paychecks. Quantum uncertainty is a measure of our own ineptness in predicting movements.

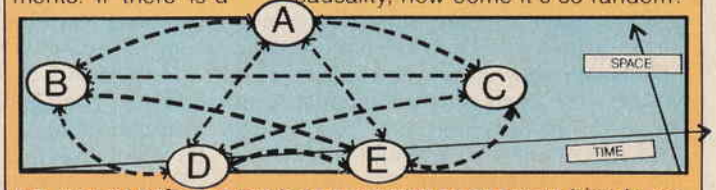



**THE MULTIPLE UNIVERSE MODEL** is not much help, either. This one shows us that everything that can possibly happen in A's travels to B *will* happen. Each instant, the universe splits into a myriad of other slightly different universes.

**THE HIDDEN VARIABLE THEORY** is more reassuring. All this uncertainty about quantum movements is inside our heads. "Out there" is a strict causality of the old sort. What is it? It is hidden (as illustrated by the puppeteer's hands).




**ORDINARY CAUSALITY THEORY** would have you believe that A causes B which causes C, etc. Nice and tidy. The problem is trying to square this with what we know about quantum movements. If there is a causality, how come it's so random?




**DR. HERBERT'S COSMIC GLUE INTERPRETATION** tries to explain. This theory states that every moment in the universe is caused by something which, in turn, is caused by something else, all at the same time. Class dismissed. □

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHNNY LEE

**SCIENCE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE** Our consciousness controls physical events through the laws of quantum mechanics. That can't possibly mean what it says, can it?

much Niels Bohr and his defenders may deny it, this path ultimately leads to the conclusion that everything we think we know is only a construct of our brains. Physics then becomes a branch of psychology: it tells us not what the universe does, but what our brains do in organizing their impressions into ideas. The trouble with the Multiple Universe Model is that, however elegantly it may fit the quantum equation for the state vector, most of us simply can't believe in skillions and skillions of universes—each as vast in space and time as the one we think we're in—where everything that can happen really does happen.

And the trouble with the Hidden Variable Theory has always been that nobody dared claim they had found any subquantum world, beyond space and time, in which the hidden variables could function.

Until recently.

•

> Your theory is crazy, but it's not crazy enough to be true.
> —Niels Bohr to a young physicist

In 1964, Dr. John S. Bell published a demonstration that still has physicists reeling. What Bell seemed to prove was that quantum effects *are* "nonlocal" in Bohm's sense; that is, they are not just *here* or *there*, but *both*. What this apparently means is that space and time are real only to our mammalian sense organs: They are not *really* real.

This was the first step toward solving the mystery of Freud's exploding bookcase and similar enigmas of parapsychology, but nobody realized it immediately. The next step came—as is often the case in science—from three sources at once.

In the early to mid-Sixties, Charles Muses, a mathematician interested in parapsychology; Dr. Timothy Leary, the LSD researcher; and Cleve Backster, a polygraph expert who had been investigating ESP in plants, all proposed that consciousness does not reside in the brain alone. Rather, they all proposed that consciousness goes down to the cellular level, to the molecules, to the atoms and maybe even deeper.

The first to construct a complete quantum theory on this basis was Dr. Evan Harris Walker, a physicist working for the U. S. Army in weapons research.

Dr. Walker explains this theory in a paper written with Dr. Nick Herbert: "The hidden-variable theory of consciousness asserts: (1) There is a subquantal level beneath the observational/theoretical structure of ordinary quantum mechanics; (2) Events occurring on this subquantal level are the elements of sentient being. This being the case, we find that our consciousness controls physical events through the laws of quantum mechanics."

That couldn't possibly mean what it seems to say, could it? Yes, by all the potbellied gods of Burma, it means exactly what it says: Our consciousness *controls* physical events through the laws of quantum mechanics. *We* are the hidden variable—or parts of it.

There hasn't been a more radical proposition since Jesus proclaimed, "I said, you are gods" (John 10:34).

Walker and Herbert have specifically applied this theory to psychokinesis—and here we are getting close to explaining Freud's exploding bookcase. Using an equation devised by Walker to predict the amount of quantum wobble that can be produced by the human mind, they have compared the predicted results with those actually obtained in one classic, long-range investigation of the alleged PK function. The experiments were conducted by Haakon Forwald, a retired electrical engineer, over a period of more than 20 years, beginning in 1949. *Forwald's results exactly fit the prediction of Walker's equation.* Subjects trying to control randomly falling cubes produced results as far above chance as they should have according to Walker's mathematics.

Dr. Herbert has carried this line of thought one step further. Director of the C-LIFE Institute (a conscious robot jobshop), Herbert is a soft-spoken fellow who dresses like Einstein (or a Sixties hippie) did. He has developed Bell's theorem into the idea of the "cosmic glue," which holds, in effect, that everything is the cause of everything.

The waters get pretty deep here, but fortunately the cosmic glue can be illustrated, with amusing accuracy, by an old Sufi joke. Nasrudin is out riding when he sees a group of horsemen. Thinking this may be a band of robbers, Nasrudin gallops off hastily. The other men, who are actually friends of his, say, "I wonder where Nasrudin is going in such a hurry?" and trail after him to find out. Nasrudin, feeling himself pursued, races to a graveyard, leaps the fence and hides behind a tombstone. His friends arrive and, sitting on their horses, lean over the wall to ask, "Why are you hiding behind that tombstone, Nasrudin?"

"It's more complicated than you realize," says Nasrudin. "I'm here because of you, and you're here because of me."

In Herbert's cosmic-glue theory, every quantum event is here because of another quantum event, which is here because of the first quantum event. At this level, causality is meaningless, and Herbert prefers to speak of "influence," which acts every which way in time. All of us—past, present and future—are bound nonlocally by the cosmic glue.

Dr. Herbert claims this is the only theory of quantum causality consistent with Bell's demonstration that cause and effect are nonlocal, and with the Einstein-Bohm claim that nothing in the universe is truly random. In case the full implications of the cosmic glue still haven't hit you, Herbert will tell you quite bluntly: "Consciousness, nonlocal in space and time, is the hidden variable."

You ask at this point, "If this is true, why don't we notice it?" Why, that is, do we generally feel that our consciousness is located in one place—a few inches behind our foreheads? The physicists haven't tangled with this problem yet, but there are answers to be found in anthropology and psychology. In the first place, not all people feel that their consciousness is necessarily in the brain. The Chinese have always thought it was in the center of gravity of the body, and their ideogram for "mind" literally shows a heart and liver, not a brain. Hindus and Sufis perform daily exercises of moving consciousness all over the body, from the toes and legs and torso onward to the top of the skull and back down again. In the second place, modern psychology has demonstrated that where and how we feel ourselves to be is conditioned by childhood experiences and is not based on any innate physiological seat of ego awareness. And, finally, parapsychology and the study of other societies records ample cases of people who have experienced their consciousness as far, far removed from the physical brain.

According to the cosmic-glue theory, consciousness is everywhere and everywhen; we experience it only here and now because we are trained or brainwashed to experience it that way.

•

> There is a sharp disagreement among competent men as to what can be proved and what cannot be proved, as well as an irreconcilable divergence of opinion as to what is sense and what is nonsense.
> —Eric Temple Bell, mathematician

Let us, as the Chinese say, draw our chairs closer to the fire and see what we are talking about.

The story so far: The parapsychologists have accumulated a great deal of strange data about wild, bizarre behaviors of human consciousness. Although they have labeled these strange experiences with many names, the data all seem to reduce to the phenomenon of consciousness acting as if it were not imprisoned in the brain—as

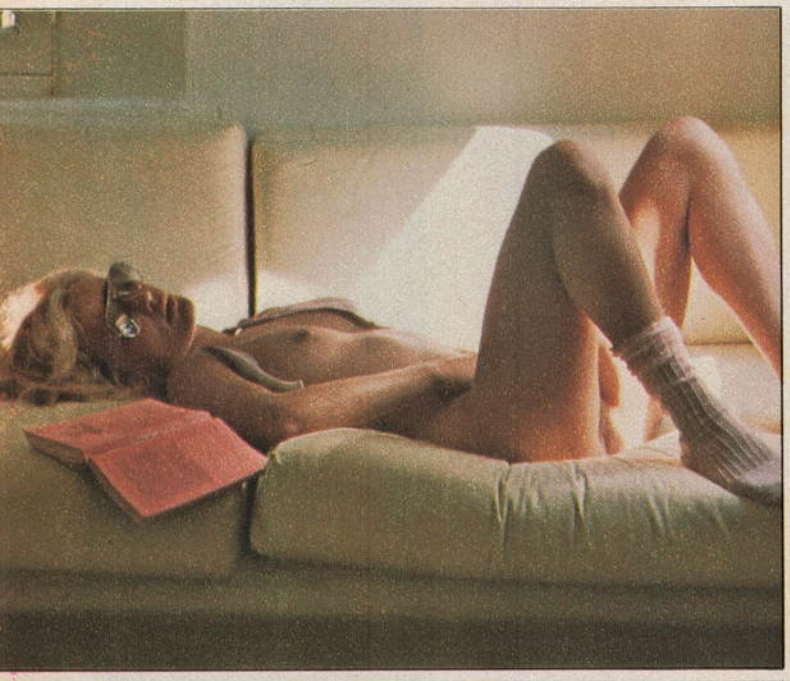
*(Continued on page 130)*

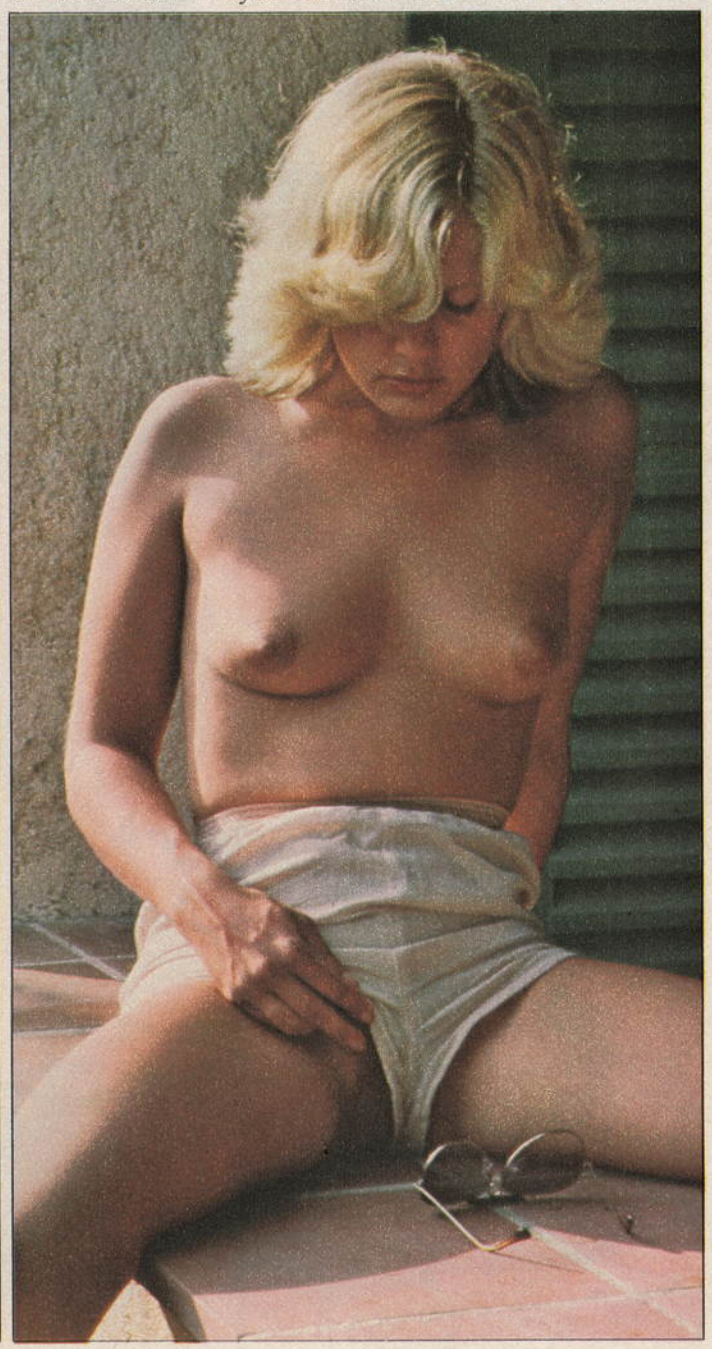
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERIC MÜLLER

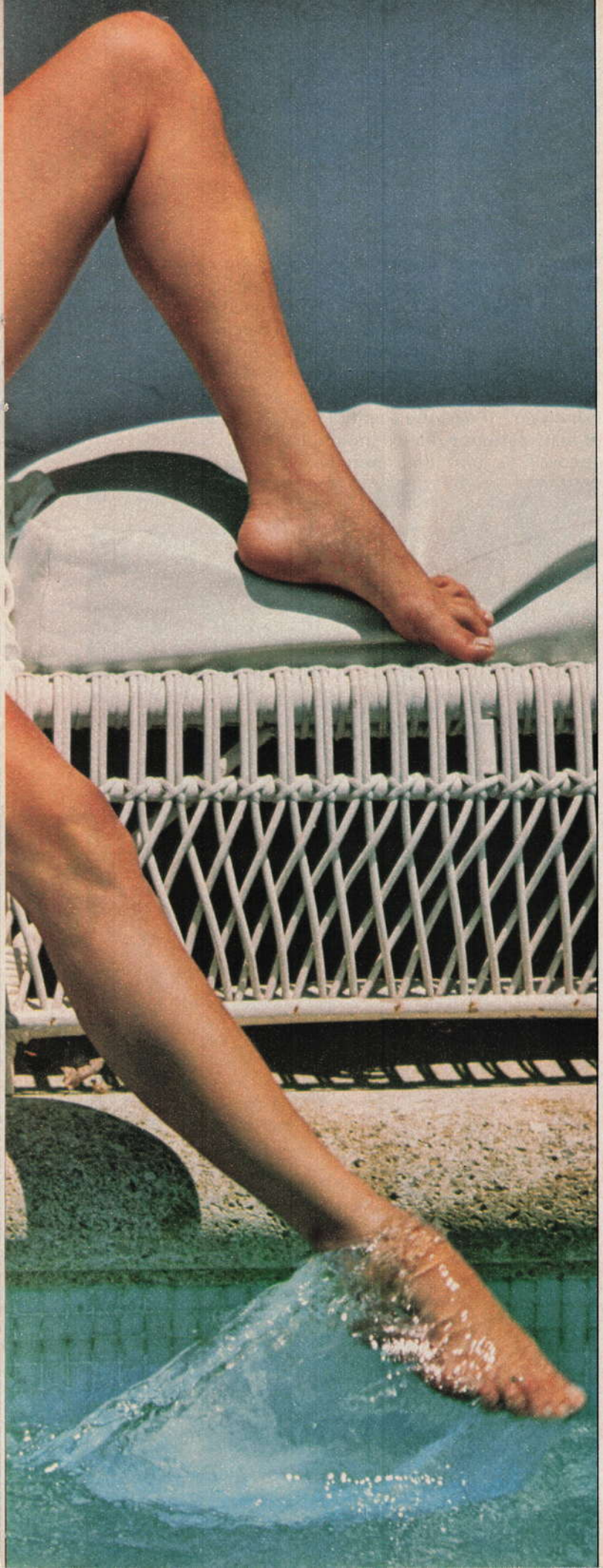
# Francoise

## GETTING LOOSE

Francoise isn't very happy with her travel agent. Some vacation. They assured her back in Paris that Nice was a perfect place to unwind, but her first night at the hotel certainly didn't provide anything for her memoirs. She brought a gentleman home from the Lion d'Or bistro and sipped champagne with him by the pool. The chemistry seemed right. But when she stood up and pulled off her dress, revealing that she wore nothing underneath, and slid into the water (jiggling just a bit on the way), her would-be lover lost his cool. He made excuses for not joining her and left. He was frightened, no doubt, by her directness. "Maybe I should have waited a few









minutes—until I knew him better—before I did that," Francoise considered, but then quickly dismissed the notion. "Oh, *merde, alors!* If I can't loosen up a little on my vacation, why bother to take one?"

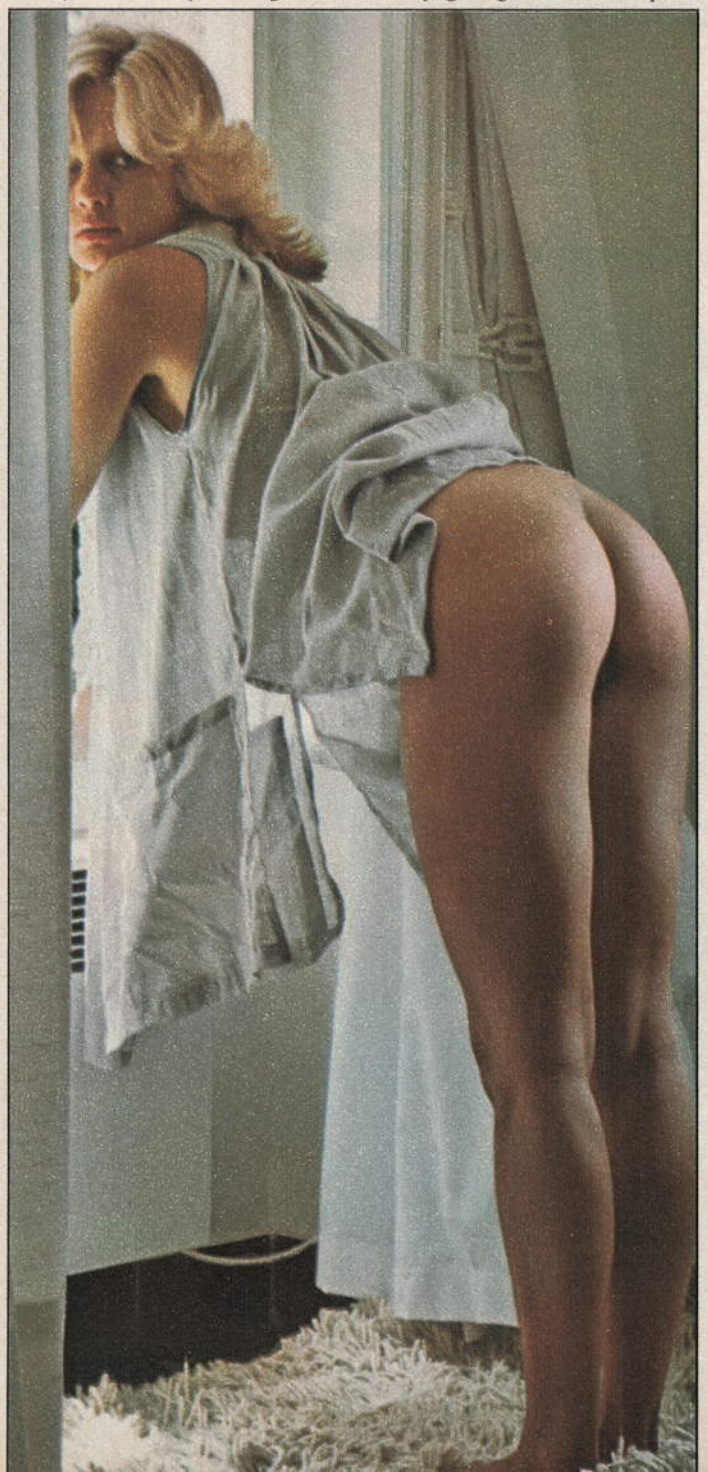
Francoise spent the next afternoon sunning on la Côte d'Azur. Again feeling bold, she decided to slip off *both* pieces of her string bikini after she stretched out on the sand. At least the patrolman proved to be a good sport. "I am sorry, miss, but you must keep one piece of your bathing suit on," he announced. But he

## THE HOTEL MANAGER CHIDED HER FOR HER "LASCIVIOUS EXHIBITION," BUT HIS MALE PATRONS HARDLY SEEMED ANNOYED

could hardly fight back a smile when she reached for her top and draped it carelessly across her breasts.

He asked her to join him for a drink at the Café de l'Apéritif. Why not? Francoise cuddled close and stroked the man's thigh as they drove. He smiled, then leaned over and bit her—right on the tit. Gently, of course. Hmmm. *This could be interesting*, thought Francoise, as she pulled out a joint—uh, not *his* joint, but a reefer-doobie-number type—and casually lit up. But before she could even get a good hit, her nibbly gendarme stopped the car and opened her door. "*Mais pourquoi?* Was it something I said?" asked Francoise.

Back at the hotel, Francoise daydreamed by the pool as she quaffed tumblers of cognac. How could she know she would doze off, her limbs relaxing into such an extreme posture that the manager would feel compelled to wake her and chide her angrily for her "lascivious exhibition"? Francoise couldn't help but giggle. The crowd of male patrons gathered around her hardly seemed annoyed. Perhaps things were finally going to loosen up.



**ROBIN WILLIAMS** "I'd tell you that you had your head up your ass, but that's not my style. No, sir. But I do think you are suffering from a severe anal/cranial inversion."

*(Continued from page 74)*

descended and pressure began to build. Robin had to drop out of the improv group, Off the Wall, that he had been working with. He cut down on his Comedy Store appearances. Groupies began showing up in suspenders and NANU-NANU T-shirts. What had begun as a release from a broken love affair had suddenly evolved into 12- to 14-hour days, legal hassles with agents, constant bouts with photographers trying to catch Mork picking his nose—or someone else's.

**OUI:** How the hell do you manage to stay grounded through all this flash and hype?

**WILLIAMS:** It's the soul friends I have who keep me straight. Hell, half the people who are inviting me over for dinner today would forget my name tomorrow if I hit the skids and ended up with a market basket, collecting aluminum cans in alleys.

**OUI:** Is that your nightmare?

**WILLIAMS:** No. I have an internal detective who lets me know what's going on. You have to stay away from that "wow, they're right, I am a fucking star so you can all eat it" trip. Val, my wife, is the best friend I have. I trust her completely. She keeps the glitter from snowing my ass under. She goes, "You sucked. Come down now and help with the dishes. You're just shit that doesn't smell too bad; remember that." I like that. She can see some things a lot more clearly than I can right now.

**OUI:** What's the one thing you try to stay in touch with while you're working through this accelerated career trip?

**WILLIAMS:** Just staying relaxed. Oh, there is something else. Bette Davis, when she was on the *Laugh-In* show, gave me this advice: "The hardest thing you'll have to learn when you're in Hollywood, once they sense your talent, is the ability to say no. Because they'll offer you the world and pay you money up the wazoo, but you have to pick and choose very carefully."

**OUI:** For all the jive you seem to face every day, you stay pretty calm. Don't you ever get angry?

**WILLIAMS:** Someone once told me that I don't come from a hostile place, and that's true. Sometimes I get angry at the injustices in the business or the fact that TV, especially, aims really low. Hell, I know people will come up if the standards are raised. But when I get angry, I just choose to get Crazier Than Thou, make fun of it.

**OUI:** Like how?

**WILLIAMS:** I wanted to do a thing once on Shakespeare talking to the network people, who are saying [here Robin switched to a pushy director's bark], "Well, *well*, darling, sweetheart, shaky baby—ya know that play *Hamlet?* We're going to have to change the name to *Chuck, the Story of a Disturbed Boy*. And, uh, that 'To be or not to be'—no way; it's just too intense. How about something else like, 'We'll see, we'll try.' OK? Make it a musical number, bring in some comics and dancers. It'll be fantastic. Big boffo points. Chuck will be this disturbed boy living in Hollywood, and Linda Blair will play the broad. Don't ya love it?"

•

Unlike comics of the past, who played on the negative aspects of seemingly uniform miserable childhoods—making in-law jokes, pissed-off jokes, sexist jokes—Robin Williams is not angry. In the world of comedy he represents a shift away from resentment and toward pure entertainment and satirical strangeness. He makes it all right for us all to go mad.

He brings characters fashioned of paranoia and love out in the open and, lo, they look a lot like us. We laugh at the monsters and they are exorcised. It is a laughter not unlike the applause that comes after the Great Zambeany dives 100 feet into a damp tampon: He scared the shit out of you, but he pulled it off. With Robin's work, it is the same. He goes crazy and comes back, and we all get a sort of vicarious thrill.

This scary/funny composition reaches an apex in one of Williams' classic stage routines—a visit to Comedy Hell. It is almost impossible to describe; you really have to be there.

Basically, at a given point in the show, Robin abruptly reverses rhythm and we see a comic on the verge of losing his audience—and his mind. He rushes into the audience and impersonates a heckler in a booming, threatening voice: "Make me *laugh*, asshole! I've worked hard all day; the fucking world is falling apart; my wife is out with another man; and I want you to be *funny*. Make me laugh or I'll rip you apart." Then he's back on the stage, inviting us to join him in Comedy Hell—inside the mind of a comic who is desperately searching for material.

He pantomimes opening the top of his head and gestures us to enter: It is like being a little kid going into a haunted house where the ghosts are funny, or so you think. Though it turns out OK, after a blitzkrieg of short-circuited synapses, you are breathing hard—never having been quite sure that he wasn't going to lose it altogether.

At the end of most of his live appearances, and in a complete reversal of show-business shtick, Williams shrinks into the character of a crazy old man. He's Robin Williams at 93, the only comic to have survived World War Three. At a moment when many comics would be revving up the last joke for a big exit laugh, Williams has the audience so quiet you can hear an ice cube crack.

At the end of our interview, almost as if he were reading my mind, Robin suddenly transformed into the old man. It is, like his other characters, a remarkable mutation. He *is* an old man; his voice a mix of Boris Karloff, Walter Brennan and your grandfather.

**WILLIAMS:** I remember way back, when I did an interview with a man by name of C.W. Metcalf. In 1979 it was, just before the big quake and we all surfed to Denver.

**OUI** [Affecting my own old-man voice and passing him a joint]: Well, things musta been tough after the quake and then the war; tough for you, I mean.

**WILLIAMS:** Yup, all them damned mutations blew the entertainment industry wide open. How could I compete with a five-armed comic who played the violin and told three Henny Youngman jokes at once? Or the friggin' Lemming sisters? A whole chorus line in two women—those eight legs were lovely, though.

**OUI:** Did the war change your routine very much?

**WILLIAMS:** Had to throw out lines like "How many here from New York?"—there bein' no New York and all. The world was in awful shape. Why, do you remember the havoc when all those Donny and Marie clones escaped from their tomb in the Mormon Temple? It was a bad time.

**OUI:** But you've come through it like a trouper.

**WILLIAMS:** Oh, bullshit. You just say that to flatter me. I don't need your pity, you uncorked asshole.

**OUI:** I always wondered why Robin ended his shows with you, because of the danger of being anticlimactic. This old man comes out and . . .

**WILLIAMS:** That's the idea, you nincompoop! They expect chorus lines and flaming chickens and stuff—fuck with 'em. Most people design their act to start slow and go out through the roof. I like to end with a bubble-popper, leave 'em there wondering, Who the hell was that? [Pointing to the tape recorder] Say, why you got that damned machine goin' there? I don't want to talk to no machine! [Shouting] *What are you doin' with a machine? Huh?* You tryin' to get me to say somethin' profound? Well, fuck profound. You know, I'd tell you that you had your head up your ass, but that's not my style. No, sir. But I do think you are suffering from a severe anal/cranial inversion. [Mad cackle] Eat my shorts and call me squeezy. [Grabbing the tape recorder and shouting into it] *Spread the word. Don't let the machines take over! Remember you gotta go crazee! Mondo ninny! They can't tax your madness!* [Mad cackle as the tape recorder goes up in smoke] □

# HOT STEREO

## Breaking into car stereo has become so easy these days that even an amateur can do it...with a little help from our team of experts

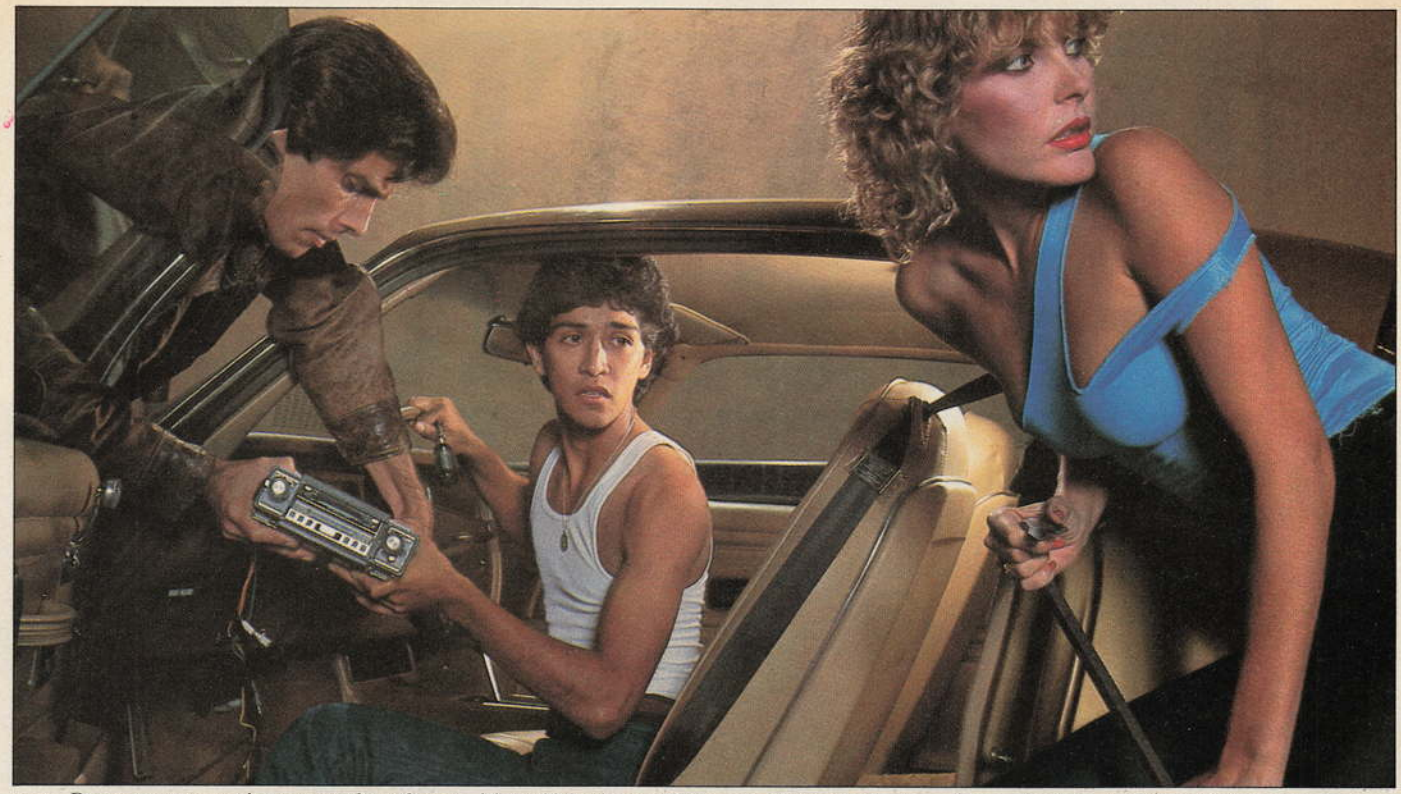
Article by Ed Bott

When you do business with Fast Freddie and his gang, you get only the hottest stuff—at the lowest prices in town. A few years ago, Freddie was trafficking in color TVs and cameras; today he's making a handsome living taking custom stereos out of cars like yours. The discriminating thief isn't bringing home junk, either: The average car stereo these days is powerful and loaded with features once common only on expensive home components. And if your neighborhood ripoff artist is looking in the right parking lots, he's finding some ultrasophisticated—and expensive—stuff.

With a little forethought, you can substantially reduce the odds of getting ripped off by Fast Freddie and his gang. But for most of us, the first question is: How do you keep from getting ripped off when you go to *buy* a car stereo? With literally hundreds of systems to choose from in every price range, how do you get the most sound for your hard-earned bucks? Take a tip from Fast Freddie: He knows what he's looking for *before* he goes shopping—and so should you.

For starters, scrap the cheapie 8-track that came with your car. If you're in the market for a new car, see if you can get one without a factory-installed radio. Buying your car stereo from an automobile manufacturer makes about as much sense as buying a turntable from a furniture sales-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE HARVEY



man. Put your money into a product from a manufacturer who specializes in auto-sound components; you'll get a better system, and you'll save enough to more than pay for custom installation.

Don't expect to get by for $49.95, either. True high fidelity costs a little more; but if you're serious about music, the investment is worth it. Our advice is to find a dealer you can trust. He'll know which units are best for your car, and if he can't install it himself, he knows who can. Try to find one who's been in business for a while; that way you'll have some assurance he might still be there if you have problems later.

## THE BASIC SYSTEM: $150-$300

Even on a tight budget, you can have good sound if you're willing to skip a few expensive frills. In the $150–$300 price range, the heart of your system should be a single unit with three functions: an AM/FM stereo tuner, a cassette deck and a power amplifier. Most are designed to fit neatly in the dash of almost any American or foreign car. Insist on locking rewind and fast-forward controls for the tape deck; they let you keep your eyes on the road and your hands on the wheel.

Unfortunately, the FTC has yet to regulate the specifications of car-stereo equip-

Left: **Metrosound MS-7600** AM/FM/cassette ($265.95) puts out 7.5 watts per channel and offers separate bass and treble controls. **Metrosound MS-69-202** speakers ($63.95/pair) are efficient three-way models. Left center: **Craig T-683** AM/FM/cassette ($279.95) includes separate Powerplay amplifier; total power output is 12 watts per channel. **Craig R-731** speakers ($84.95/pair) are constructed with 20-oz. magnets for clean, wide frequency response. Right center: **Sanyo FT-1490A** AM/FM/cassette deck ($219.95) offers excellent FM reception. Power output is 14 watts per channel. **Sanyo SP-768** speakers ($69.95/pair) are two-way models with 1-inch tweeter for extended high-end response. Right: **Sharp RG-3550** AM/FM/cassette ($219.95) with Sharp's patented Automatic Program Search System. Top of page: Fast Freddie and friends make off with a **Fujitsu EP-750** AM/FM/cassette ($469.95) with electronic tuning and digital readout.

ment; as a result, reading a spec sheet can be confusing at best and downright misleading at worst. Still, it pays to check some key figures: Power output should be at least 5 watts per channel, at a rated distortion of 1 percent or less; frequency response should be at least 100–12,000 Hz; and FM selectivity should be under 4 μV. Beware of inflated power claims—that "maximum total power output" of 20 watts, for example, really means 10 watts per channel at an incredible 10 percent distortion. At a more reasonable 1 percent distortion, chances are the true power figure is closer to 1 or 2 watts per channel. Naturally, your best course here is to trust your ears.

In this class, be prepared to spend about one-quarter to one-third of your total system budget on speakers. If you've picked out a low-powered amplifier, you'll want a pair of efficient speakers that complement its performance. Plan on installing them up front where you'll get the most sound out of them. The specific location depends on your car's design, of course, but most experts will recommend putting 5¼-inch round speakers in the kick panels of the front doors.

## BETTER THAN BASIC: $300-$600

For a few dollars more, you can put a truly great sound system in your car—one that will sound better than most comparably priced home systems—without sacrificing the convenience of a single in-dash unit. Pioneer, Craig, Sanyo, Boman and Metrosound, among others, offer in-dash units with power ratings of between 15 and 25 watts per channel, enough to handle peak musical passages without distorting. Along with the extra power, typically, you'll find separate tone controls, a loudness contour for adding bass at low volumes, and biamplification capabilities for hooking up multiple speaker systems.

**For $300-$600, you can put a truly great sound system in your car — one that will sound better than most comparably priced home systems**

If you listen primarily to cassettes, you can opt for a high-performance tape section. Among the higher-priced models, autoreverse is common; the tape plays in either direction, saving you the hassle of fumbling with the controls while you drive. Auto-eject is another handy feature: The unit shuts off when you turn off the car's power, preventing jam-ups in the tape-transport mechanism. And Dolby noise-reduction circuitry is also available in some units—the Fujitsu EP-750, Clarion PE-751 and Boman Mach 50, for example.

On the other hand, if you prefer listening to FM, you should check out electronic tuners, as found in the new Marantz, Fujitsu, Sanyo, Panasonic and Craig models. Instead of a conventional dial-and-pointer tuning assembly, these units use integrated circuits to lock onto a specific frequency, which is then displayed digitally in light-emitting diodes. Besides being more accurate and convenient, electronic tuning allows search and seek capabilities: You push a button and the tuner scans the FM band for strong signals, and it keeps searching until you tell it to stop. You can also pre-set most electronic tuners using pushbuttons. Finally, most of the digital-readout tuners on the market double as digital clocks when the tuner is not in use.

For now, electronic tuning will add about $100 to the cost of a good in-dash receiver. As the technology improves and spreads, however, expect that price to come down dramatically.

Let's say you've settled on a good in-dash receiver/cassette combination with a true power output of 20 watts per channel. That's enough power to handle almost any speaker—which is not to say that any speaker will do. The right choice depends on your car and on the amplifier you'll be using. While there are no hard-and-fast rules for choosing car speakers, there are some helpful guidelines to follow:

• Start with the interior of your car. Where's the best place to put speakers? In

Left: **Panasonic CQ 6520EU** AM/FM/cassette ($239.95) boasts autoreverse and automatic eject, with separate bass and treble controls. Left center: **Boman SS-1430** AM/FM/cassette ($399.95) and **EQA-30** power booster/graphic equalizer ($154.95) put out 15 watts per channel; equalizer controls five frequency ranges and includes a power meter. **Boman SK69-CX20** speakers ($154.95/pair) are matching two-way models. Right center: **Mitsubishi RX-69EM** AM/FM/cassette ($199.95) with autoreverse and stereo-mono switch, is a clean-sounding, low-powered in-dash unit designed for domestic cars. Right: **Pioneer KPX-9000** ($284.95) is an extremely compact AM/FM/cassette combination that requires a separate power amplifier, the **GM-40** ($79.95, not shown). Great specs and reliability make it a best buy. **Pioneer TS-167** speakers ($77.95/pair) are compact workhorses that can handle heavy loads and have wide frequency response.

the front doors? If so, pick a solid 5¼-inch round speaker like the Pioneer TS-167 or the Craig R-731. For a fuller sound, where space permits, a three-way, 6¼-inch round speaker like the Marantz SS-825 is ideal. Is your rear deck good-sized? Then try flush-mounting a pair of 6-x-9-inch oval speakers. A variety of three-, four- and even five-way systems are available. If you have special mounting problems, ask a professional installer for advice.

• Remember that, while bass notes tend to be nondirectional, highs are extremely directional. Tweeters mounted at knee level or aimed up at the rear windshield might not deliver sound to your ears very effectively. Thus, a system that sounds too bright in the showroom may sound perfect in your car.

• By all means, choose speakers that match your amplifier in power output. They should be efficient enough to sound good even at low volumes, with enough reserve capacity to handle peak power loads without frying.

• Finally, keep in mind that a good speaker needs a heavy magnet to deliver convincing lows. The construction should also be durable enough to handle the extremes of temperature in your car.

## THE BEST SYSTEM: $600-PLUS

For the audiophile who demands ultra-high fidelity and bone-crushing volume, a range of high-end equipment is available, some of it capable of delivering 100 watts or more per channel with extremely low distortion—and high prices.

**If you can't afford a burglar alarm, then get some decals that *say* you have one. If nothing else, you'll drive a would-be thief nuts trying to find it.**

Do you really need all that power? Not if your goal is simply to have a decent-sounding car stereo; in that case, a 10-watt system will be more than adequate. Unfortunately, the peaks in a musical program can hit 10 times the continuous power output, a load that will drive most amplifiers to distort. If you want *clean* volume, therefore, your amplifier has to be able to reach those peaks without straining.

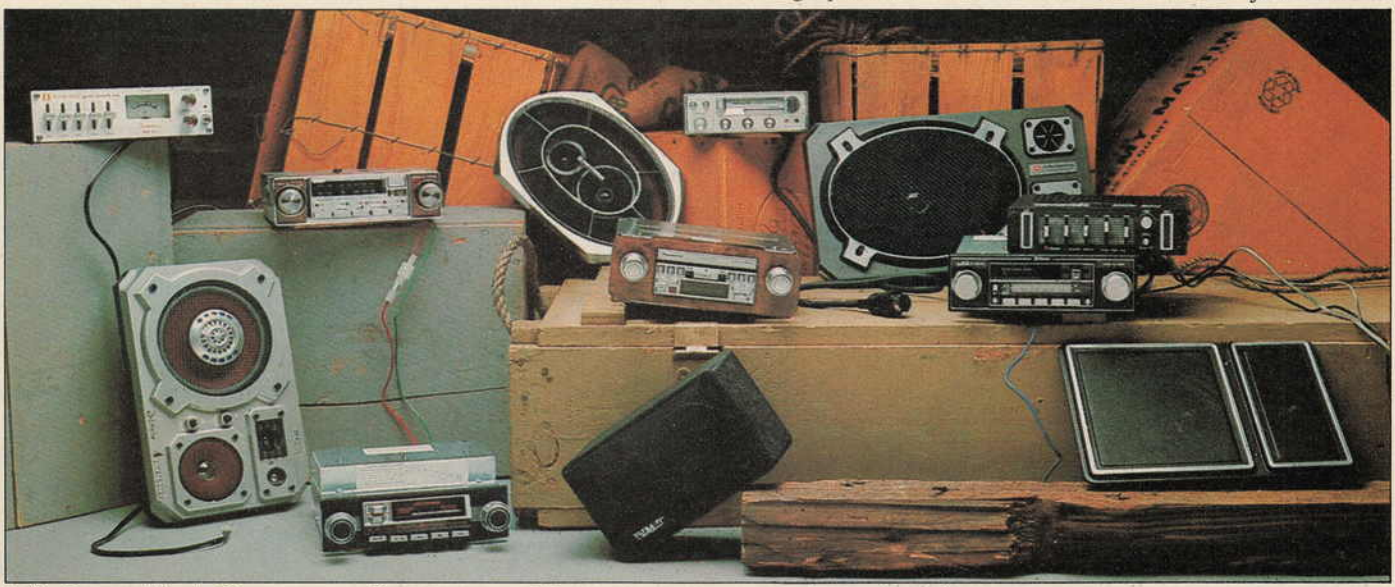
If you already have an adequate cassette deck in your car, it's possible to increase its power output dramatically by adding a power booster/equalizer. Marantz, Pioneer, Clarion and Craig, among others, manufacture a full line of high-powered equalizers, and any of them can be easily hooked up to your existing system with remarkable results. Most older in-dash units have adequate tuner and cassette sections, but lousy amplifiers; the trick, therefore, is to bypass the old unit's amplifier during installation, so that its distortion isn't passed on to your speakers.

If you're starting from scratch and want the ultimate in sound quality for your car, then separate components are the way to go. Each piece is designed to do just one job, and the result is as close to professional sound as you can get. Classy examples include the Pioneer KP-88G cassette deck (without tuner); it requires a separate power amplifier to complete the system. Mitsubishi offers a three-component system with a separate tuner, cassette deck and control amplifier. Fujitsu Ten's Audio Compo System represents the ultimate in component thinking, with an individual preamplifier, power amp, equalizer, tuner, cassette deck—and provisions for adding more components, if you can find a place to put them.

In a class by themselves are the new self-powered speakers like the Advent EQ-1 and the ADS 2002. The amplifier is contained in the speakers, eliminating the need for a separate amplifier.

## PROTECTING THE SYSTEM

Should you pay to have your car stereo installed? If you've shelled out a lot of bread for a deluxe component system, the answer is a definite yes. A good professional installer has the tools and the know-how to do a fast, accurate job. Even if



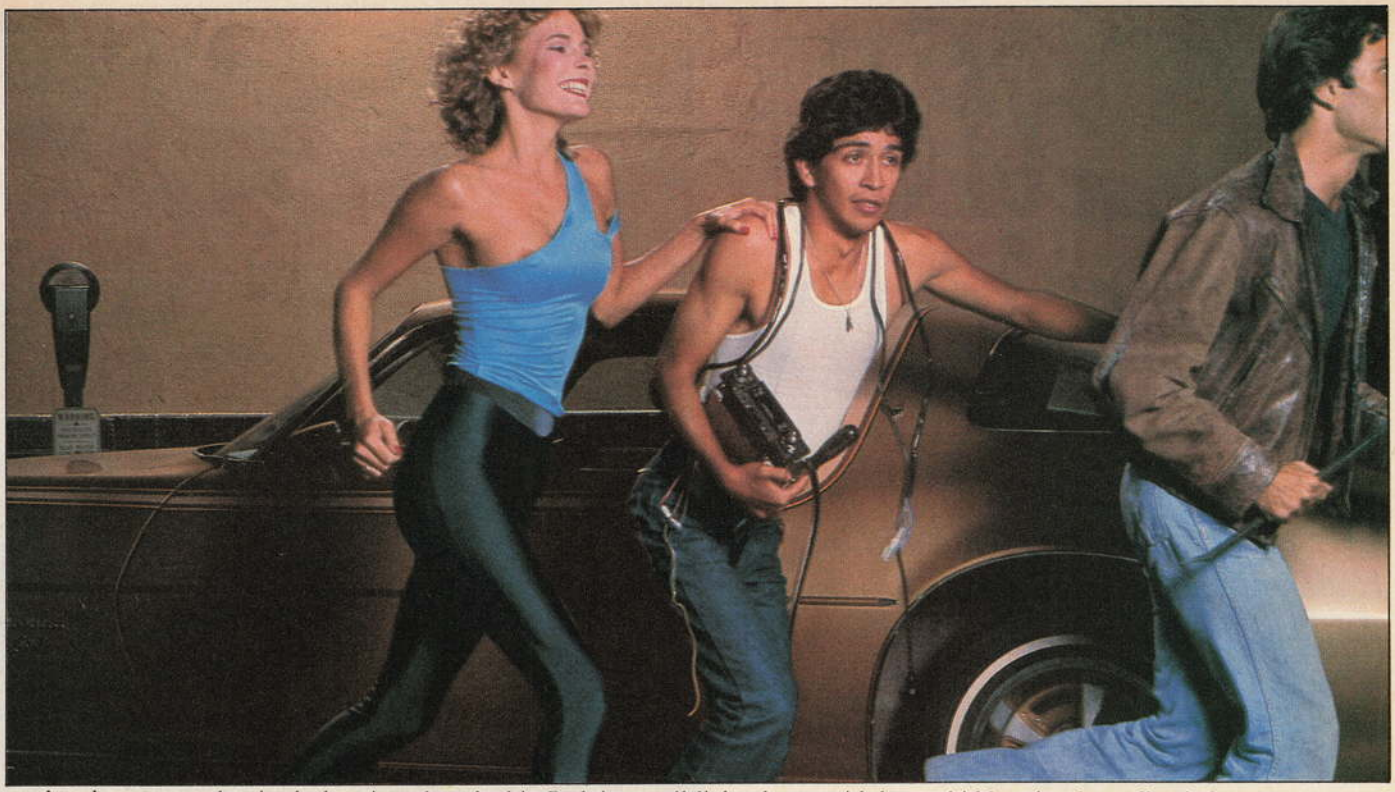
Left: **Boman Mach 50** ($399.95) AM/FM/cassette deck with Dolby and **EQA-60** power booster/equalizer ($166.95), 30 watts per channel. **Boman SK 4000GL** four-way speakers ($154.95/pair) have separate tweeter-level controls.

Bottom center: **Metrosound MS-8650** AM/FM/cassette ($361.95) delivers 25 watts per channel; **MS-102** Ultra-fi speakers ($146.95/pair) are well-designed two-way models. Center: **Panasonic CQ 8520EU** AM/FM/cassette ($399.95) features electronic tuning.

Top center: **Pioneer KP-88G** cassette deck ($169.95) with Dolby, requires separate amplifier; **TS-695** speakers ($74.95 each) are high-performance mates.

Top right: **Clarion system: PE-751A** AM/FM/cassette ($339.95) with Dolby; **300-EQB** power booster/equalizer ($179.95), 30 watts per channel; **SK-103** speakers ($159.95/pair).

Bottom right: **Epicure LS-70** speakers ($170/pair) with near-perfect distribution of highs.



you've chosen a modest in-dash unit and a pair of rear-mount speakers, you still may want to turn the job over to a pro, if only to be assured the job is done right.

A securely installed in-dash system puts you two steps ahead of most amateur thieves looking for a quick strike. Stopping a pro like Fast Freddie, though, takes a little extra effort. Here's what the experts recommend:

• Don't leave your car where it's likely to be hit. Park in a well-lighted area with lots of foot traffic or, better still, in a locked garage.

• If you can afford it, get a burglar alarm for your car. Most effective is the type that's activated by the button on your door handle. If you can't afford a burglar alarm, then get some decals that *say* you have one and plaster them on your car's windows. If nothing else, you'll drive a would-be thief nuts trying to figure out where you've hidden the shut-off switch.

• Finally, if your car is especially vulnerable—convertibles fall into this category—don't leave your car stereo where it can be stolen. Any in-dash unit can be mounted on a bracket beneath the dash. The look isn't nearly as snazzy, but you can pull it out and take it with you whenever you leave your car.

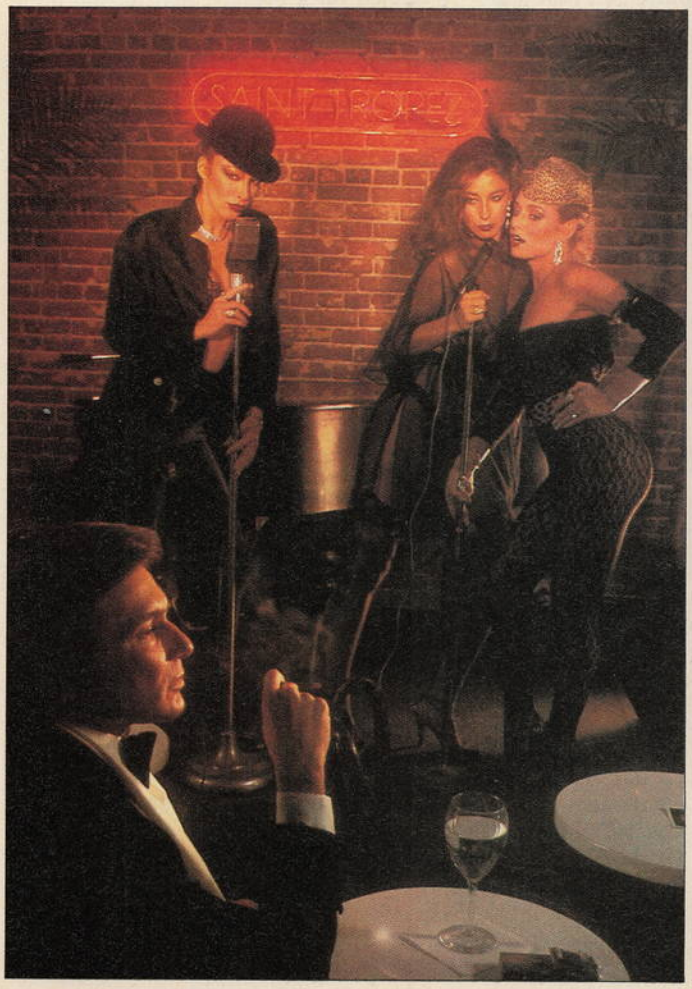
And even a pro can't take what's not there. □

Left: The **Fujitsu Ten Audio Compo System** represents the ultimate in separate components. Top to bottom: **ST-372** tuner ($229.95); **CA-200** graphic equalizer ($144.95); **CA-100** control amplifier ($89.95); **RV-130** graphic time delay ($179.95). Center, top to bottom: **PA-150F** power amplifier ($106.95); **SP-711** cassette deck ($176.95); **SSB8B5** speaker system ($124/pair). The whole system costs about $1100 including a pair of separate tweeters, **SSB8B6** (not shown), if you still have some room. Center, right: **Mitsubishi**'s component system includes **CJ-20EM** tuner ($114.95), **CV-21 EM** power amplifier ($114.95) and **CX-21 EM** cassette deck ($119.95). The system puts out a clean 20 watts per channel. Right: **Sanyo FT-1670** AM/FM/cassette ($349.95) with electronic tuning offers biamplification and top-rated FM sensitivity. **Sanyo SP777** speakers ($99.95/pair) are bridgeless-construction, three-way models for rear-mount installation.

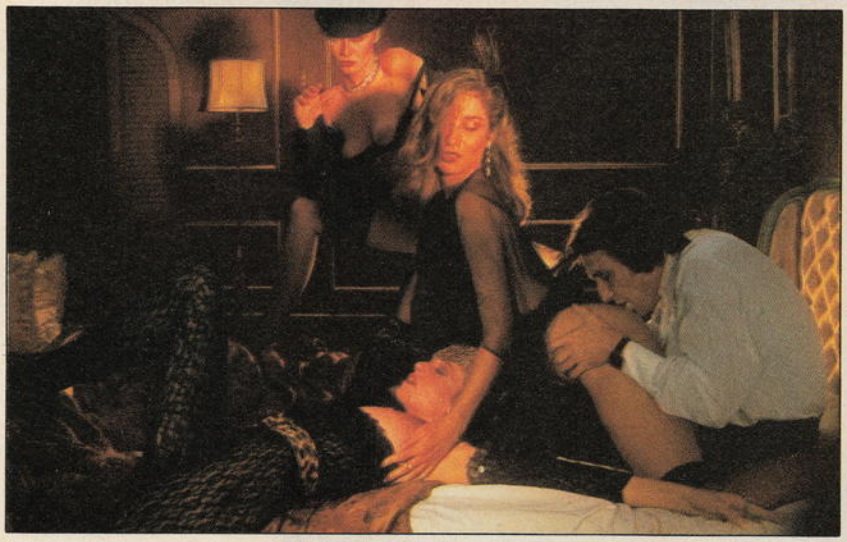
# Café Society

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON

*The Frenchman, easy, debonair and brisk,*
*Give him his lass, his fiddle and his frisk;*
*Is always happy, reign whoever may,*
*And laughs the sense of mis'ry far away.*
*—William Cowper 1731-1800*



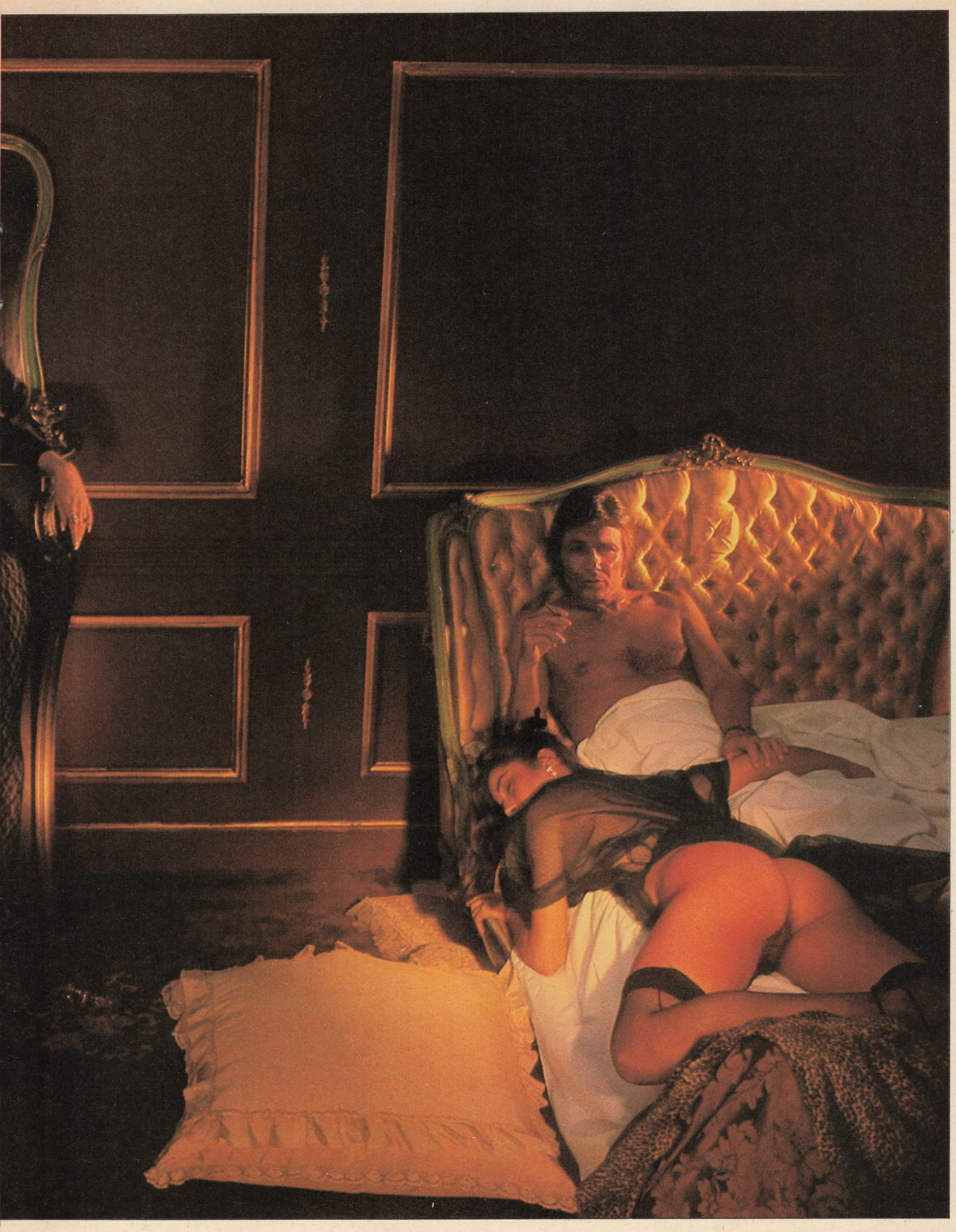
What worlds were left for Jean-Paul to conquer? As a popular actor and singer, he already had more money than he could use, more women than he wanted, the best reviews since Aznavour. *Ah, life,* he thought as he sat down at the Cafe d'Og. *It throws a banquet in your honor and then takes away your appetite.* Still, Jean-Paul was never one to give in to temporary melancholy. Especially after he caught the first act of the hot new disco group, St. Tropez. Of course, he had heard their hit *Je T'aime* on the radio countless times. But he had never actually seen them in person. *They are lovely,* he thought. *Each one of them.* After their set, he sent word he'd like to enjoy their company at his table. Not surprisingly, they agreed.



Jean-Paul was staying at a hotel nearby: Hotel Du Jour. Mostly transients, from the name of the place, he said. The three girls laughed. Rich transients, he added.

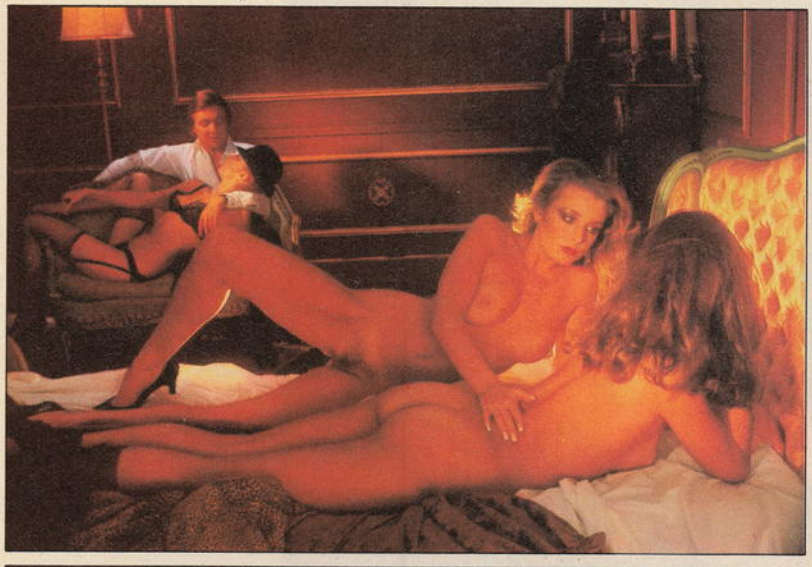
They laughed again. The conversation went from sweet to sour, coy to brazen, sober to giddy. Jean-Paul invited them to continue the intercourse in his room at the hotel. Not surprisingly, they agreed again.

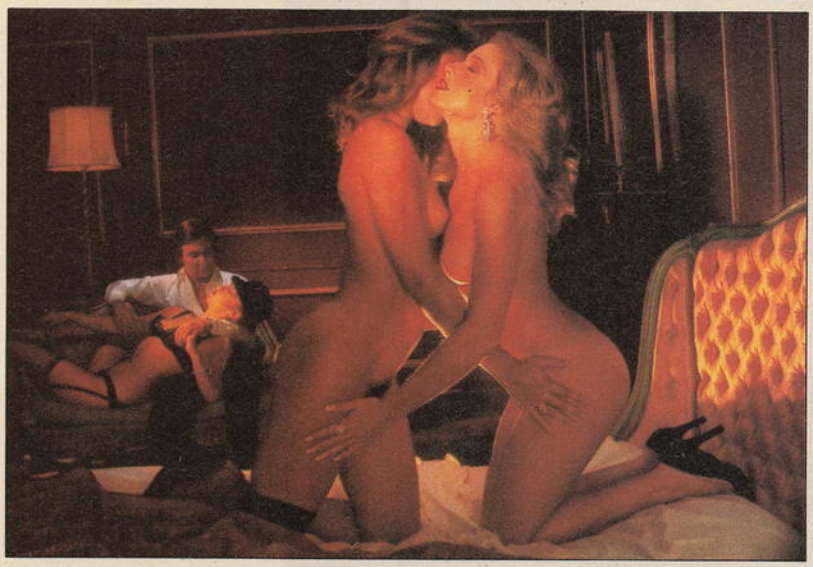
The French. How is it they have such a knack for getting to know one another so well?

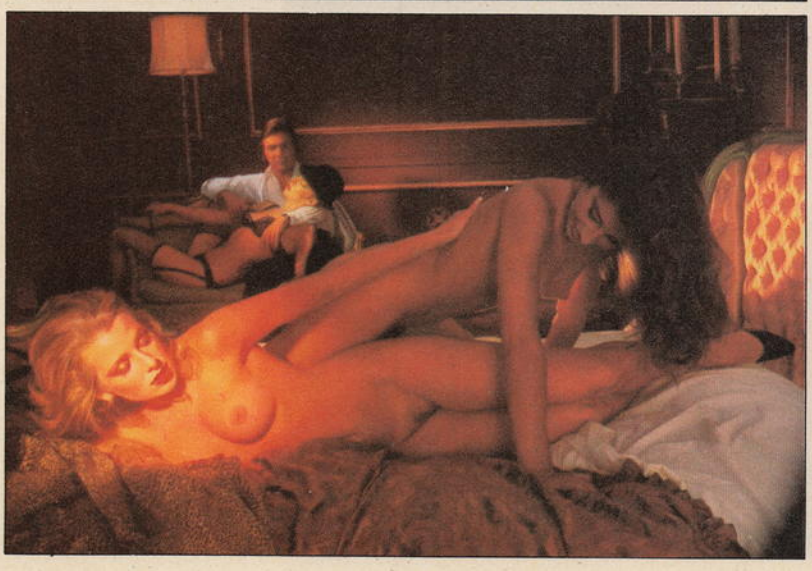


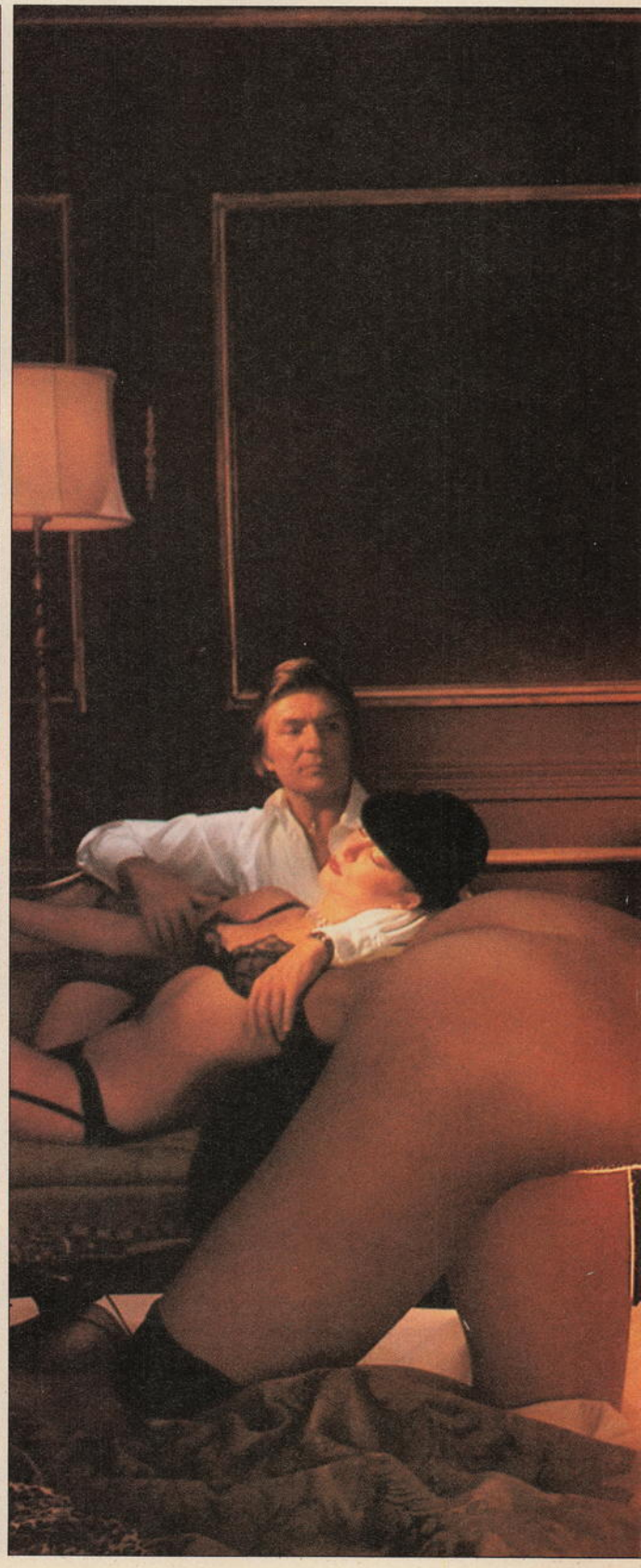
And why are they so passionate? Maybe it's because the French have the right ideas about passion to start with. Camus, for instance, wrote in his lonely notebooks, "People decry the passions without thinking that it is *their* flame that lights the flame of philosophy." And, as we know, 50 million Frenchmen can't be all that wrong.
But why Jean-Paul? Why is he so successful with women? "I have several theories about women," he says. "Money, for example, means nothing. How many multimillionaires have to hire prostitutes and then die of drugs? I know what women want; that's why they want me."

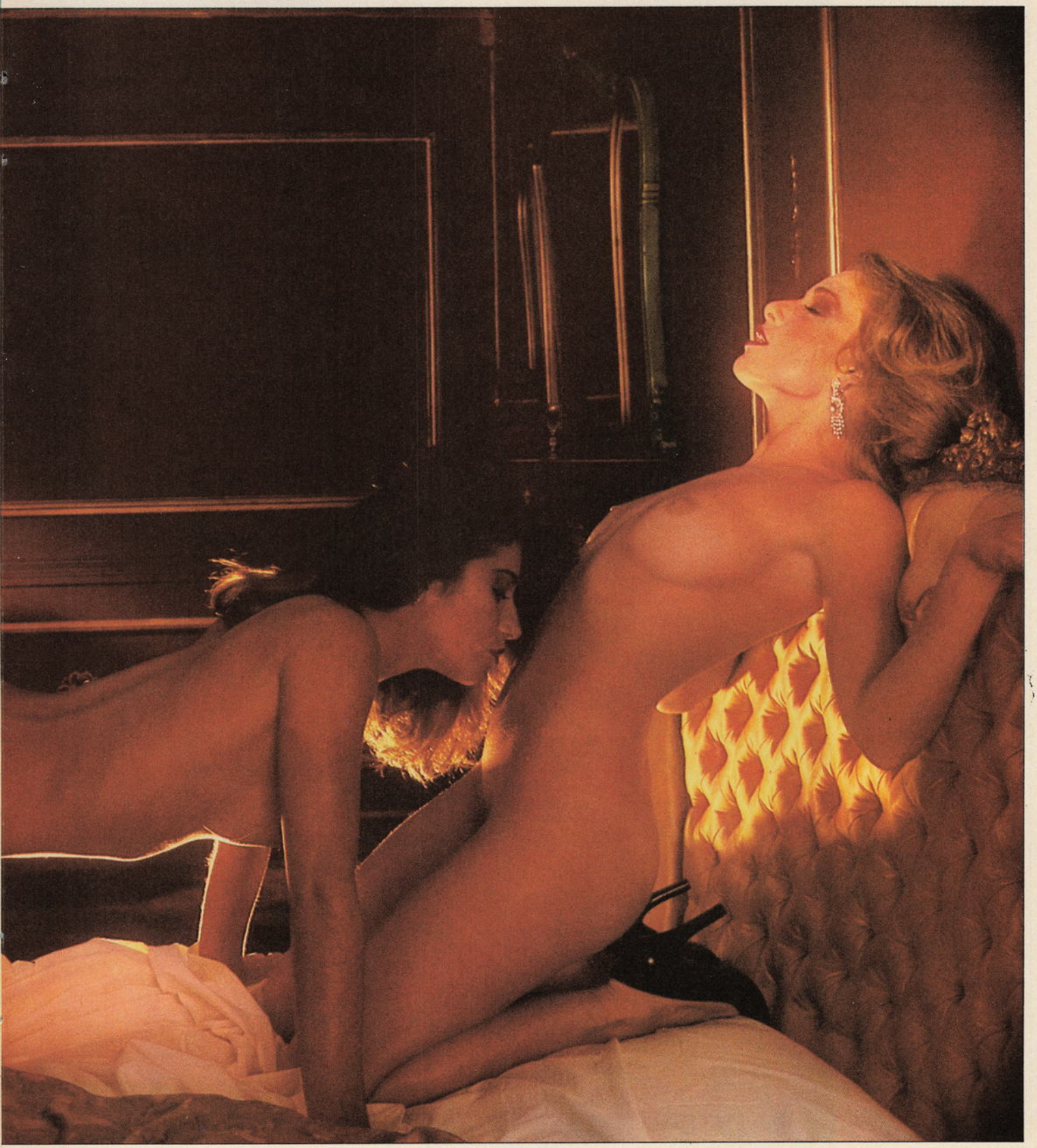
We must pause here for a moment of reflection. Ask a million Frenchmen what a woman wants; you will get a million answers. All different. The arrogance of it all. No self-respecting German would make such a claim. Or a Dane. And, as we know, Americans are completely in the dark on the subject. But here is Jean-Paul. He says he *knows* what it is a woman wants . . .







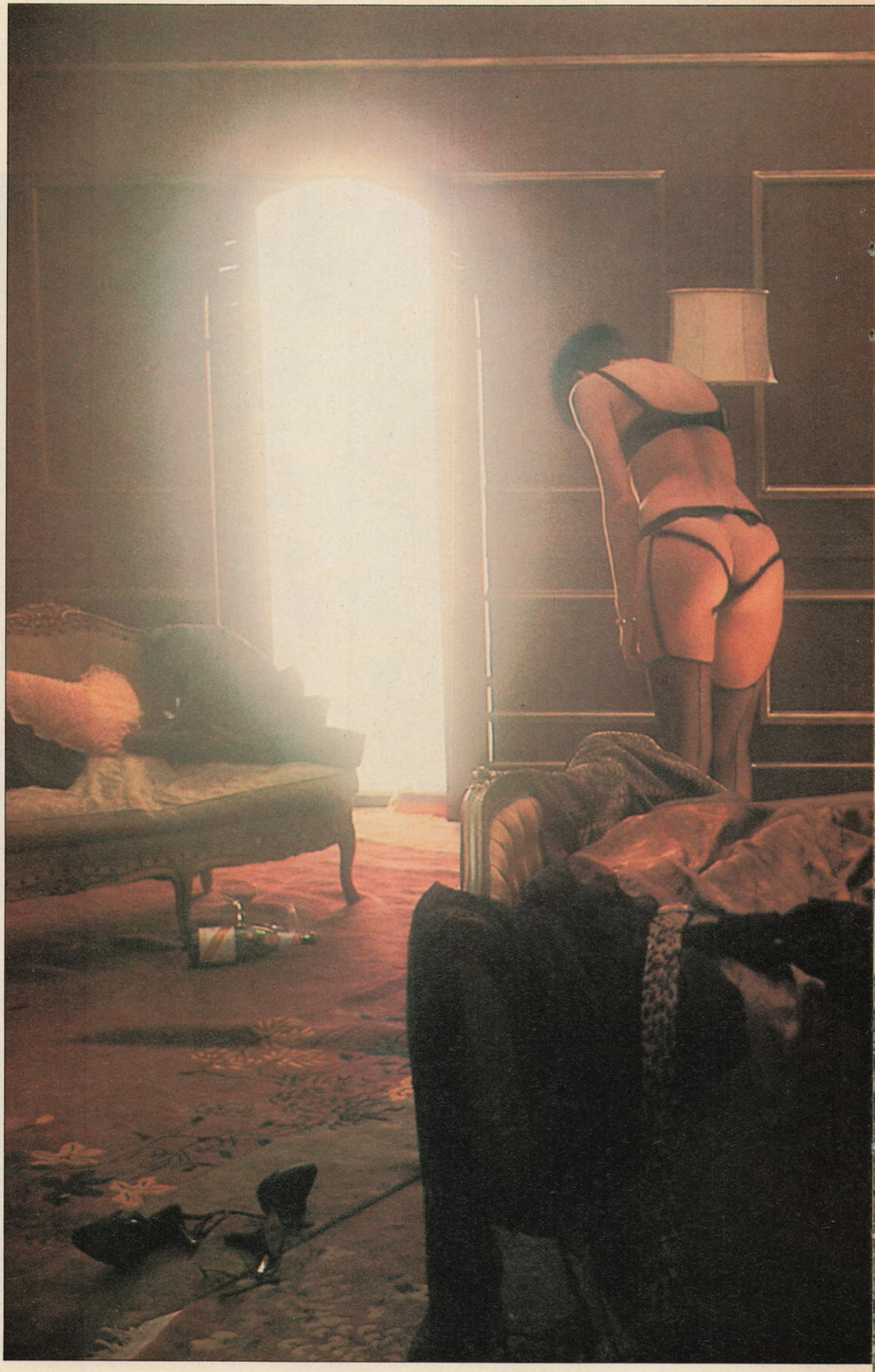




Well? Well?

"Women want . . . to be left alone."

"Absolutely true," he continues. "Most men just don't know when to shut up and let the ladies take over. Women, you understand, are the only real beings on the planet. When a woman wants something from you, you will know it. Until then, my advice is just leave everything up to them. Believe me, it works. Look at me, for example. A few hours ago I was in the throes of despair. And now, just a few hours later, I am a happy, satisfied man."

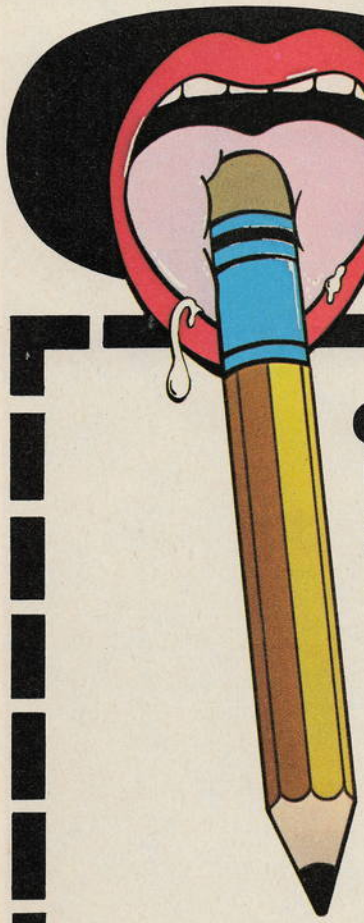


# HOW YOU CAN SAVE BIG BUCKS ON OUI MAGAZINE

If you buy a year of OUI copy by copy at the newsstand, you'll have to pay $24.50 just like everybody else.

BUT! If you clip this handy little coupon and send it with your check now, you pay only **$14** for 12 issues. The other $10.50 stays in your pocket. And we won't even be sorry to be out the money, because we know OUI will be getting a good home.

So take a pen right now (our pencil's just for looks), fill and return the coupon today.



oui

**oui**

P.O. Box 2510, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Send me 1 year of OUI for $14. I'll save $10.50—more than 42% off the new $24.50 single-copy price.

☐ Check or money order enclosed payable to OUI. ☐ Bill me later.

☐ Charge to ☐ VISA/BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge (Interbank No._____)

Bank Card No._____ Exp. Date_____

Signature_____

Name_____
(please print)

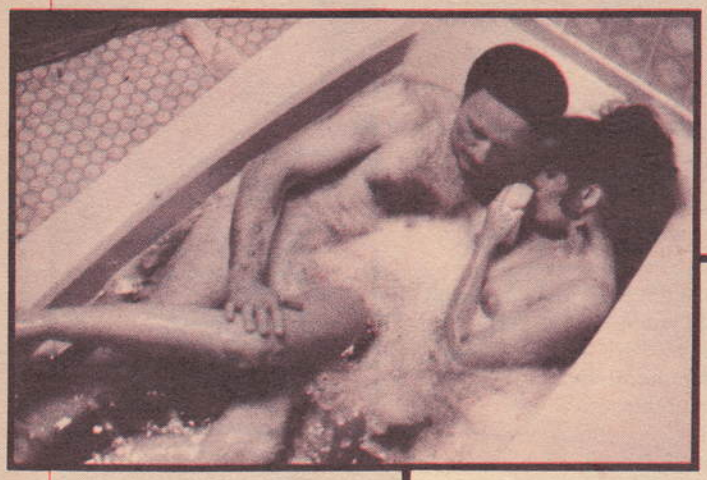
Address_____ Apt. No._____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO—FPO addresses only.

7EN1

# EMBRACED IN THE BUFF



DOUGLAS KIRKLAND

"I wouldn't take off my clothes if I didn't feel it was right," says actress **Janet Margolin**. "It would depend on the scene. And I would like to be photographed nicely."

"Nicely" is an understatement. Margolin looks great in her latest picture, United Artists' romantic thriller, *Last Embrace*, which goes on record as Margolin's first experience with film nudity.

"I had no reservations about the nude scene," she says, "although I was not really nude. I was 'scantily clad.' I wore little bikini pants. A lot of people don't wear tops at the beach, either. I know—I take mine off whenever I get the chance."

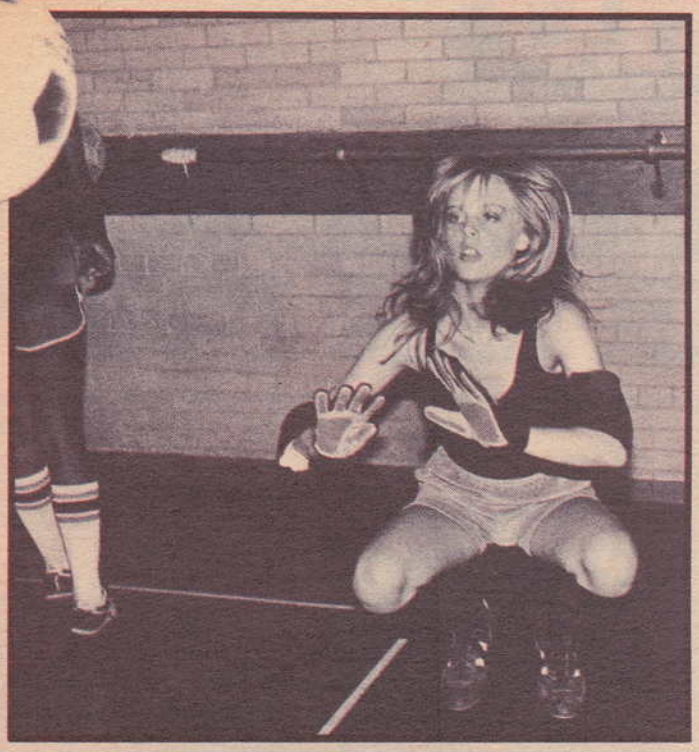
For an experienced actress like Margolin (her career took off 17 years ago with the film *David and Lisa*), preparing herself for this wasn't a problem.

"In one scene, **Roy Scheider** pulls the shower curtain away. I stand there relaxed and continue my shower. I spent five minutes beforehand acting like I didn't mind; so I felt natural."

When will we be seeing, ahem, more of Janet?

"I have no idea what my next project will be. I'll wait for something as interesting as this one. I felt like a space explorer when I made this movie. I was exploring parts of myself I never used before as an actress."

—MARIE MONEYSMITH



ARIEL JONES

## PSSST, IT'S SST!

**Janet Dailey** plays goalie for the **SST** squad of the New York Women's Soccer League; so it's no surprise that SST is now known as the "Sexy Soccer Team." OUI met 17-year-old Janet just after she scored her first shutout; SST won 14–0.

Having more than just a slight resemblance to **Sue Lyon** (of *Lolita* fame), Janet is also one of Gotham's top teenage models, with thanks due partly to soccer. "I developed my legs and body with this game. I didn't have any definition before," she confides. Once just a face model, Janet is now being sought for "body shots and lingerie ads." And movie parts.

In her first film, *Squeeze Play*, Janet plays Fifi the French maid, bedecked with spiked heels. Janet does not speak French, but apparently such fluency was not required. *Quelle folie!*

—PETER GAMBACCINI

## PUNDIT WIT AND TANTRUM SEX

Does your guru tell dirty jokes? When you meditate, does he exhort you to laugh, dance, cry, primal scream? If not, you may not be getting all you can out of enlightenment. Switch to Rajneesh.

Rajneesh? *Gesundheit.*

No, stupid. **Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh**—the hottest holy man to hit the guru circuit since the **Maharishi Mahesh Yogi** jetted back to India and his baby-fat namesake, **Maharaj Ji**, was recalled by his mother.

Listen to this anecdote from Rajneesh on repression: "Deep in a beautiful woodland park stood two lovely bronze statues of a boy and a girl who, for three hundred years, had never touched. One day a magician passed by, and with compassion said, 'I will give them life for one hour so they will be able to make love to each other.' He waved his magic wand, and the statues leaped off their pedestals and ran into the shrubbery. There was a great commotion, loud thumps and squawkings. With curiosity, the magician tiptoed over and peered through the leaves. The boy was holding down a bird over which the girl squatted. Suddenly, the boy exclaimed, 'Now it is your turn to hold him down while I shit upon *him*!' For three hundred years, birds shitting upon them . . . so who would bother with lovemaking?"

COURTESY RAJNEESH FOUNDATION

Although Rajneesh has never visited America (he's "allergic" to people who don't bathe before meeting him), such teachings can be yours. Choose from more than 100 Rajneesh books. Visit one of the 15 Rajneesh centers (eight in California alone). Wear a Rajneesh T-shirt; see the Rajneesh movies; join the Rajneesh Tape-of-the-Month Club at your local spiritual bookstore. Follow Rajneesh and dance, cry, scream. You're not having a nervous breakdown; you're practicing "chaotic meditation."

—DON STRACHAN

## STEVE, WE HARLEY KNEW YE

**Steve Harley**, British scandal journalist–turned–hard rocker, is back in the U. S. of A. with his first solo album, *Hobo with a Grin.*

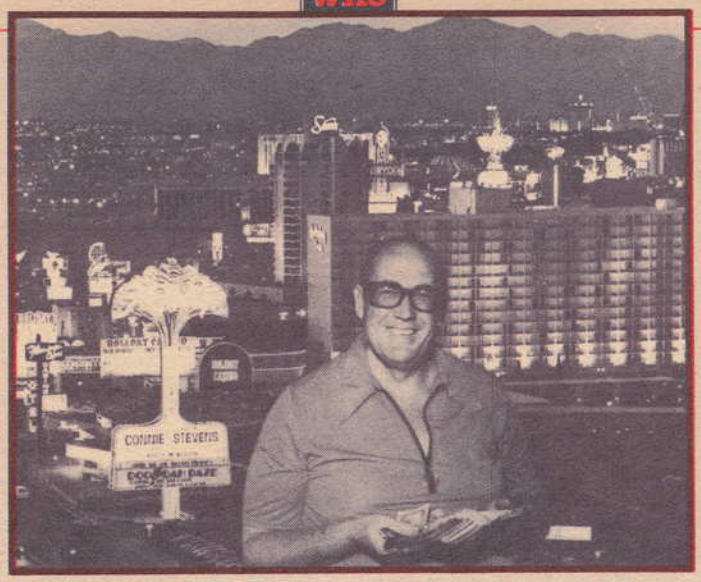
Harley, whose band **Cockney Rebel** had number-one records in every Western nation except the United States, gained an early reputation by taking on his fellow musicians in print. "I was very rude," he admits. "The rock industry needed it. No one ever spat at anyone else. Everyone was so polite. I was the first to ever murder anyone in public. It was a reaction to the post-Woodstock coma the industry was in during the early Seventies. The world was in a cocked-up state and none of that hippieness did an iota of good."

RICHARD E. AARON

A writer of neurotic and soul-searching songs, Harley curiously had his biggest hits with his own sprightly *Make Me Smile* and a charged-up version of *Here Comes the Sun.* His new positive outlook will be, he hopes, "more accessible" to an American audience. Then he shrugs: "If they don't buy it, I won't lose my arrogance or self-confidence. It's their fucking loss."

—P.G.

## A FEW CARDS UP HIS SLEEVE



**Doyle ("Texas Dolly") Brunson** has earned over $8 million at the poker tables. Recognized as the world's greatest "hold 'em" player, Brunson, now more than ever, has to keep an eye out for cheats, bluffers and armed hijackers.

"When you achieve my status as a professional poker player who's carrying around ten thousand dollars or more in his pocket, you've got a lot of people wanting to get the edge on you," he says. But getting the edge on Texas Dolly isn't easy. Being double-teamed by two partners in a raising situation is nothing compared to the more sophisticated stuff they throw at big players like Brunson, such as electronic surveillance or the use of glasses or even contact lenses chemically treated to pick up marks on cards.

So how does he protect himself against poker cheats? "You watch for out-of-the-ordinary things," says Brunson. "If you're consistently getting good hands beat, you become suspicious. One good way of neutralizing a cheat is to demand a second or even third cut of the deck." Obviously, every gambler wants to know Doyle's secrets. So he set up his own publishing company, B&G Publishing in Las Vegas, and along with **Alan Goldberg** (one of the nation's top poker writers), wrote his book, *Brunson's Super System for Power Poker.* But like any worthwhile game, the ante's awful steep—they're selling the book at $100 a shot. —RICK LANNING

## RAVAN-OUS HUNGER

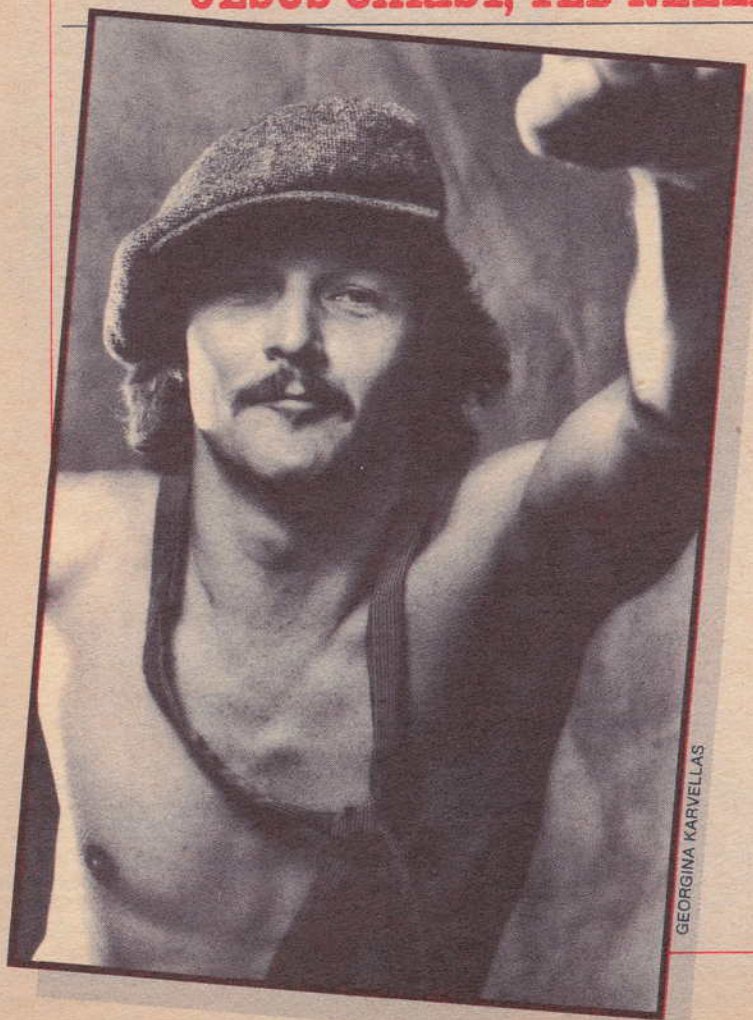
"I guess I've got nice boobs," admits rock-singer **Genya Ravan** with only slight humility. "I feel good wearing see-throughs."

The poster advertising her latest record, *Urban Desire*, features a man with an unnatural attraction to Genya's album cover. It was mysteriously banned in New York subways but was permitted on buses. Which may suggest that it's OK to do in broad daylight what you can't do in the shadows of the underground.

EBET ROBERTS

Genya's return to performing—after leaving her band **Ten Wheel Drive**—follows a long hiatus, during which she produced albums for acts such as the **Dead Boys** and learned enough to produce her own records. "I didn't feel like going into the studio and being seduced rather than produced," she explained. "People were fucking up on my albums. Four years ago I wanted to do a song called *You're No Good*, but my producer said, 'Ah, we'll get you something better.' And look what it did for **Linda Ronstadt**." —P.G.

## JESUS CHRIST, TED NEELEY'S BACK



GEORGINA KARVELLAS

**Ted Neeley**'s nickname on the set of **Robert Altman**'s *A Romance* was "The Asshole" but, hey, that doesn't mean the cast and crew didn't think he was a swell guy. It's a tribute to Ted's characterization of a leader of a rock band who "lives, eats, sleeps and breathes his music and can't understand anyone who does less."

Neeley first gained fame in the stage and movie versions of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, in which he played the Good Lord himself. Not bad for a Southern Baptist from the tiny town of Ranger, Texas. He was *Tommy* for six months in Los Angeles, *Ulysses* on the 1978 recording of the epic (which may also be produced as a stage show), and the chronicler of *A Day in the Decade* in the much-maligned *Rolling Stone 10th Anniversary TV Show.*

Acting success is nice, he says, but the one thing he wants more than anything is to again front his own band and go on tour. —P. G.

# BENSON SOAPS UP

**Robert Guillaume** was a 20-year stage veteran before landing his role as the smart-ass butler, Benson, on ABC's sitcom *Soap*. *Soap* was a hit. Benson was a hit. Not bad for Guillaume's first television part. Here he gives OUI some of the dirt behind *Soap* . . . from the black-hand side.

**OUI:** Does the role of Benson allow you the opportunity to say things that Robert Guillaume can't?

**GUILLAUME:** At times. There seems to be a notion among white people that if you hire someone to work in your house, that person is somehow servile far and beyond the service they render for what you pay. With Benson, I feel that I can in some way show the lie in all that.

**OUI:** How?

**GUILLAUME:** Well, for example, there was the episode where I was taking food to Jessica in jail; it was the first time that Benson was going to be seen outside of the kitchen. So they had to dress me in a suit. They first put a suit on me that was cut kind of nice. I'm slender, so if you put anything on me that's cut nicely, I'm going to look elegant. The producers never said anything to me, but they told the wardrobe mistress that they didn't like the suit. The next day she came to me and told me I couldn't wear it. Mind you now, I knew the suit was a little too hip, because Benson is a bit older and his style just wouldn't be that young; so I said cool. The next day she brought in what I call a "Porgy and Bess Special." The suit was a nondescript gray-black, with a narrow, out-of-fashion coat, high in the butt, and pants that pulled back at the ankles and hiked up . . .

**OUI:** Highwaters?

**GUILLAUME:** Yeah, highwaters—Mississippi mud crawlers. So I took one look at that suit and said, "I'm not wearing this, sweetheart." She said, "But you have to wear it," and I said, "No, that's one thing I don't have to do." The producers then sent down a directive that I was to wear that suit, and I immediately went into my fuming and high-smoke position, you know, with the eyeballs glazing and glaring. They said, "You can't wear a Pierre Cardin," and I said, "There's a vast difference between a Pierre Cardin and a Porgy-and-Bess Special." Then they told me, "Well, Benson doesn't have but one suit," and I said, "Wait a minute! You mean to tell me that this man who works for these wealthy people and has been shooting off his mouth for thirteen weeks on the show—that this cat is so unhip in terms of dress that he has *this* kind of suit and *only one*? I don't know any black people who don't have a sense of style if they're making any kind of money. Is Benson getting paid here or what?"

They said I looked too elegant. I told them, "The best I can give you is gray hair. I'm not giving you any stoops and shuffles, because we have established something other than that with this character."

**OUI:** How much input do you get in terms of your character, now that you've become one of the stars of the show?

**GUILLAUME:** Well, I don't get to give the input I'd like. You have to let them write the show, but they listen to me when something really upsets me, because I can usually explain specifically what it is that bothers me. For instance, there was an episode last season where Benson turned out to be the only credible witness the defending attorney could get. So they wrote the script so that Benson was demolished by the prosecuting attorney, who had found out that on the night in question, Benson was down the street having an assignation with Alma, a maid. When I first saw that, it hit me right in the gut. It reminded me of *Amos 'n' Andy*.

**OUI:** The idea that all you can do is cook and screw?

**GUILLAUME:** Yeah, it had that flavor. Now, **Sue Harris** [the creator of *Soap*] said that was not what she was intending to imply, and that Benson had to take his lumps, too. I said, "Yeah, but you don't understand. We blacks have had to deal with so much nonsense with films and these types of images. You make me feel like a nigger." I told her, "I thought I was playing a guy who transcended the color inherent in his role. Don't we have any responsibility to those black people who have come to love the show—not only because of Benson, but because they like the show? They shouldn't have to go, 'Oh, shit! Here it is again. Why did his testimony have to be repudiated on *those* grounds?' " In the end, they acceded.

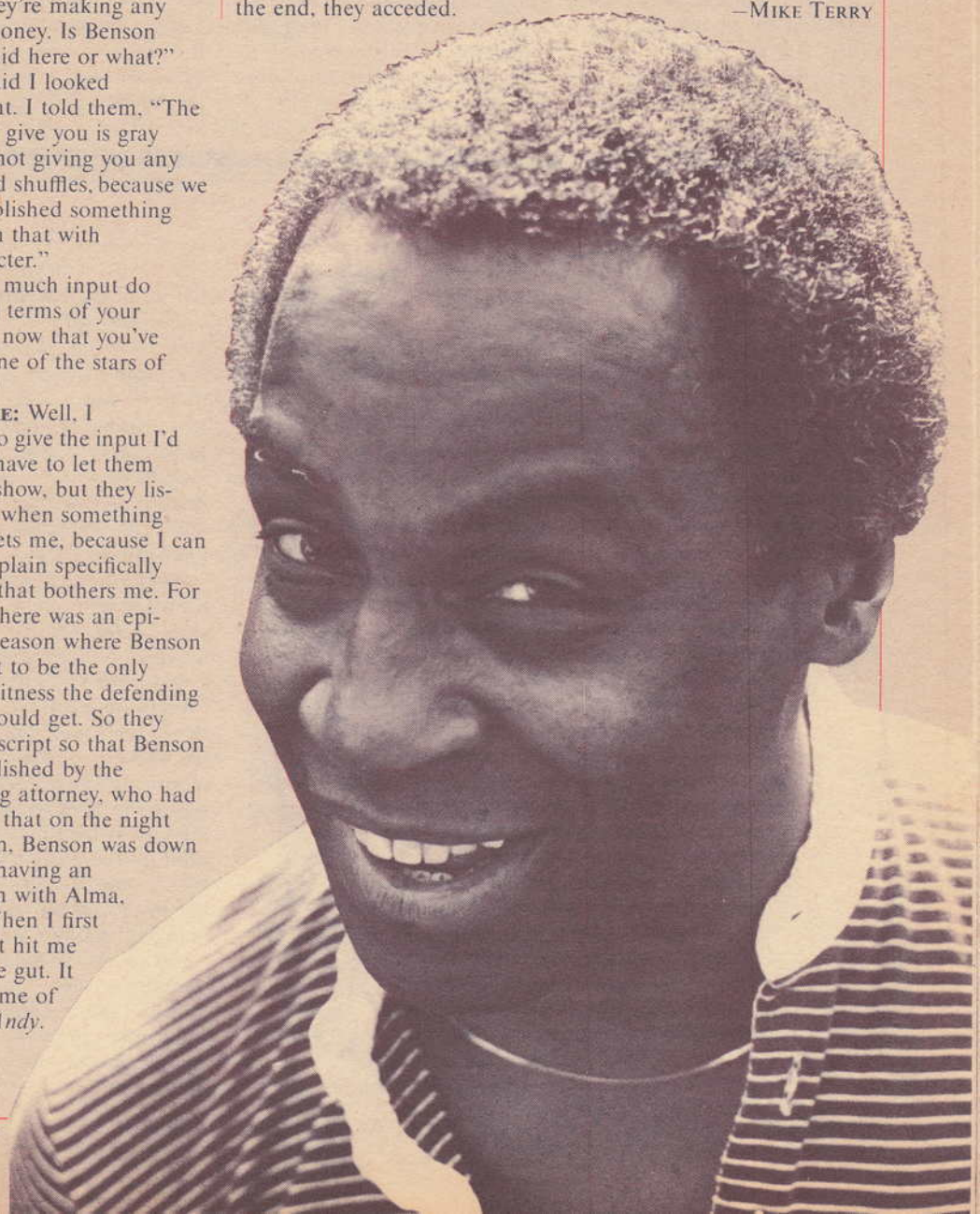
**OUI:** In the scene where you took Jessica her breakfast in jail, a hooker looked at you and said, "Benson!" and walked away as you looked around the corner, embarrassed. There was a flash of the black man/white woman stigma. How did you react to that?

**GUILLAUME:** I had that flash, too, but it was so brief I felt I shouldn't make an issue of it. I wanted Sue to explain it, but there again, I don't want to win the battles; I want to win the war.

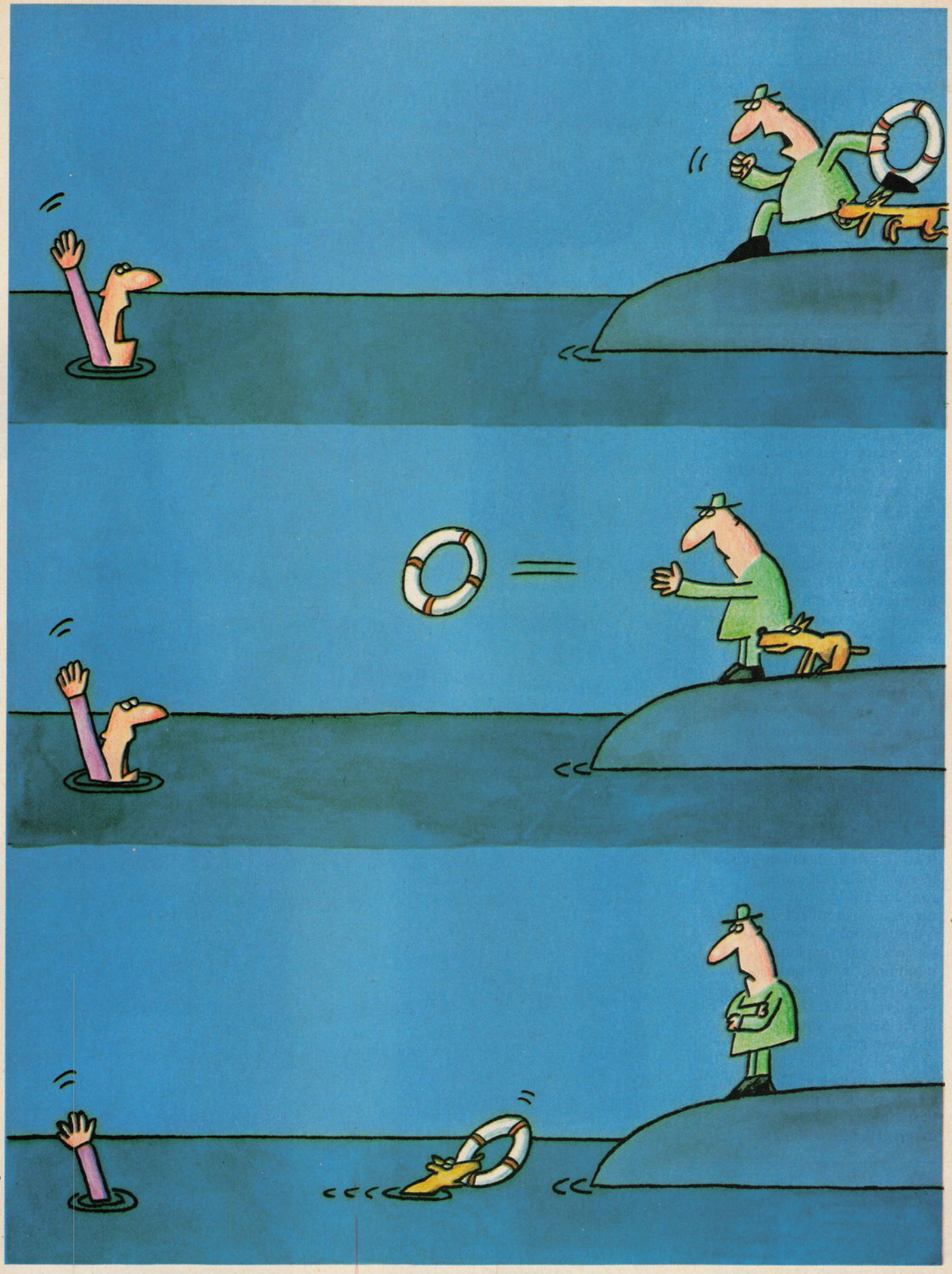
**OUI:** Where's Robert Guillaume going, and what's it going to take to get him there?

**GUILLAUME:** Oh, I don't know . . . I'll probably go back to the post office, because any more interviews like this and I'll be there.

—MIKE TERRY



DOUGLAS NESBITT



LAVILLE

## The Hard Stuff Starts at 101 Proof

# HI-TEST HOOCH

## By David Harrison

For those who like their liquor strong and straight, we have a selection of firewater fuels guaranteed to produce internal combustion. Each of the booze bombs pictured here packs a mind-warping wallop in excess of 100 proof. Eagle Rare is a surprisingly smooth ten-year-old Kentucky bourbon. At 101 proof, it's the heavyweight of American whiskies. Chartreuse Green, a cough-syrupy 110-proof liqueur, has been made exclusively by the Chartreux monks of France since 1764. The herbal ingredients (more than 130) of this devastating after-dinner drink have been more closely guarded than a nuclear secret. Ronrico Purple Label rum is a deceptive 151-proof demolition expert from Puerto Rico. It can be easily disguised in any number of exotic concoctions, but true connoisseurs take it neat. Double Tvarscki vodka, a formidable newcomer, explodes inhibitions in 160-proof doses. Despite the Russian moniker, Double TV is made in the Midwest with good old American grain. Everclear, at 190 proof, is just shy of pure grain alcohol. The label clearly cautions that this liquid lightning is highly flammable. Handle with care. □

**Double Tvarscki Vodka**
**160 proof**
**American Distilling Co.**
**San Francisco**

**Eagle Rare Bourbon**
**101 proof**
**Old Prentice Distillery**
**Lawrenceburg, Kentucky**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM HENMAN
ILLUSTRATION BY FRED NELSON

**Ronrico Purple Label Rum**
**151 proof**
**Ronrico Rum Co.**
**Arecibo, Puerto Rico**

**Everclear Grain Alcohol**
**190 proof**
**American Distilling Co.**
**San Francisco**

**Chartreuse Green Liqueur**
**110 proof**
**Schieffelin & Co.**
**New York**

Hell
hath no fury
like an
honest woman
on her
honeymoon

# Hurricane

How can I explain a hurricane? The way it blows and rips and bends the truth. The way it turns back on itself and terrorizes from the opposite direction, making itself a lie.

As Elizabeth's only relative, Bentley has a right to know what happened. I have his telegram open before me. His earlier letters are stacked in a neat pile to my left. And yes, we've heard the phone ringing. Perhaps it was he who called at 2 A.M. last week. In my grogginess I nearly answered. Elizabeth does not answer at all now.

The last time we spoke to Bentley was just after the wedding. He thumped his umbrella like a member of parliament and squinted at me through octagonal-shaped glasses, saying it was all so clear to him, so obvious that Elizabeth and I were right for each other. Not just *right*. More than that. Destined to change each other's lives, he said. And then he sailed for England, while Elizabeth and I flew off to Palm Haven for our honeymoon.

When we landed, the afternoon sky was only partially overcast; it was windless and warm. I rented a small cabin back from the water, with fine white sand running right up to the doorsill. Elizabeth stood at

Fiction by
**GEOFF NEAL**

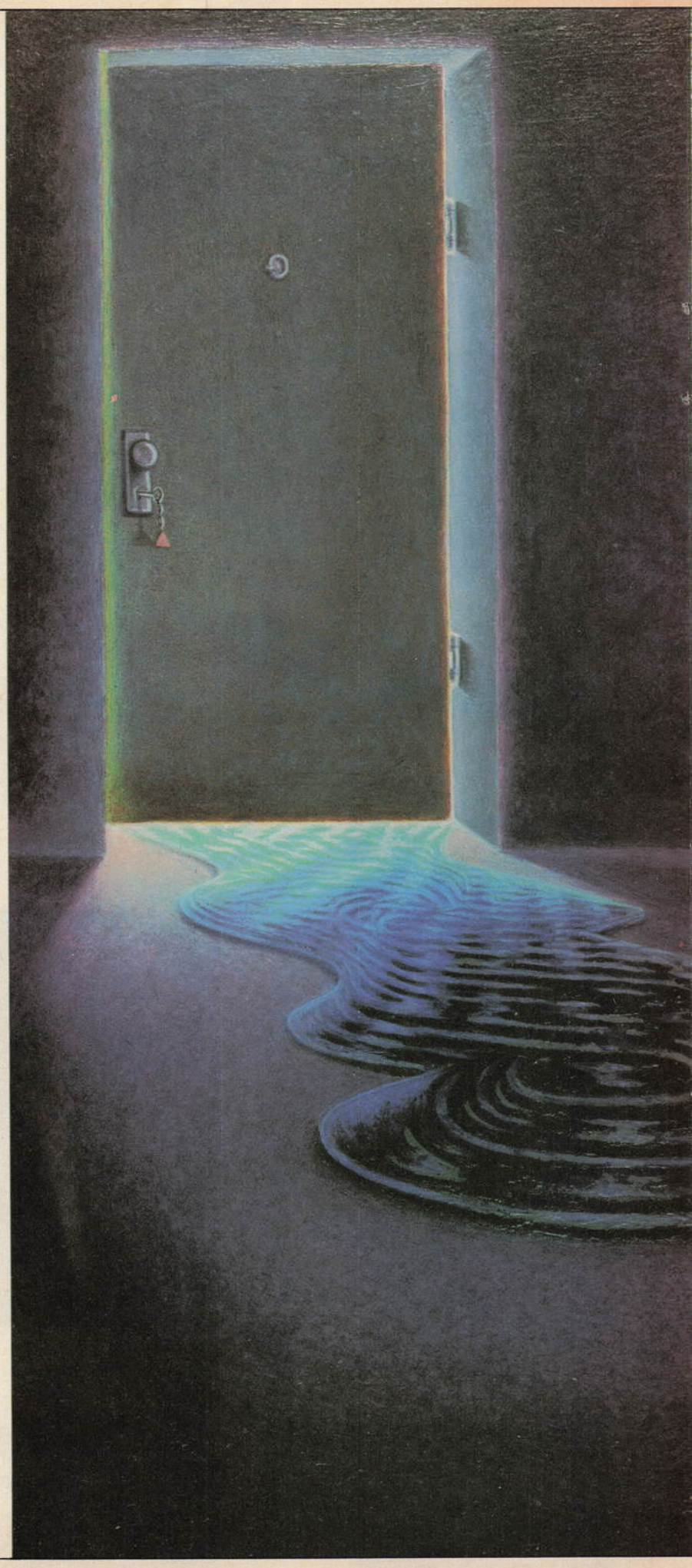


ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LYKES

**HURRICANE** "We've got to make a run for it," I shouted. Elizabeth sat defiantly naked on the bed, her raincoat tossed carelessly over bare shoulders. "You go on," she said.

the window, looking out at the dull haze lowering over breaking waves. Each roll of green sea rumbled like August thunder. Other cabins tilted off in a jagged string to the south. A few had been painted blue or yellow, but most, like our own, were weathered and peeling. Here and there a thin juniper struggled to grow in the sand behind the cabins. There was no clue to disaster. What could we have seen?

Our cabin smelled damp inside, a mixture of salt and unripe lemon. "It's perfect," Elizabeth said, and suddenly she was happy as a schoolgirl. She even tried to recite English poetry. " 'The tide is full, the moon lies fair upon the straits.' " She hesitated. "Something-something 'drear and naked shingles of the world,' but I can't remember."

"What's this talk about naked?" I asked. "We allow no nudity here. And as for shingles, everybody can eat fruit."

We laughed and danced around each other. It was perfect. Nothing had ever felt so good. We'd never felt so free, so honest. The light turned gray, coming from behind her so that her face was shadowed in darkness. At that moment I saw her more clearly, more lovely than ever before. We made love—not for the first time, of course. Her breasts were almost hard, the nipples erect and tingling. I could barely hold back as I felt the muscles in her pulling, while watching her neck and back arch, hearing her breathe, hearing her huff and moan so finely loving. And afterward, as we lay listening to the wind that came up suddenly, I felt I knew her as well as any human being ever could.

"We have to make a promise," she said softly into my chest, "a vow."

"We've already made our vows."

"No," she insisted. "This one is personal." She pushed closer to me. The wind howled and pounded outside. It growled about our cabin like background music in a Gothic romance.

"We have to vow honesty," she whispered. "Total honesty. That's the only way it will stay this perfect."

I was in the mood to promise anything, of course. But Bentley's words came back to me. Destined to change each other's lives, he had said. And perhaps this seemed a genuine opportunity—to make love perfection through total, uncompromising honesty. Honesty would be the bond, the cement. Honesty above all else. Honesty would become our virginity and purify our relationship.

Several hours must have passed while we talked and made love again. And then the rain began, but not like any rain you've ever heard. It crashed against the roof and windows like angry waves. We sat up in bed, and we could hear the ocean beating like timpani drums against the beach. I tried to laugh, but Elizabeth was afraid.

"It's a storm," I said, sounding inane. I jumped out of bed and my feet landed in a stream of water flowing from under the door. Through the window I could see nothing. No lights anywhere. The electricity was off. "Stop the ship from sinking," I shouted gaily. "All hands on deck."

"Aye, aye, captain," came her weak reply. I liked the idea that she was afraid and I was there to save her. I sloshed around bravely, tearing sheets and pillowcases from the bed and stuffing them under windows and doorsills—but still the water poured in. I kept trying to make jokes. "No slagging, mates. Shore up the starboard side."

The water poured in. Cold water, and salty. I could feel the brine on my feet and hands. The terrific roar outside never ceased, and the booming ocean seemed, if anything, to grow ever more threatening. "It's no use. We'd better get dressed and try to keep warm. We're safe as long as we stay inside." I didn't feel like making jokes and Elizabeth wasn't laughing.

One of our suitcases had been carelessly tossed on the floor under the window, and most of her things—her jeans, a couple of sweaters, tennis shoes, everything she needed—were soaked. Her only dry clothes hung in a plastic clothes bag. Several delicate evening dresses and an expensive white summer suit, all new and crisp. Perhaps it was my fault. My things were dry. I tried to convince her to wear one of my shirts but she refused. And she refused to sit on top of a bare mattress in an evening gown.

You know how a woman is, how she can turn on you in a second. Suddenly Elizabeth was cold, accusing me silently. To a man, it would have been an accident. To Elizabeth, it was a reflection on my masculinity. It was obvious that the more the storm roared and the cabin shook, the less I became in her eyes. Why had I rented a cabin on the beach? Why this beach? Why had I left the suitcase under the window? Why hadn't I planned ahead?

We did both have raincoats; so I sat warm, fully dressed and raincoated on the mattress. She sat defiantly naked on the other side, her raincoat tossed carelessly over bare shoulders. About 1 A.M. someone pounded on our door. "High tides!" the voice shouted. "High tides—get off the beach!"

Before I reached the door I saw his flashlight pass by the window, weaving off hurriedly in the rain toward the next cabin. But the feeling of slivered ice cutting the hollow of my stomach was caused by the glimpse of what I saw in his light. The ocean that had been almost 50 yards from the row of cabins when we arrived now broke in frothy crashes at their very doors.

"We've got to make a run for it," I shouted. I kicked heavily soaked sheets away from the doorsill and gripped the knob. I felt the whole door tremble in the surging wind.

"Elizabeth, come on; we can't wait."

She sat unmoving on the edge of the mattress, holding her raincoat closed over bare breasts, her naked legs crossed and swinging petulantly.

"Elizabeth, my God—this is no time to sulk."

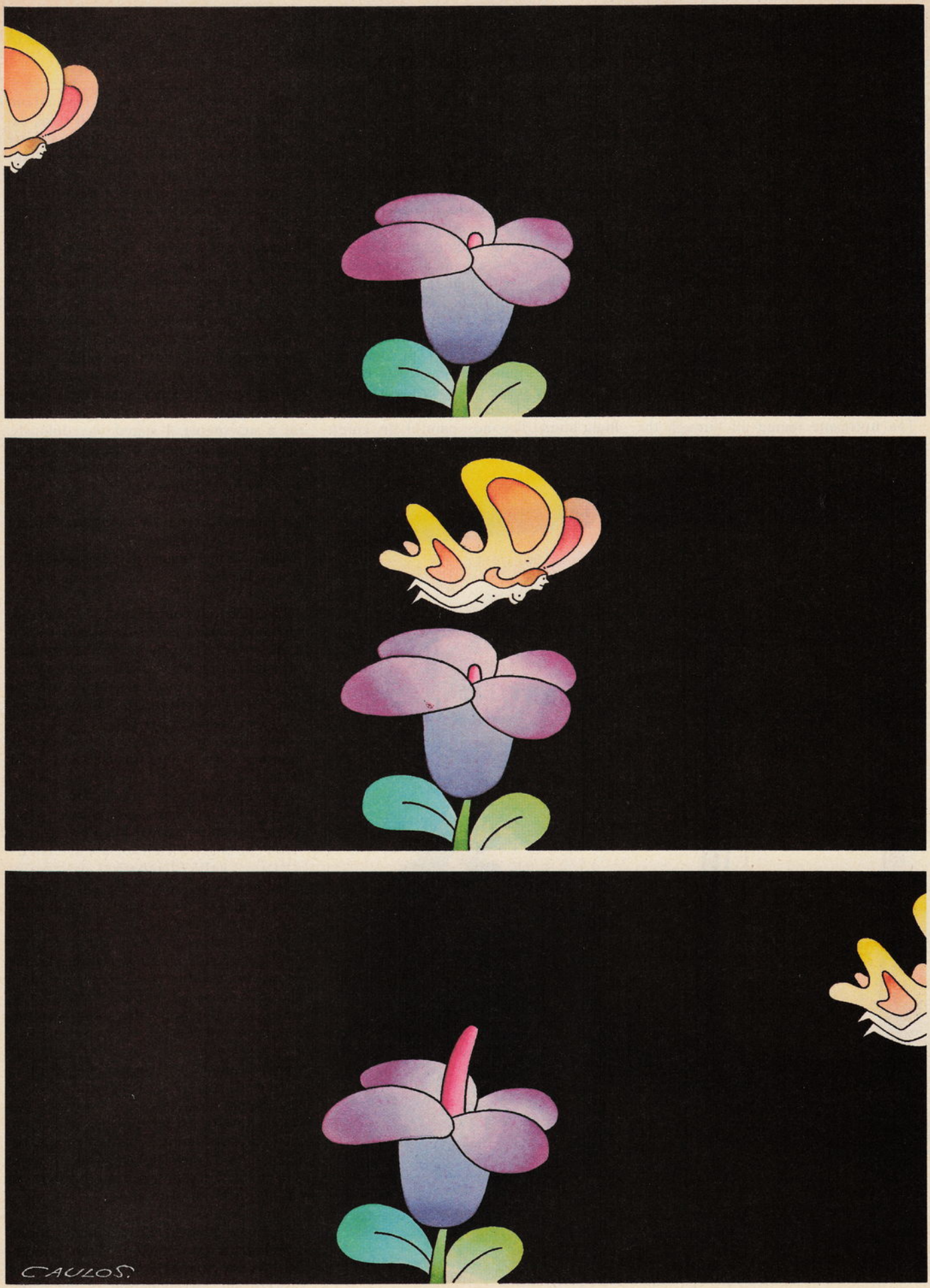
"You go on," she said after a moment. Her voice sounded strange and detached.

I grabbed her wrist and dragged her to the door. There was no time for gentle persuasion. She did not resist. She acted completely disinterested in what was happening or in where I might lead her. In some odd way I had already failed her; everything was ruined. She stood patiently while I fumbled to close one or two buttons on her raincoat. I gripped her wrist again, braced myself and threw open the door.

The rain and wind hit me like a fist. In an instant, my pants below my raincoat clung in drenched folds to my legs. The cold water poured off my head and down my neck, and before we had run six steps in the dark, even my raincoat had soaked through at the shoulders. The ocean was terrifyingly loud, and in the twisting, battering wind, I felt as if I were struggling to walk upright in a perilously narrow space between two passing freight trains. Everything was black, except for the eerie quality of white foam crashing at our feet. We could see nothing. I ran awkwardly, pulling Elizabeth by the wrist. My feet sank in the sand and my sodden clothes weighed me down. Elizabeth almost seemed to hold back in the whomphing explosions from the sea. Somewhere I could hear men's voices shouting—just sounds, no words, no direction. For a moment I thought I saw a light in what I calculated ought to be the direction of the village. Elizabeth slipped and pulled me down with her, and that was when the ocean landed on our heads, a whale of churning, pulling, choking salt water.

It knocked me facedown into the sand, and the strange thing I remember most clearly was the swelling rage in my chest. The determination to live that I didn't even know I had, trying to grab hold of something, anything—choking, gasping, my arms flailing as the wave spun me over and over. I didn't panic, which surprises me

*Geoff Neal claims he wrote this story long before Dino de Laurentiis set sail for Bora Bora to make the movie.*


CAULOS.

**HURRICANE** "I don't know how long we were there. They didn't force me. I don't know what it was, but something got all twisted in me and I wanted what they did."

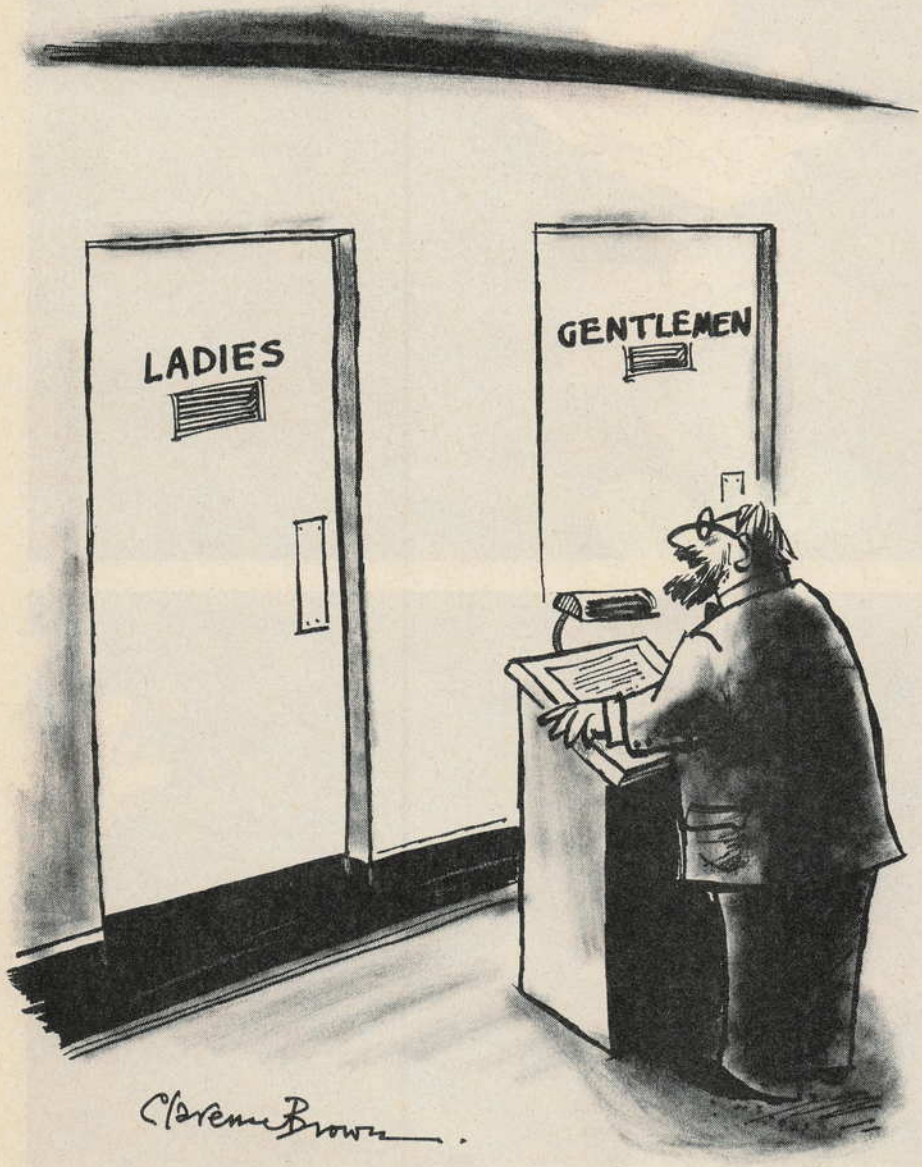
even now, but I went sort of crazy in an angry way. I couldn't have been under more than five seconds. It seemed far longer. When I was standing again, the water pulling back fast over my ankles, Elizabeth was gone.

I tried to shout but all I could do was cough and gasp. Salt water burned like raw vinegar in my throat. I ran wildly, hearing only that incredible roar, trying to gasp out Elizabeth's name, panicked now as to whether I ought to go for help or keep running along the beach in the dark.

In the Hollywood movies, such a storm always lets up by dawn. In the gray morning light on a debris-strewn beach, the girl's body is found, twisted and nude, but still lovely. Nothing like that happened.

The hurricane roared all through the next day, and after it calmed a bit and I thought it was all over, the whole thing roared back again from the opposite direction. I worked with search teams and state police along 20 miles of beach, checking with emergency refugee centers, existing on coffee and Red Cross sandwiches, feeling all the time a sense of fatal detachment, as if it really had nothing to do with me, even though I screamed hysterically at some police captain that he had to give me more men to search for Elizabeth.

After three days I gave up on finding her, but still I couldn't leave. I was trapped in Palm Haven by the floods. In something like a sadistic punishment, I was forbidden to leave the scene of the crime. It wasn't until the fourth day that I could catch a flight home. The most painful, dry emptiness overwhelmed me when I reached our apartment. Everything was still bare, except for the antique secretary and a sofa we had purchased, and a few boxes of half-opened gifts. The silver tea set Bentley had given us sat by the radiator under a curtainless window. It was a cool morning for August. Long yellow squares of light formed on hardwood floors. The rooms smelled of fresh paint. I stood in the doorway of the empty apartment and felt all the incredible, exposed nakedness of my life. I opened the door to the bedroom. Elizabeth sat at her ease on the bed, legs crossed, polishing her fingernails.




*"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen . . ."*

She wore a new beige linen suit with a stylish long skirt. She glanced up at me as if I had just run down to the corner store for a newspaper. I stared incredulously. After several moments of feigned concern with her nails—brushing, dipping, brushing—she looked up again.

"Just getting home?"

I slumped down on my suitcase. "Where the hell have you been?"

She held out one hand and observed her nails. "We mustn't shout. I'm sure there's no need to shout."

I could barely contain myself. "My God, where have you been? How long have you been home? Do you know I've spent a week searching for you? Do you know the police are searching for your body right now? My God, Elizabeth, do you know what I've been through?"

She stood and smoothed the wrinkles from her skirt. "There was no way I could reach you."

She came over to me and held my face in the palms of her hands, careful to keep her fingers extended until her nails dried. "Don't be angry. I'll tell you about it later."

"Later, hell! Elizabeth, I practically killed myself over you. I thought you were dead. You owe me at least some kind of explanation."

She sighed as if I were a bothersome child. "It's really nothing exciting. A couple of hours after we got separated, I stumbled across a highway. A retired couple picked me up." She went into the bathroom and checked her makeup.

"I think they were tourists," she said over her shoulder. "Anyway, they'd been driving all night in an old Chevrolet to escape the hurricane. On their way to Massachusetts, if I remember. I realized it would be days before I could catch a plane home—and I was frightened—so I went with them. They dropped me off here. It wasn't much out of their way."

That was all.

For three days she refused to talk about it. At her request I slept on the living-room sofa. We ate separately. When I begged for answers, she locked herself in the bath-

room and ran the water. We lived in shattering silence—as if both of us were waiting for the other to say some magic word to release the spell, to allow us to begin again. Or end it.

In the middle of the third night, she woke me up. She sat on the edge of the sofa in pale streetlight from the still-curtainless windows. Her gown was flimsy and transparent, so I could see a shadowy outline of full breasts rising and falling softly. She told me about it then in a small voice. Because she wanted to be honest. We had to be honest, she said.

She went over it from the beginning this time, recalling the rain and waves, the crashing waves and rain. She told how she had struggled up and run from the beach, crazy, terrified, not even looking back to see what happened to me. And how, after an hour or so, she had stumbled onto a highway in the dark rain, where she waved her arms and shouted as car after car swept past before a pickup truck finally stopped. And then, she confessed, it had not been an old retired couple at all.

"There were two men." Her voice quavered. "One was named Sack, the other Billy Don. They were sympathetic at first, but they kept glancing at each other and smirking. After a while they started to say things to me." Her voice grew even smaller. She began to talk as if she were reciting from memory, as if she had been rehearsing it over and over in her mind. "I tried to laugh it off," she said, "but I was so tired and so confused. I put my head on Sack's shoulder and cried. He took my hand and placed it between his legs. I could feel the hard throbbing and I began to rub. It didn't seem to matter. The rain kept hitting the windshield, and somehow I found myself unzipping his pants and taking the swollen wet head of his cock in my mouth. Even before he could come, Billy Don had pulled into a motel."

Elizabeth was silent. "I'm going to be honest," she said, her voice faint and very small. "I don't know how long we were there. A couple of days, I suppose. They didn't force me. I don't know what it was, but something got all twisted in me and I wanted what they did. I masturbated them both at the same time and caught the come on my breasts. I fucked them in turn, and I remember Sack's wet balls slapping my buttocks as he drove his cock in and out of me. And then they brought me home. It was a long drive and there were two other motels on the way home. Billy Don gave me a hundred dollars and told me to get out at the next stoplight. With nothing on but my raincoat, I walked along the streets for a while and bought some clothes at a store on Thirteenth Street, or maybe Thirty-first Street—I don't remember. And then you came. It was the same afternoon you came home."

I was stunned but I wasn't angry. Just thankful I had her back again. She had

ONLY $14.95 a pair
Sizes Small, Medium and Large choice of Black or Beige

## Nothing feels quite so good as pure silk!

Now – for those legs you love the most – surround them with silk for an unrivalled feeling of smooth, sensual luxury you'll both get off on. These are the finest, sheerest, 100% Pure Silk Stockings you can find... not nylon, not imitation, but just like the ones that made the American GI's so popular. They're perfect in every detail and ideal for today's fashion look as well as private "costume" parties! Pay your favorite pair of legs the attention they deserve. Put them into silk and see how long you can resist taking them off again!

**Valentine Fashions** Dept. SL-117
**P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022**

YES, please rush me the Silk Stockings in the quantity and sizes indicated below. If I am not completely satisfied with them I may return them within 14 days for a complete refund – no questions asked. I have enclosed a check or money order for $14.95 plus $1.50 for postage and handling. ($16.45, N.Y. residents please add Sales Tax).

| Quantity | Size | Color | $ Amount |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | TOTAL | |

Name _____

Signature _____
(Sign name as it appears on credit card)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CHARGE IT! ☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA Exp. Date ☐☐

Acc't No. ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ Interbank No. ☐☐☐☐☐

**The most beautiful book about love ever!**

LOVE GAMES

**...the illustrated guide to sexual adventure!**

It's finally here! The book everyone who likes to love has been waiting for. All those subtle variations you've always dreamed about are here...demonstrated for you by two of the most beautiful people you've ever seen. A wonderful young couple—a blond Adonis and his sultry Oriental partner—explore the outer limits of ecstasy and eroticism. LOVE GAMES breaks new ground and probes the virgin areas of sensuality because it not only tells you how to make things happen, it *shows you how it can happen!* In honest, revealing photos and a truly sensitive text, the entire range of the act of love is joyously explored for you!
Order this "Art Book of Love" today. You'll never be more fascinated and aroused in your life! But you had better order in some food because you may not leave the bedroom for a few weeks!

**Valentine Products, Inc.**
P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022 XG-175

Enclosed is my check or money order for **$9.95** plus $1.00 for postage and handling. ($10.95, N.Y. residents add sales tax.) Please rush my copy of **Love Games** to me immediately. I understand that if it doesn't do everything you say it will, I can return it in 14 days for a complete refund—no questions asked! (Code 741)

Name _____

Signature _____
(I am over 18 years of age)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Canadian Residents send order to: Valentine Products, Inc., P.O. Box 4077, Station "A", Toronto M5W 2A6

**MASTURBATION**
The Art of Self Enjoyment

An erotic and explicit book in both text and photos that explodes the myths and predjudices about masturbation and autoeroticism. Lavishly illustrated with over 190 explicit photographs in color and black and white showing masturbatory techniques. Guaranteed to turn you on and on and on ... ! Only $9.95. Our illustrated 40-page catalog features dozens of erotic books, plus condoms, sex aids and more! Catalog Subscription (4 issues) $2. 1978 PPA

Send $9.95 or $2 to: ADAMEVE, Box 400, Dept. OU9-L Carrboro, NC 27510.
Your money refunded in full if you are not delighted.

FOR SALE
All Back Issues of **PLAYBOY**
From first issue (Vol. 1, No. 1) to present issues. Send $1.00 for complete price list. Your $1.00 is refunded on first order.
We also buy old Playboys and Playboy calendars, Playgirls and Penthouses, etc. In excellent condition. Send list of what you have.
**Clints Book Store**
3943-A Main, Kansas City, Missouri 64111

**ADULTS ONLY!**
**WORLD'S GREATEST SELECTION!** Vibrators, Masturbators, Lotions, Potions, Erection Aids, Penis Aids, Lifelike Vaginas, Luscious Dolls, Squirming Sex Toys and much, much more. **PLUS** a super selection of Books and Magazines (at discount prices). **RUSH** $1.00 (postage and handling) for fantastic erotic catalogs. State age over 21.
**NEW TRENDS** Box 2124OE, Lowell, MA 01851

9½ WEEKS

**A LOVE STORY**
BY ELIZABETH McNEILL

**It began as a casual affair. It ended, nine and a half weeks later, in a shattering climax of bondage, humiliation and ecstasy.**

A memoir of a love affair—one of the most powerful, sensitive and unusual *true* stories ever written!

"Time and again the author tells us something that makes the reader think: ah, she couldn't have invented *that!*"
—*Newsweek*

"Powerful, horrifying, erotic."
—*The New York Times*

$2.50

Available where paperbacks are sold.

Berkley Books

# HURRICANE

been honest, don't you see? I held her for hours. She cried against me, clung to me. After that I worked hard at the agency, and Elizabeth began furnishing the apartment with prints and throw rugs and pillows. It had been a horrible beginning, but neither of us discussed it. We were the same again—or we tried to be.

There was always an underlying tension we pretended wasn't there, hoping to recapture the perfection we had known in the hours before the hurricane. I found it best to stay up late working on the apartment. Painting trim, building bookcases. Anything that would send us to bed tired. A week passed, maybe ten days. Again Elizabeth awoke me in the night; the room was so black I couldn't see her face. I knew she was crying but she refused to let me turn on the light. The time had come for the truth.

"I've got to tell you," she said. "I can't keep pretending. I can't be dishonest forever. The whole thing was a lie, the whole thing. Maybe the hurricane got me all twisted or disoriented. I don't know. I can't explain why, but it didn't happen like that at all."

I tried to hold her in the dark as I had the last time, but she wouldn't let me. She had to be honest this time. We went over it again. The running on the beach in the rain, the wave that caught us, her panic. She repeated every detail, as if in desperate attempt to make it finally genuine. Reaching the highway with her hair wet in her eyes, afraid to stop a car, afraid of me, shivering nude under her raincoat, confused, uncertain where she was or where she was fleeing to. And then the headlights of a car glaring in the rain while she raised her arms to stop it. The car wavering, seeming to slow, and then speeding on past her. The brake lights coming on, then off, then on as it finally stopped, the red lights scumbled on the oily wet blacktop. The details convinced me. I knew this time I was hearing the real thing.

I don't know how to describe her as she told me all this. It was like a trance. The words flowed as if she were living it as she saw it before her, there in the dark. "Some broad in a Cadillac," Elizabeth said. "One of those types with bleached hair and five diamond rings. She was older than me—thirty-five, maybe. She must have played tennis every morning and golf every afternoon. Even in the reflection from the car lights I could see how tanned her face was. She called me 'honey' and never stopped talking. She was so nervous and kept looking at me in a strange way and telling me how she almost hadn't stopped because she was afraid of looters. She said looters came out in a hurricane like worms in a rain. She owned a summer home twenty-five miles up the coast, and that's where we were going at sixty miles an hour through that storm.

"In the last hurricane looters stole two color TVs, she said. This time she had cash hidden in a drawer, and her shitfaced husband—that's what she called him—he refused to drive that far in a hurricane just to protect a few thousand dollars. She went on and on about it, and when we arrived at the summer house she made me wait in the dining room until she checked out her hidden cash. Afterward, we had several bourbons on ice. The rain and wind kept up for so long. It pounded against the windows until I wanted to scream. It kept pounding and roaring and pounding.

"She could see how upset I was. She took me in her arms and rocked me, and that's when she discovered I was naked under my raincoat. She kept saying, 'Honey, you poor thing,' and pretty soon she had me stripped and was rubbing my breasts with a towel. She made me lie down while she massaged my back—to warm me, she said—rubbing her hands up and down my flesh and over my buttocks. She began to kiss me. I was so tired. I don't know; it just seemed all right. She undressed and I let her tongue me between my legs, her lips sucking, tonguing it, practically swallowing it, until I thought I'd die from the waves of pleasure that rocked me."

Elizabeth paused as if listening even then to the distant wind or to some drunken conversation, the memory of it all still flowing through her like the screening of a black-and-white home movie in her mind. After several long minutes, she lay down in bed and rolled over, her back to me. She pulled the blanket over her.

"And that's all?" I asked. "What happened? Surely you owe me more."

She said something. A mumble.

"What?"

This time her voice was bitter in the dark. "I said I stabbed her with a knife. I couldn't find the money. She had a hundred in her purse, and I took it and drove home in her car. I murdered her. That's what really happened. I murdered her."

Elizabeth had the blanket up to her chin, her face to the wall. "I took a butcher knife from the kitchen." The words came slowly, from far away. "I meant to stab her in the chest while she was sleeping, but she heard me, I suppose. I don't know. She sat up just as I brought it down, and instead of hitting her in the chest, I stabbed her in the eye. All I remember is the hot blood streaming down over her breasts and pooling on her stomach."

The next morning, Bentley's first letter arrived, asking us how we had enjoyed our honeymoon. He sounded ebullient and pleased, hinting about how his estate might be put into a trust for any children

*"What filthy weather, Mildred!"*

**HURRICANE** I could say she misunderstood—that a wave forced me to push her away. As I ran, I fervently hoped she would drown so I would never have to explain.

we should have, going on about our future. How could we answer? What words could we find?

I tried once again to understand and to accept what Elizabeth had told me. To forgive, if you will, although I never used that word, for I was never sure it was my place to do the forgiving. And both of us tried, once again, to create a normal life for ourselves. We did not mention the past; we went out of our way to avoid the present. We worked on our apartment until it was overworked, and then we talked about moving because nothing we had done seemed to please us. The apartment reeked of the past.

Bentley's letters kept arriving ever more frequently, at first joking, then concerned, finally angry. Elizabeth said nothing. She saved each one carefully in the antique secretary, but it was impossible to respond. Bentley, like everyone else, was a significant part of the past.

The worst that haunted us was that guilty obsession with honesty. That repeated vow we made to each other in the beginning. That god-awful commandment for total truth that made everything seem perfect. Without it, Elizabeth's first lie would have satisfied us; her first tale would have endured between us as probable, reasonable, acceptable. But the inhuman demand that we forsake external logic for some interior honesty—that's what split our souls, like a broken vase of which none of the pieces fit back together. Elizabeth was never absolutely confident she had revealed it all to me, never clear that what had been told and what remembered were in fact what really happened. Until she awoke screaming in the night.

More than six weeks had passed and the hurricane was still beating at us. A cold October rain shushed against the dark window of our bedroom, and Elizabeth cried that I had to tell her the truth. I had to be honest with her. I had to. I could no longer go on hurting her that way, day after day, allowing her to look at me in the morning, in the evening. At her husband, you see. It was painful to tell her, but no more painful than being silent.

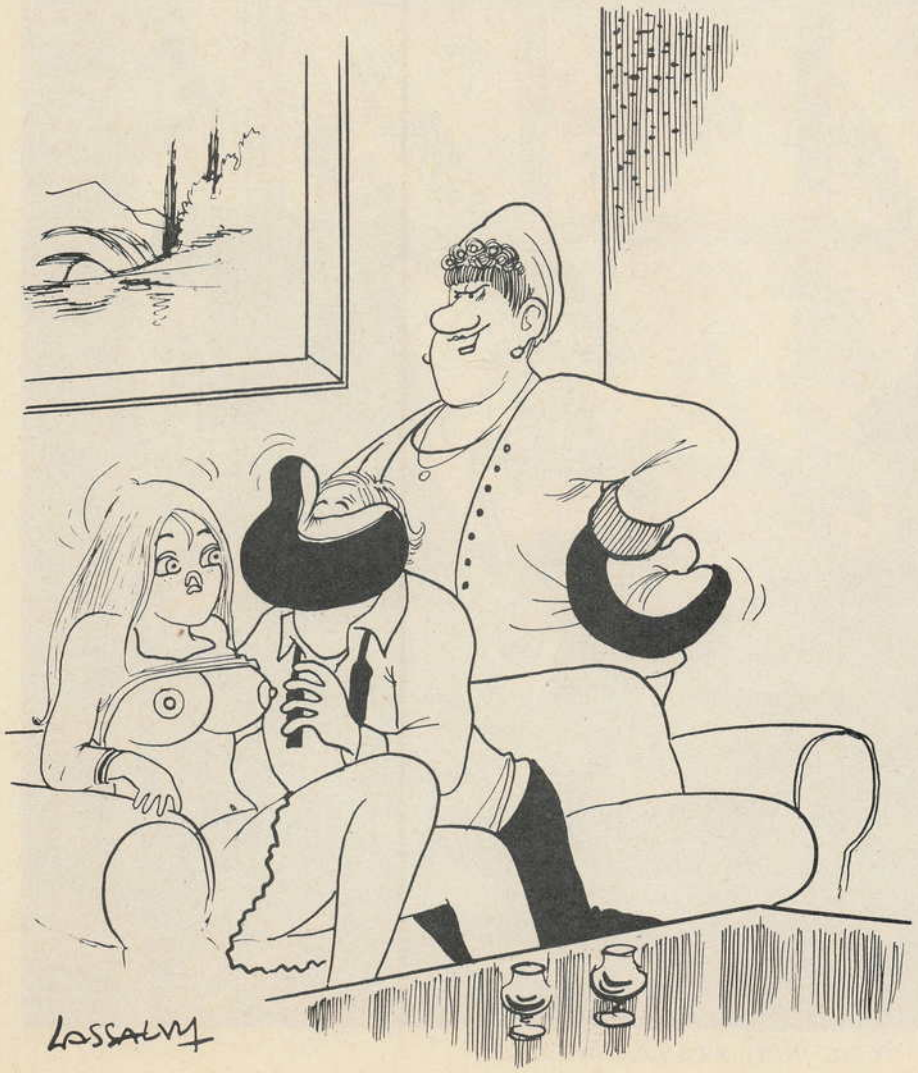
When the wave hit I went down, letting go of her wrist, trying to brace my fall, to protect myself, already choking and coughing on the cold salt water, even before it smacked my face into the sand. And then panicking, flailing my arms and legs, I forced myself up. Elizabeth reached for me, trying to hold on to me for help. I threw off her hand, afraid it would drag me down. I remember my foot kicking her stomach as I struggled. Then I was up and running, panting and coughing, the mucus draining from my nose. I knew even while it was happening that I was hysterical, unable to stop, that my body was running on its own.

The rain and wind washed against me, drenched me, drowned me. Maybe I ran in circles. I don't remember. I just know I had to keep running, for within moments I was clearly aware of what I had done. Ten thousand possibilities blundered through my panic. I could say the force of the wave separated us, that it was the crashing water that pushed her back and thrust me forward. I could say she misunderstood my actions, that I had really tried to grasp her, reaching out for her when another wave struck me and accidentally forced me to push her away. I remember as I ran in the dark that I tried not to hope she would drown. And yet I fervently hoped she would so I would never have to explain.

I ran and stumbled and ran until I could see lights ahead, at first blurred and then finally recognizable. It was some kind of highway, and I climbed its cindery banks, my clothes weighing against me like cold sodden blankets. I began waving my arms and the very first car stopped. A Chevrolet. It pulled over quickly in the rain, the roof light coming on as the door was held open for me. An old couple, tourists, if I remember. They had been driving all night to escape the hurricane, on their way to Massachusetts.

Elizabeth listened silently as I related my story, her eyes small and dark. Finally she said, "You owe me more than that. I died every day out there searching that beach for your body, living on Red Cross sandwiches and cold coffee. You owe me more than that."

And, of course, I do. The real truth will have to come out. The ugly truth. The unbearable fracture between us will drive us to honesty if nothing else, and then it will be perfect again. Until then, I hope Bentley does not bother us. I hope he stays home. I hope he doesn't write or phone. This is something we have to work out for ourselves. □



# RICK BARRY

*(Continued from page 54)*

advertise the joys of good, clean California living.)

At Miami, Rick was finally able to get his dental troubles taken care of, but the personality defects, he says, still remained. "I'd spent five years in this shell and it was a very difficult thing to break out of. It took me a long time, even up to when I got into the pros, before I was finally able to open up and be able to look at people and talk to them, feel comfortable with them. And I really feel that this was a basis for a lot of my problems early on in my career, because people formed an opinion of me then and there and never changed it.

"But meeting Pam when I did—even though it kind of curtailed my career with girls; I mean, I only went out with one or two girls before we got together—was a blessing, because otherwise I would probably still be out there being a playboy and what have you. As it was, I settled down and concentrated on the basketball end of things. Miami had the reputation of being a wild place, but it wasn't like that for me. I didn't drink, and I always wound up driving everybody else home after they got bombed. But mostly it was basketball. I would literally go out at eleven or twelve o'clock at night and play for hours—play one-on-one with the team manager. All I really cared about was being a great basketball player. I worked at it all the time."

So engrossed was he, he says, that most of the political and social upheaval of the Sixties passed him right on by. "I don't read much, anyway; I just can't sit still that long," he says. "And I hate politics, so I just never paid that much attention to it. I think I basically agreed with a lot of the stuff that was going on, but it didn't have any earth-shattering effect on me.

"I accept a lot of things. The women's liberation movement, for example—I think it's great. I think women are nuts if they carry it to extremes, where they don't want to accept it if a man wants to buy the dinner and open the door for them and treat them like a woman. I mean, there's nothing wrong with being treated like a woman, provided she's not prevented from having the opportunities that a man has. Same way with the underprivileged, the blacks and Chicanos. If they have the ability, they should be allowed to do the job. I think maybe we've gone a little overboard in that direction, but I think everybody should be afforded equal opportunity."

This brought up the question of Barry's relations with black teammates. After Jeff Mullins retired from the Warriors, Rick was left as the only white on the team, and occasionally reports of racially based tension floated about.

"That's ridiculous," he snorted when I brought it up. "People tended to make a big thing of it that I was the only white on the team, but it never was a big thing with me. The problems came when we started doing a little poorer in the last couple of years. When I'd make comments and evaluations about the team, being the only white guy, now the comments were racial problems. I'd say something about the team and people would infer that I was referring to the fact that they were black, which was ridiculous. I certainly was not making any racial comments. But it did cause strain and, let's face it, the black culture *is* a little different."

It also didn't help team relations when, on occasion, Barry was quoted as saying that the modern basketball professional has an appalling lack of appreciation for the fundamentals of the game. Again, many felt he was pointing his finger specifically at black players.

"Not true," Rick says. "I just think that *most* of the players coming up today are not getting the fundamentals, period. I think what happens as far as the black players are concerned is that they have such great natural abilities that it's a lot easier for coaches to take the young kids out there and let them jump higher and run faster and shoot better than someone else, rather than trying to explain the game to them. Now, I think I am a very good natural athlete; I think I have skills as good as anybody in any sport—but I don't have the natural skill as a jumper, and jumping, you see, happens to be a very important asset in basketball. If you can just go in there and jump over people, it makes things a lot easier. You don't *have* to learn the other stuff. I'm not the only person to say these things. Elgin Baylor, a guy I patterned my game after, said the same thing. Oscar Robertson will tell you the same thing. Most of the black players from the years gone by will tell you the same thing."

I also asked Barry about his apparent vendetta with the refs: Is he is really as volcanically angry as he seems to be when he feels he has been the victim of a bad call? "Oh, I'm really just mad. Basically because I can't accept mediocrity in myself, and it's hard for me to accept it in other people. Now, if I drive into the basket, and I know a guy hit me and caused me to miss a shot, and the official doesn't blow his whistle, it becomes very *distressing* for me that he's so inadequate in his skills that he can't see what's obvious. I think to be a good official you have to be inhuman; you have to have no feelings. I might call a guy a rotten s.o.b. of a m.f. but, by God, he's got to forget that. I mean, if it were my father out there, my mother, I'd still call him that; I don't care. I don't mean it really personally to him as a

**A Picture Book of Sexual Love** that takes you step-by-step from foreplay through orgasm. Learn how to achieve sexual ecstasy, the art of touching, and oral love. Variations in visual and physical stimulation, games lovers play, sexual positions, and more. An impressive array of sex techniques that will turn a routine sex life into one of adventure and intensity. Over 110 explicit photographs in color and black and white teach you how to increase and eroticize your partner's sexual response. A complete release from traditional sex. $5.95 One-year catalog subscription FREE with every order (sex aids, clothes, condoms, books plus more). Catalog alone, send just 50¢.

Send $5.95 for book to: ROMEO™, Dept. OU8
P. O. Box 200, Carrboro, NC 27510
**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND**

PEN FRIENDS

Meet interesting people sharing your interests and lifestyle.

**CALL TOLL FREE**

1-800-325-8849

**GOOD VIBRATIONS!**

Give your favorite lover the VIP treatment with this flexible, multi-speed vibrator. It has all the best features: It's flexible and textured. And now it's variable speed! A quick twist at the base adjusts the vibrator from a low tingle to a powerful throb. Made of pliable rubber, it yields to body contours, a full 8" long. Only $9.95. If you are not completely satisfied your money will be refunded in full!

**SEXUAL ADVENTURES**

**XAVIERA'S SUPERSEX**
Now the world's most happy hooker tells you point-by-point how your sex can be better anywhere. Over 200 pages of text and explicit illustrations. Published price of $20 now available for just $9.95!

Here is our guarantee: If you are not *completely* satisfied with Adam & Eve's products and fast efficient service, we will refund your money in full—no questions asked!

This offer void where prohibited by law ©1979, PPA

**ADAM & EVE, DEPT.** OU9-J **BOX 900**
**CARRBORO, N.C. 27510**
Please rush in plain package, under your money-back guarantee

☐Multi-speed vibrator. . . . . $9.95
☐Xaveria's Supersex. . . . . $9.95
☐SAVE! Both for only . . . . . $14.95

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**OVER 500,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS**

# SOFT YET FIRM!

- Caress is softer and more pliable than any other vibrator.
- You can fondle and bend Caress.
- You can manipulate Caress to suit your own whims and desires.

Yet . . . Caress is firm—like the real thing.

When you receive Caress, you or your lover should hold it in the palm of your hand and feel its divinely exciting texture. Gently let your fingers glide along its length.

Now, allow yourself to experience the erotic vibrancy of its potent energy. Do it! Take firm hold of Caress and discover all its beautiful secrets.

Don't permit yourself to settle for anything less. Experience "the Delicate Difference."

ORDER CARESS NOW!

SALE $5.95

**Valentine Inc. Dept.** CR-261
P.O. Box 5200 FDR Station
New York, N.Y. 10022

Enclosed please find my check or money order for $5.95 plus $1.00 for postage and handling. Please rush me Caress—the Vibrator with the "Delicate Difference" in a plain package today.
CODE #404

**Name** _____

**Signature** _____
I'm over 18 years of age

**Address** _____

**City** _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

This offer void where prohibited by law.

**Pacific Island girls want men** to correspond with. Exotic, wholesome girls seek friends, romance, marriage. For information and pictures of actual girls waiting for you NOW, **SEND $2 TODAY.**
CONTINENTAL PACIFIC
PO Box 3546 — Dept. OM
Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

# HOW HIGH IS YOUR E.Q.? (Economics Quotient)

Write for a free booklet.
"Economics."
Pueblo, Colorado 81009.

**The American Economic System. We should all learn more about it.**

Ad Council

A public service message of This Magazine & The Advertising Council & U.S. Department of Commerce.


# RICK BARRY

human being. I try to keep my mouth shut, but sometimes it's, you know, open mouth and insert foot."

•

One of the great unheralded-underdog epics of modern sport is the story of the 1975 Golden State Warriors. Prohibitive long shots at season's start, they drove into the NBA play-offs with full momentum, and in the finals they proceeded to take the awesome Washington Bullets apart piece by piece, kicking ass in four games straight. The Warriors that year were true cardiac kids, and they perfectly reflected the mercurial temperament of their star and leader. In game after game they would appear to fall into a deep narcosis, stumbling around and going cold as ice for minutes and periods on end, until it seemed all hope was lost—at which point they would yank themselves up and go on a raging tear to pull the game out in a last-minute climax. It was about the most perfect year a fan could ask for, and Rick Barry enjoyed probably the most scintillating season any pro forward had ever had.

The next season the Warriors came out of the gate with the steam still up and, with Barry afire much of the year, led the NBA in the won-lost column. But in the last game of the semifinals against Phoenix, the team completely fell apart. Barry looked as if his mind were far away, and his teammates seemed to be deliberately keeping the ball away from him. Phoenix decimated them, and the Warriors, who had all the earmarks of a burgeoning dynasty, couldn't recapture the winning spark. Some Bay Area fans still haven't forgiven Rick for that game, even though it was never made quite clear what had gone on: More than likely the initial seeds of discontent that were to eventually lead him to jump to Houston were sown right there. Coach Al Attles recently told me that to this day he is *still* baffled by the team's performance in Phoenix. "That one throws me. I just have never been able to comprehend what happened. We were so good early in that game to come apart like that."

I couldn't get Rick to say too much on the subject, either. I had a feeling he just didn't want to go into it, because he resorted to the kind of newspeak generalities that people in the public eye come up with when they don't want to deal in specifics. "We did pretty good in the course of that year, but in the play-offs I foresaw some problems because we were still making the same mistakes as the year before."

He was equally good at avoiding any talk of groupies or other sexual shenanigans. "Life on the road is really not like people make it out to be, although my wife probably thinks it is," he laughed. "I don't get involved with all that, but I do feel that whatever happens on the road should stay on the road. I think Jim Bouton [author of *Ball Four*, the tell-all book about baseball players' off-field endeavors] really violated a nasty area when he wrote that book. But the life itself is not as glamorous as it's made out to be. You just don't have the time. And it's not as if the girls are calling you up all the time."

"It's not?" I said. "Come on, Rick."

"That's the honest-to-God truth. You don't have to be a professional athlete to go out and get action if you really want it. You just have to make yourself available. You know how I usually spend my time on the road? I write pornographic poetry to my wife. Your magazine would probably love my stuff."

"You wouldn't let me print any of it, would you? Why don't you bat out four or five lines for me right now?"

Barry laughed. "I don't want to put any of that stuff in a magazine. Turn off the tape."

I did, and for about ten minutes Rick Barry labored with pencil and paper to come up with some good porn for me. Finally, after much badgering, he showed me the result, which I must say did not have the sheen of genius on it. Barry seemed a little embarrassed. "It's hard to come up with something right on the spot like this," he said defensively.

And Rick Barry doesn't get defensive very often. Not even after a losing season like the one the Warriors had last year. "I still feel very fortunate to have been with that team. Even in the end, when dissension was surfacing, we never had those terrible problems where guys were fighting and hating each other's guts. I think it was just hard for the guys to accept me. But I'm going to make a contribution to Houston. I'd love to play on another championship team, and I'd love to do it down there. I want to prove to a lot of people who've shown an interest in me down there that they've made a good deal. I want them to feel like they're getting their money's worth out of me. I still feel I can play a very good game of basketball."

Well, he's certainly heading for Texas in a conciliatory mood, I'll say that. In a Q & A session with the kids in his camp later in the day, I heard one young kid ask him what number he was going to wear in Houston, since he had always worn number 24 and since Moses Malone already had that number on the new team. "I've already figured it out," said Rick. "I'm going to wear number two at home and number four on the road. I'm not going down there looking for trouble." □

*In two years of high school basketball, contributing editor Snider scored one free throw, resulting in an average of .5 points per season.*

*"Don't lie to me. I know you've got a woman in there!"*

# Healthy hearts do it better

A healthy heart can help you enjoy your life to its fullest, and longest. People with healthy hearts can look better, feel better and do more than those with heart disease.

Help your heart give you a healthy life. Don't start smoking, or, if you already do, give it up. Eat a well-balanced diet and watch your intake of fatty, fried and high-cholesterol foods. Exercise regularly, and have your blood pressure checked. If it's high, follow your doctor's orders for treatment.

We want you to get the most out of life, and do it with a healthy heart.

Please give generously to the American Heart Association

**WE'RE FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE**



## SENSUOUS CONDOMS BY MAIL!

**TODAY'S ULTRA-THIN CONDOMS PROVIDE A SENSUOUS EXPERIENCE AND PROTECTION TOO!**

Today a man just doesn't have to tolerate a sensation-deadening condom when he wants protection. Now there are ultra-thin supremely sensitive condoms that have been designed for **sexual pleasure**, while still providing the most reliable protection of any non-prescription birth control method. And now you can buy these sensuous condoms without embarrassment . . . by ordering them through the privacy of the mail from Population Planning.

Our 40 page catalog (sent free with every order) describes the wide selection of condoms we offer . . . all nationally advertised brands. Best-selling **TEXTURE PLUS**® featuring hundreds of "**pleasure dots**™", that are more pronounced . . . raised higher for greater stimulation; **BOLD 45**,® world's first color condom with texturing, popular **STIMULA, TROJAN**, and 35 other nationally advertised brands. All orders are shipped promptly in a plain wrapper to assure your privacy. Why not send for a sampler today. If you do not agree PPA's sampler packages and overall service are the **best available anywhere**, we will refund your money in full – no questions asked. ©1978 PPA

ADAM & EVE®

**Adam & Eve, Dept. OU9-M P.O. Box 400 Carrboro, NC 27510**

Please rush me in plain package:

☐ Sampler of 22 assorted condoms plus catalog . . . $5.00
☐ Deluxe Sampler of 38 assorted condoms plus catalog . . . $8.00
☐ Six assorted European French Ticklers . . . $6.00
☐ Illustrated catalog alone . . . $ .50

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**Over 500,000 Satisfied Customers**


# POTATO CHIP REPORT

*(Continued from page 79)*

from the fat in which the spud slices are encapsulated.

Besides being branded by nutritionists as "empty calories," potato chips have also suffered from an influx of suspect additives and preservatives. This trend peaked in 1975, when Procter & Gamble, best known for their toothpaste and detergents, decided it was about time to collect some heavy coin in the prospering snack-food biz. This marked the beginning of the Great American Tennis Canister War: Pringle's versus real potato chips.

The benefits of Pringle's New-Fangled Potato Chips, according to a Proctor & Gamble spokesperson, lie in their "simple, uniform size and shape, their long shelf-life, easy shelf placement, the no-greasy feel, and the consistent doneness and flavor." These are indeed wonderful virtues, testaments to American technological ingenuity. They do not, however, make for a particularly good potato chip. What P & G did was to dehydrate the potatoes, then add vegetable shortening, mono- and diglycerides, salt, ascorbic acid and BHA. The resulting mishmash could then be shaped by machine mold into "stackable chips." Packaged neatly in tennis-canister-type cans and foisted upon us with a multimillion-dollar ad blitz, Pringle's won America's favor. In fact, P & G was able to garner 15 percent of the chip market in a year's time. But when the rash of advertising stopped, when the coupons for free canisters expired and when people didn't like what they tasted, sales dropped.

Pringle's, being the prefab ersatz abominations they were, tainted the entire chip industry's reputation. To combat this mighty interloper, the chippers directed our attention to the qualities of regular chips. Fad was on their side. They merely pointed out that most regular chips were "natural." Naturally. Hence, the Seventies hippy-dippy, natural, back-to-the-earth, alfalfa-sprouts-on-everything movement moved in on the chip market. If it's brown, unrefined and coarse, it's good for you. Nature-al. Down with BHA and BHT! Down with colorings and additives! If it looks like fodder, tastes like straw and is as dry as day-old toast, it has to be a much healthier product.

Potato chips were bound to get on this real-food applecart and, now, with new packaging (foil mostly, to keep out light which can turn the oil rancid), improved frying technology and a good riddance to preservatives, there is a whole new crop of natural potato chips. William Spencer, director of snack operations for Nalley's Fine Foods, a chipper in the Northwest, boasts: "The idea is in. We are going after all the people who dropped out from buying snacks—the ones who had started serving raisins and apples instead of chips. These chips interest them in the concept and then they return to buy more."

While the industry has yet to pass chips off as a health food, they come close by equating them with wholesome foods in a natural setting, and by distributing them through health-food outlets. Americans are easily convinced, as the burgeoning sales of natural potato chips testifies.

"It's a better gross-profit item than regular chips," admits another chipper. "We're saving three ounces of chips. Natural chips are packed about three ounces less than regular chips, although they cost as much. The packaging costs more—but not *that* much more."

Thick "natural" chips are gaining in popularity, having made their initial appearances on the West Coast and slowly moving to the Midwest and East. Probably the best thick chips—as well as the most expensive—are a cult brand that are referred to as the "Maui" chip.

Coyly named Kitch'n Cook'd Potato Chips, they have been prepared in a small factory on the island of Maui for 20 years by a Japanese-American, Dewey Kobayashi. Tourists flock to his factory to buy up pounds of the chips at $1.49 per seven-ounce bag. Nobody, it seems, can get their fill once they've sampled them. Dewey has had numerous offers by industrialists to expand his factory. He has been lured with millions in bonus bucks. He has been tempted. But he refuses.

"What makes my chips taste so good," he insists, "is plain old-fashioned hard work. We cook the chips the slow way—no fast-paced conveyer belts. They are even hand packed." Maui chips are thick cuts of Burbank russet potatoes, which Dewey maintains are the best, if a bit harder to slice. They are cooked in cottonseed oil, exclusively.

He has 14 people working for him now, a happy little family, and hardly enough to fill the hundreds of mail orders he's been receiving.

"Tell everybody I can't fill those orders. We can only make enough for the island."

You can find Maui chips here and there in "gourmet" shops for four to six dollars a bag. And it's not the status of artificially inflated prices that attracts buyers; it's just the going rate on the black market—blue chip prices for the *real* chips.

The price of all chips has exploded. Today, the average bag of chips costs about a buck. That's for eight or nine ounces of regular "natural" chips, or six ounces of natural "natural" chips. This works out to about $2.61 a pound, or about the same price you pay for a fair hunk of meat.

Snacks in general return a retailer about $1300 annually for *each* $100 invested. They are the first in profit margin over 78

other food-store categories and third in turnover (number of units sold), says *Progressive Grocer*, the supermarket-industry magazine.

Three quarters of all chip purchases are made on impulse. Snack buyers are also twice as likely to buy soft drinks or beer as are those shoppers who have cast-iron willpower and don't buy snacks. The next time you cruise your supermarket, notice how and where potato chips and other snacks are stocked. Snack displays are designed to subliminally manipulate our predisposed impulse. It's no wonder that when we buy a bag of chips, we also end up with a six-pack of brew or a few bottles of soda. Usually they are displayed near the snacks.

PepsiCo was on to this years ago and bought out Frito-Lay, the only national chipper. Now Pepsi gets you in two clips—first the Lay's Potato Chips (or other snacks) and then the soft drinks.

Despite the potato chip's bad rep among health freaks, there are those who maintain that chips are not junk food—that in truth, they are beneficial. Take Lawrence Burch, who happens to be executive vice-president of the Potato Chip-Snack Food Association. Mr. Burch obviously loves potato chips. He eats them regularly. His family eats them all the time, too. In fact, he says they use them in cooking sometimes; for example, "substituting crushed chips for bread crumbs in meat loaf."

His association is now on the propaganda warpath to correct the junk-food image of potato chips. To this end, the PC-SFA has put up big bucks to obtain the services of top nutritionists to develop a consumer-reeducation program demonstrating how good potato chips really are in our diet.

Why is an industry that grosses well over a billion bucks a year so upset about their product being called junk food?

In 1964, Americans consumed about $528 million worth of potato chips. Each year since, sales have progressively climbed—skyrocketed—to a cresting at $1.5 billion. And potato-chip manufacturers do not want the buck stopping there. They don't want their "image" to keep their business from growing. Silly boys.

Potato chips have always been considered junk food, and it's never made any difference in sales. The junk-food stigma, that greasy feel that triggers our guilt mechanism, is essential to the potato-chip experience. We wouldn't enjoy them as much if there weren't something mythically or realistically "evil" attached to the food. After all these years, the boys in the front office should realize that taking the guilt out of chips would be like taking away the crunch. □

*Michael Lasky is the author of "The Complete Junk Food Book" (McGraw-Hill, 1977).*


# oui

## CAN PROMISE YOU THE WORLD—AND DELIVER IT.

All you do is fill out the coupon below, mail it to us and you become an official OUI subscriber. Then, every month, you receive one very fresh copy of that most worldly magazine,OUI.

Please enter my subscription for

☐ 1 year $14 (save $10.50 off the $24.50 single-copy price)

☐ Payment enclosed

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

oui P.O. Box 2510, Boulder, Colorado 80302 7EN3

# EROS-22

***A system designed to bring loving couples to new heights of sexual gratification . . .***

**The Complete Lovemaking System** Eros-22 is not merely a book or a cream or a vibrator. It's a total system, designed by experts, GUARANTEED TO MAKE SEX MORE EXCITING! To achieve complete fulfillment every time you make love.

**The Eros Guide to Lovemaking.** The most explicit manual of love ever published. 70 photographs and page after page of descriptions of incredibly sophisticated sexual techniques, designed to arouse and excite even the most inhibited sexual partner.

**The Eros Dream Cream.** Rub it on. It will make both of you exciting and passionate. You'll be irresistably drawn to each other and experience sensations

you have never known before.

**The Eros Temptation Stimulator.** Experience the world's most erotic vibrator. It not only vibrates but, flip the switch and it begins to extend and contract erotically. Wait till you see what it can do to a woman. Any woman!

**The Guarantee.** We know the Eros climax is the ultimate sexual experience so we want you to use it for 30 days. If you and your lover are not completely satisfied—just return the empty packages for a full refund. Order today. (All orders are shipped in plain packages.) All you have to gain is love.

*If coupon has been removed, write:* **Valentine Products 175 Fulton Ave., Hempstead, N.Y. 11501**

Valentine Products, Inc.
P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Check one:

☐ Please rush my Eros-22 system to me in a plain package today. I have enclosed my check or money order for $29.95 plus $2.00 postage and handling ($31.95, New York residents add sales tax). Please include my FREE catalog of Erotica.

☐ I prefer not to order the Eros-22 system now but enter my subscription to Valentine's complete cataog of Erotica. Enclosed is $2.00

Name

Signature
(I am over 18 years of age).

Address

City

State Zip

Interbank No. Exp. Date

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge Mo Year

Canadian residents send orders to Valentine, P.O. Box 4077, Postal Station "A", Toronto, M5W2A6 ER-180

**SCIENCE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE** Sarfatti is now designing a faster-than-light communication system. He claims an unnamed intelligence agency is interested.

*(Continued from page 84)*

if it could migrate elsewhere occasionally (out-of-body experience), or as if there were nonsensory openings through which information from elsewhere could leak in.

The quantum physicists, meanwhile, have found a subatomic jumpiness or randomness that cannot be reconciled with common-sense ideas of cause and effect. Aside from saying the whole problem is in our heads (the Copenhagen Interpretation) or that everything that can happen does happen (the Multiple Unverse Model), the most plausible theory that has been devised is the Hidden Variable Theory which, together with Bell's theorem, suggests that consciousness is nonlocal in space and time (not locked into the brain).

The Hidden Variable Theory is gaining ground because its central assumption of nonlocality (Bell's theorem) has been experimentally confirmed five times since 1974. These experiments showed that two photons (light particles), once in contact, will continue to react as if still in contact, no matter how far apart they are in space, exactly as predicted by Bell's math—and just as would be true if Walker and Herbert are right in claiming quantum events are controlled by a consciousness that transcends space and time.

In San Francisco, Dr. Jack Sarfatti, president of the Physics/Consciousness Research Group, has gone a step beyond Walker and Herbert. "Below the space-time level of the universe we perceive," Sarfatti says, "is the subquantal world of minimum intelligences. Imagine them as micro-micro-*micro*-computers. They make up the hardware of the universe and are localized in space and time." (Each is *here* or *there*, not *both*.) "But," Sarfatti goes on, "the software or programming is nonlocal in Bell's sense." (The cosmic blueprint is here, there and everywhere: now, then and everywhen.) "The hidden variable," Sarfatti concludes, grinning benignly over his Mephistophelean black beard, "is not precisely consciousness, as Herbert and Walker think, but *information*."

Information in modern science has a very special mathematical meaning, more specific than in ordinary speech. Without going into the math of it, information is coherent order, as distinguished from noise, which is incoherent chaos. Biological evolution is the gradual emergence of information out of chaos. To the biologist, it is information in the genetic code of the cherrystone that tells it to grow into a cherry tree and not a teakettle. To the modern sociologist, information is the roads, customs and traditions that mold random individuals into a society. If Sarfatti is right, information is also coded into the quantum foam, telling it to grow into the universe of space and time we know.

Imagine that your brain is a biological computer, as most neurologists now think. Imagine further that all subquantal events are also computers—micro-micro-*micro*-computers, as Sarfatti says. Imagine finally that the universe is also a computer—a mega-mega-*mega*-computer. What Bell's theorem means, according to Sarfatti, is that the hardware of this interlocking system of intelligent Chinese boxes—or computers within computers within computers—is localized in space and time; but the programming—the subquantal hidden variable—is everywhere and everywhen.

But if this information system is a kind of God, or a scientific analog of God, it is also you and me . . . and the lamppost. The information, remember, is nonlocal in space and time; so the whole universe and every particle in it partakes of the information, and is thus a cocreator of the whole, but on different scales. And is this not what the pantheists have been claiming for millenniums?

Currently, Sarfatti is trying to demonstrate this interpretation of Bell's theorem practically by designing a faster-than-light communication system (U. S. patent disclosure #071165, May 12, 1978). Although Dr. Carl Sagan has pontificated that this whole project seems to him "at most a playful notion," there is already a patent search afoot due to rumors that one or more other inventors are trying to patent the same device. Sarfatti also claims an unnamed intelligence agency is very interested in this; and a nuclear engineer, who has not given me permission to use his name, claims that the Russians already have such a device.

(Faster-than-light communication does not contradict Einstein, incidentally. The Theory of Relativity says only that energy cannot travel faster than light. Bell's nonlocal information system, as developed by Sarfatti, does not transfer energy but only information [order]. What is interesting to the layman about all this is that such a device, if built, would function precisely as the brain does in those altered states of consciousness studied by parapsychology. It would be a model of the extrasensory circuits of the brain, just as an ordinary computer is a model of the brain's logical circuits. And Sarfatti strongly suspects

## THE FINAL SOLUTIONS

Think spoon bending is hard to do? Faith healing? Distant viewing? Not so. They're all just practical applications of quantum mechanics.

**Synchronicity**, as defined by Jung and Pauli, is a shocking coincidence of deep emotional meaning to one of the participants. One nonmathematical formulation of Bell's theorem, by Puthoff and Targ, states that "parts of the universe apparently separated from each other can, nonetheless, act together as parts of a larger whole." The emotional energy of the participant, transmitted faster than light on the subquantal cosmic glue, may be the medium of such weird coincidences.

**Seriality** refers to synchronicities that occur at different times, such as the banging poltergeist that haunted Freud's bookcase in 1909. Since the cosmic glue is outside time as well as outside space, the subquantal information can trigger such detonations anywhere within the timestream. "I'm here because of you and you're here because of me." Linear time is only an appearance.

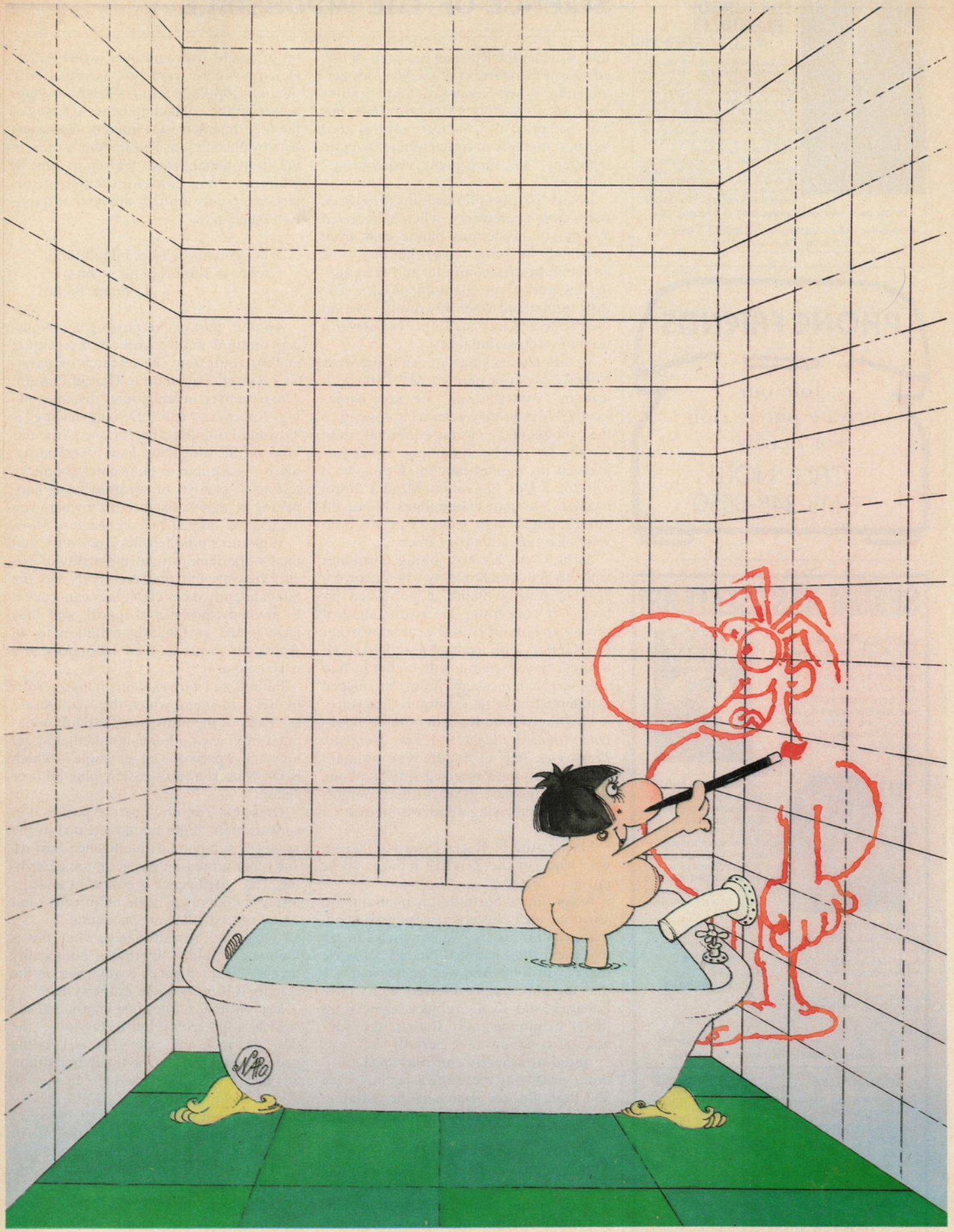
**Poltergeists** are alleged ghosts that afflict some houses with such bangings for months on end. Parapsychologists agree that in over 80 percent of such cases there is a disturbed adolescent in the home, and the so-called haunting never lasts for more than about a year. Possibly, the biological transformations and traumas of puberty throw the brain into such a fugue state that the emotions reach down to the subquantal information system and erupt as explosions.

**Telepathy** and **ESP** are most often encountered in emergency or near-death situations, as is also true of "**out-of-body experiences**." It is possible that under death threat, consciousness retreats from the usual circuits downward to the software level of the cosmic glue. **Precognitive dreams**, in which the dreamer sees an event that occurs in his future life, may represent the sinking into the cosmic glue when the ego consciousness is mostly dormant.

**Faith healing** and **religious miracles** are usually accompanied, in the societies that practice them regularly, by a great deal of dancing, chanting, drum beating and, frequently, psychedelic drugs. All of these techniques suspend the conditioned ego and allow free-form play among altered states of consciousness, which may reach down to the subquantal cosmic glue.

**Cosmic consciousness** or **enlightenment**, usually accomplished through yoga, drugs or rituals of initiation (often involving pain and/or terror), are suspensions of the conditioned ego in which the subject reaches the subquantal information system beyond space and time. "We Are One," the traditional mystic expression of ecstasy, is a description of that experience: "I'm here because of you and you're here because of me."

**Psychokinesis**, the mind's manipulation of physical objects—such as Uri Geller's alleged **spoon bending**—may be a kind of poltergeist effect that has come under conscious control. This might be the result of a feedback loop between the brain and the cosmic glue—a neuroatomic circuit dormant in most of us, active but unconscious in the disturbed poltergeist child, and active and conscious in people like Geller. —R.A.W.



TEXTURED!
FLEXIBLE!
MULTI-SPEED!

All you could desire in a vibrator. Prominent texturing stimulates your smallest nerve endings. A quick twist adjusts the speed from a gentle pulse to a potent throb. Soft pliable 'nude' rubber bends and caresses—like the real thing. 8" of sheer ecstasy. Batteries included. Satisfaction guaranteed. Void where prohibited.

**Free Offer:** One year subscription to a beautiful full-color catalog of sex aids, books, condoms, men's and women's sensuous clothing & more, FREE WITH EVERY ORDER.

☐ **Vibrator + free subscription, $9.95** ☐ **1 catalog, 50¢**

Send order, name & address to: ROMEO™, Dept. OU-7
P.O. Box 200, Carrboro, NC 27510

PHONE FRIENDS

Join our
private phone club.
For details...

CALL NOW
1-618-345-8550

SEXUAL BEST SELLERS!

**NAKED SEX POSITIONS**
This beautiful and erotic book is fully illustrated by a lovely nude couple demonstrating an astounding variety of sexual positions—sitting, side-to-side, rear entry, standing, acrobatics, and more. Wander through this garden of passion! Just $5.95.

**DESIRE**
This new erotic book from Ron Raffaelli brings your fantasies to life! Beautiful couples and groups photographed with great intensity but exquisite taste by a master photographer. Photos are close-up, explicit and erotic depictions of sexual acts by women and men who really get into it! Over 150 pages of color and black and white photos. $12.95.

**JOYS OF FANTASY**
Bursting with erotic photos of singles, couples and three-somes acting out their favorite kinky fantasy. Great ideas on every page! Beautifully designed format of sepia-toned photos—a perfect gift for yourself or that special someone. 180 pages of fantasies and photos. $7.95.

**Your money refunded in full if you are not delighted.**

Adam & Eve Dept. OU9-K Box 900 Carrboro, N.C. 27510

Please rush in plain package under your money-back guarantee:

| | |
|---|---|
| ☐Naked Sex Positions | $5.95 |
| ☐Desire | $12.95 |
| ☐Joys of Fantasy | $7.95 |
| Fantasy Collection | |
| ☐All 3 books only | $21.98 |

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

OVER 500,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ©1979, PPA


# SCIENCE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

that, whether the Russians have this or not, advanced extraterrestrial civilizations certainly do. When Sagan says that Sarfatti's hope of contacting extraterrestrials this way is "playful," Sarfatti replies that Sagan's attempts to contact them by radio represent "electromagnetic chauvinism." So there.)

In fact, Dr. Sarfatti traces his ideas back to his early adolescence, when he received a series of mysterious phone calls from somebody (or some *thing*) claiming to be an extraterrestrial computer and encouraging his interest in quantum physics. The calls terminated when his mother got on the phone and told the Entity (whatever it was) to stop playing jokes.

To this day, Jack Sarfatti isn't sure what to make of those phone calls. "Maybe it *was* an extraterrestrial," he says whimsically. "Maybe they want us to tune in to the subquantal, cosmic-communication system. Or maybe it was just a practical joker, as my mother thought. Or maybe it was the CIA's Operation Mind Control trying to stimulate certain lines of thought among bright high school students who were planning scientific careers . . ."

Sarfatti had his first jolting encounter with Jungian synchronicity when neurologist Dr. Andrija Puharich published his book *Uri*, concerning his investigation of the controversial Israeli wonder-worker Uri Geller. Puharich claimed that all through his association with Geller he had also received messages from an alleged extraterrestrial with a computerlike voice.

UFOlogist John Keel, in both his books *Our Haunted Planet* and *The Mothman Prophecies*, tells of hundreds of ordinary citizens who have received similar phone calls, over the past 30 years, from computerlike voices relaying weird, extraterrestrial messages.

My favorite of Keel's cases is a housewife who got the Zen-like rebuke: *Wake up, down there!*

According to Sarfatti, it is premature to attribute such clusters of eerieness to actual extraterrestrials. We don't have to say that a real ghost haunted Freud's bookcase that day in 1909. And we don't have to say that the phone calls received by Sarfatti, Puharich and Keel's subjects came from literal extraterrestrials. Rather, the subquantal consciousness, Sarfatti says, was agitated nonlocally (beyond space and time), producing these effects within space and time. But the source of the agitation was, he says, probably human emotions and beliefs.

Dr. Brian Josephson, 1973 Nobel prize-winner in physics, has taken the inevitable next step. Analyzing the puzzling differences found in certain key atomic experiments during the Sixties—in which European physicists were obtaining one set of results over and over, while American physicists were just as repeatedly obtaining opposite results—Josephson suggests that the conflicting belief systems of the experimenters were influencing the test data by unconscious PK. In other words, in the most literal sense, Walker is right in claiming "our consciousness controls physical events through the laws of quantum mechanics."

•

My goodness, Toto, I don't think
we're in Kansas at all anymore.
—L. Frank Baum

Another part of the physics/consciousness or mind/matter synthesis is emerging in Palo Alto, from the research of physicists Russell Targ and Dr. Harold Puthoff, who have been investigating "distant viewing" for several years. "Distant viewing" is Targ and Puthoff's label for one particular kind of ESP, which they have found particularly susceptible to replicable laboratory testing. It consists of seeing what is happening at a great distance from where you are located—as in *The Eyes of Laura Mars*.

Targ and Puthoff believe not only that their work demonstrates the reality of distant viewing, but that everybody has the talent latently. They claim they can teach it to anybody, however skeptical, and they have issued a standing invitation to all skeptics to come to their laboratory and have a go at it.

Puthoff and Targ explain all their results by Bell's theorem, which they paraphrase as "Parts of the universe apparently separated from each other can nonetheless act together as parts of a larger whole"—which is Dr. Nick Herbert's cosmic glue all over again.

Or, as Dr. Timothy Leary expresses it in conversation, "Your brain is created by the nonlocal subquantal intelligence Sarfatti and other turned-on physicists are describing. That intelligence is both centralized—inside the atoms of your brain cells—and decentralized, all over space-time."

"Oh, sure," Sarfatti agrees when this is reported to him. "By Bell's nonlocality theorem, if intelligence is anywhere in the system, it is everywhere in the system."

Everywhere . . . not just in you and me (which is flattering), but in the louse, the flea, the rock and (worst of all) in the people we despise. For, as the Zen tradition has it, a monk once asked a Zen master, "What is the Buddha?"

"The one in the hall."

"But," the monk protested, "the one in the hall is a statue—a piece of wood!"

"That is so," the master agreed.

"Then what is the Buddha?"

"The one in the hall."

Whereupon the monk achieved illumination. ☐

# La-La Land: Traffic Jam in the Fast Lane

by Robert Crane, Jr.

Veteran actor Robert Crane (right) relaxing with son Robert, Jr., on the set of Hogan's Heroes. The elder Crane was murdered last year.

Things to do today:
shower
shave
shit?
call people
eat lunch
decide I'll exercise tomorrow, instead
drive around
watch early-evening news on TV
eat dinner (Mexican)
get my BMW filled with gas
watch late-evening news on TV
play new Weather Report album
call people
go to bed
get head
play dead

This ain't makin' it. Getting up mid-morning, only to remember I'm still unemployed (I want to make movies; doesn't everybody?); driving in to the inner city from the Valley (main difference: red lights closer together in town) to check out the new stacks o' wax at Tower Records on da Strip; cruise Rodeo Drive (I don't know why); look at new Fiorucci's on Beverly Drive (it works in Milan and New York City, but it's gonna die of neglect out here); get a falafel or a Fatburger; go home; use the telephone; have a beer and just die—fuckin' die.

The palm trees are dying, too. Can air pollution cause skin cancer? Does the mayor of Los Angeles have a job? One of these days I'm gonna vomit on Cal Worthington's dog, Spot. Or his hippo, Spot. Or his ox, Spot. Shit, who can tell the difference? Yeah, I know I sound pissed off. My father, who was an actor on TV and in real life, was murdered last year, two days after my 27th birthday. (Really, you chuckling shits.) I'm not gonna use it as a crutch, though. This is Southern California. I'm much too mellow (comatose?) to shout about it.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Making a living in La-La Land is tough, unless you've passed the bar (I've passed a lot of them in this turn-out-the-lights-by-eleven hick town), or you've got your M.A. or your M.D. or your CLU or your D.D.S. or your CPA or, the most important one in this town, your B.S. (I've left by myself from a lot of bars in this turn-out-the-lights-by-eleven hick town.)

It's not easy being single in La-La Land. You don't pick and choose. You cruise. You zap. You enlighten someone's life. You pervade. You run out of extraordinary things to say. Fast. You get tired. You quit. You sulk. You grow weak. You need help.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Wait. Wait. Here it comes. No, no. You grow weak. You sulk. You need help. Fast, fast, fast. I spell relief *f-a-r-t*.

Saturday night in La-La Land. Gettin' it up for your younger sister's 19-year-old girlfriend, who asks, "Did you know Paul McCartney was in a band before Wings?" Christ. Intellectual giants live here in La-La Land.

Hey, let's drive to Rosemead today. No, really. La Cañada, Montrose, Gardena, Hawaiian Gardens. Pass the Ripple and give me a handgun, Carlos. Shit, you know my 19-year-old fast, fast, fast relief? She thought Al Pacino was a way to cook spaghetti, before I took her to see *Bobby Deerfield* in Westwood. Movies. *The* social event in La-La Land. She still doesn't know who Al Pacino is.

My car is bitchin'. No, you don't understand. I said, *My car is bitchin'*. In La-La Land you need a bitchin' car to get around. Valley—Beverly Hills. Beverly Hills—Hollywood. Hollywood—zip zip *bang!* I'm outta here. Ain't ever gonna find me in Redlands, chump. Or West Covina. No way, baby. It's strict confines for me. Only place east of La-La is Morocco. Sorry. I love New York. I love New York. You know the "in" place in New York? The toughest place to get into? No, not Studio 54. Jackie O's asshole. *Nobody* gets in there.

Fast, fast, fast relief.

You've got to be self-assured in La-La Land, like all the bitches at the Polo Lounge or struttin' down Rodeo Drive, shoppin' and struttin', spendin' money and spendin' time. They all have bitchin' cars. But so do I. But I'm not makin' it in La-La Land. My tank's always empty. Zip zip *bang!* I'm outta here. □

**SEX TAPES LETTERS** She began to make the strangest noises—the events of the night had apparently left her dazed, and she seemed completely swept away.

*(Continued from page 28)*

enter her. But before that, I give her good head, enjoying it even more when I apply honey to her pussy and lick it off. I would love to receive letters from American girls telling me if they like this.

HARI S.
Ruwi, Muscat
Sultanate of Oman

*Sorry, Hari. It's against our editorial policy to set up pen pals, but we'd be happy to publish any letters we might receive on this topic.*

**SEX AND POLITICS**

I met Rina at the Democratic Convention in Chicago in 1968, and sex and politics have been linked in my mind ever since. I wasn't there to protest; I was cruising the park out of curiosity, thinking I might write something about it later. Rina was an activist chick in her early 20s who had come down with some friends from Canada, and when I first saw her she was standing under a Lincoln Park tree haranguing a small group of people about the evils of the system.

Normally, I don't listen much to that kind of talk, but my politics are always swayed by the right physiognomy, and she was awfully attractive—a small, dark bundle of joy whose army-surplus jacket didn't conceal her generous proportions. I stood there longer than I meant to as she described alleged CIA subversion in several foreign countries—and after I moved on, she stayed on my mind. I began hoping I'd run into her again.

*"Make it a double—it's a jungle out there!"*

Sure enough, later that night, after the cops had run everybody out of the park, I found her in an all-night diner several miles away. Rina looked distraught; two of her friends had been arrested and one had been clubbed, and she was shaking from the experience. I bought her a cheeseburger and told her she could stay with some married friends of mine.

She looked grateful at the time, but when I called her the next day she was cool. She told me that she didn't trust my intentions. I protested—and even agreed to join her at one of her demonstrations the following Tuesday. As it turned out, we all got teargassed, and my friend's wife was arrested. Coughing and crying, Rina and I managed to get away, meeting on a street corner a few blocks to the north, where we talked a cabdriver into taking us to my friend's place. I came in to make sure that Rina wasn't in shock or anything, and after a few moments I started feeling very comfortable. By this time, I was also genuinely indignant at the actions of the police, which may have helped warm Rina up to me. At any rate, she felt it was too dangerous for me to try to make it to my apartment without my car, and she suggested I stay. Since we were alone, I assumed her meaning was obvious.

In the orange glow of the spare bedroom, which was unfurnished except for a pair of mattresses and an electric heater that was the only source of light, Rina's body looked like a sculptured idol. She had removed all her clothing, without hesitation or eagerness, immediately upon entering the room. I held her sides and my cock stood up. She could feel my hard-on through my pants, and I didn't know whether she was trembling from lust or from shock—both, I suppose. She bent over the mattresses, exposing herself to me; I spread the lips of her vagina with my thumbs and licked between them, diddling her with my tongue till she started to pant. Then I dropped my pants over my aching prick and slid it in. She groaned, and as I continued to fuck her, she began to make the strangest noises—the events of the night had apparently left her dazed, and she seemed completely swept away by the force of her own passion.

As my penis rubbed the wall of her cunt, I came almost immediately; seconds later, as I was softening, she trembled and said, "Yeah!" but her tremor stopped far short of orgasm.

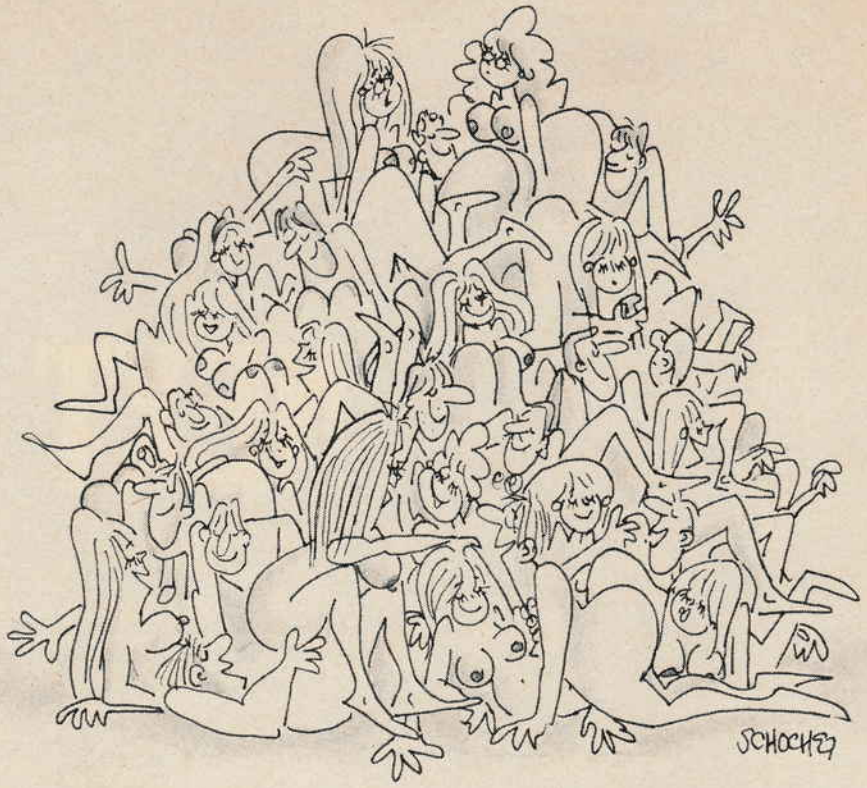
I helped her roll on her back onto the mattress and started to get really acquainted with her body. I found her clitoris and firmed it up with my fingers, then sucked and licked it, slowly and steadily, for what seemed the longest time. Breathing through my nose so that the feel of my

mouth on her cunt would be unbroken, I brought her to what seemed the edge of orgasm, then paused. "Don't stop," she said, grabbing me with her hands and pressing her knees closer together. I got my lips around her clit again and sucked it long and hard. Her knees jerked back, she ground against me, and with a loud "Oh!" she came in one violent spasm.

By this time I was ready again and eased back into her now-gaping pussy. She moaned agreeably but was too exhausted to respond properly, so I pulled her upright and lay back. Finding herself sitting on my dick, she began sliding up and down the full length of its shaft; then she started fucking me hard. When she came this time, her muscles tugged on me with such force that I came, too.

In the morning, Rina couldn't remember anything we'd done—or at least she pretended not to. But when she left town after her friends had been released, she gave me a kiss and said it might be nice if we did meet again someday—after the revolution.

RICHARD N.
Elgin, Illinois




*"The best ones are always on the bottom."*

**SEX AND DRUGS**

The only drug that I can say has really affected my sex life is amyl nitrite—poppers. I've been going for several years with a man who is now in his 50s, and the first few times we tried to make love, it just didn't work out. Jerry would get hard but he just couldn't come, which I thought was rather odd. The doctors told him it was a psychological block. It was. Then I remembered poppers. I hadn't tried them for years—since my first lover, in fact—but I remembered the rush they gave when you're just on the verge of orgasm.

So I asked around and got some and took them over to Jerry's one night. I fixed him his favorite meal, served a nice wine, pulled out all the sexy bedroom lingerie he'd bought me and came on in my sultriest voice. We finally got into bed and began our usual routine of sucking and stroking each other until I was hot enough and he was hard enough. We were both feeling incredibly high on each other, but I knew that when the time came . . . As Jerry began to pump harder into me, I could feel his thighs tense against mine in his attempt to gain release; so I grabbed a capsule from the night table and pulled Jerry's head to me for a deep kiss. We were both groaning through our kiss, pounding against each other, straining—and I popped the nitrite between our noses. Jerry's eyes went wide and he threw back his head and yowled. My head was filled with the burning rush of the drug, my vagina felt as if it were on fire and my heart felt as though it would burst. Jerry grabbed my hand and held the popper under his nose, pushing his cock into me deeper than I thought possible. He paused for an incredible second, straining, and when he shot his load into me, I exploded in orgasm.

It was the most wonderful feeling in the world to be able to get my man off and have my first orgasm from his cock. We both know that he'll probably never get off without using poppers, and it certainly has become another psychological dependence for him. But if it means we can come together—what the hell?

MARILYN J.
Berkeley, California

Believe it or not, it was just three months ago that I first masturbated, and it was while I was on acid. When I was little, my mother told me not to masturbate. She said if I did she'd rub pepper on it and it would burn; so I never did.

But when my husband and I dropped acid a few months ago, he was in one room and I was in another, and I found myself masturbating. I couldn't stop rubbing myself, just slowly over and over. Being under the influence of the drug, I wasn't even aware of what I was doing, until my husband ran in from the other room and told me to stop it, just like my mother did. But what he said was: "If you keep doing that, you'll be too sore to fuck later." But I didn't stop. Because of the acid, I think, it was all very detached but very pleasurable, too. I was on the edge of orgasm for what seemed like forever, but when I came, it was like nothing I'd ever felt before. It was the first time I realized that it's OK to have sex by yourself, and I have acid to thank.

JANICE L.
Portland, Oregon

**BUSING SOLUTION**

If any of your OUI readers are ever in London, they should check out those double-decker buses. I spent two years with an engineering firm there, and I used to ride a bus to work every day. There was a woman on the bus who always sat in the same seat, and I used to sit exactly across from her because she had great legs.

One day, I leaned over and asked her name. We started talking a bit and ultimately began dating. For old times' sake, we took the bus everywhere we went. We were coming home really late from a date one night and climbed aboard a bus that was empty, except for the driver. We went up into the top deck and, because we were all alone, started kissing and fondling each other. I eased her onto the floor and we made love as the bus bounced and rocked across the city. It was terrific. People could see us humping away as the bus raced by, and the exhibitionism really added to our excitement. By the time we reached our destination, we had been applauded by a crowd in Piccadilly Square.

BOB B.
Little Rock, Arkansas

*Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write* OUI *Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

# NEXT

## APRIL

**AN INTERVIEW WITH FRANK ZAPPA**
The Sixties are dead and gone, and nobody could be happier about it than Crazy Zappa. A mother of an interview.

**SCRIPTED SEX**
You're getting it regularly enough but you're still bored, um, stiff. A primer on how to add drama to your sex life.

**THE MOTORCYCLE MYSTIQUE**
The world is divided into two kinds of men: those who love motorcycles — and everybody else. Includes a bugs-in-the-teeth rating of the best superbikes.

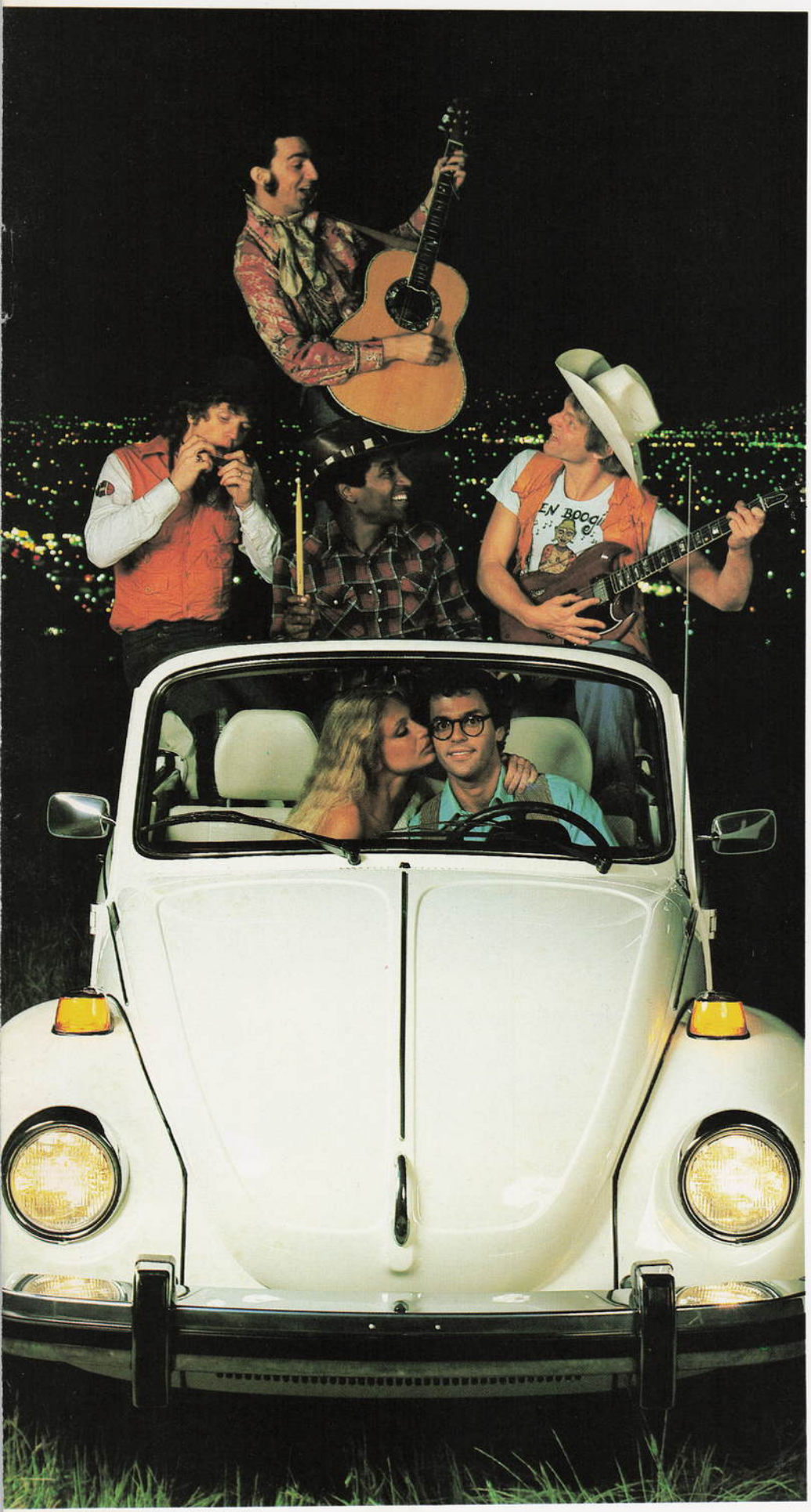
**A FRIGHTENING LOOK AT ROBOTOMY**
Laboratory experiments show that human behavior can be changed by jolting one's head with electricity. Read how science can eliminate all your bad habits. Like thinking.

**PLUS:**
A ghoulish profile of artist Edward Gorey; a skinny dip into the new hot tubs; a guide to ripping off the airlines for fun and profit; three gorgeous girls from Europe; and the first look at a hot new star of Moonraker, the new James Bond flick — all of which ought to leave you shaken and stirred.

**oui**

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND MARCH 6

# Clarion Hi-Way Fidelity.™ It's like a Concert in your Car.



How these things happen to me I'll never know! First, miraculously, I land this date with none other than GLORIA FAVERSHAM! So we're on our way to this big concert—the price I pay for a date with a girl like Gloria—when, suddenly, I realized—I'd forgotten the tickets!! That blew the concert and possibly Gloria, too. But then I got smart and cranked up my new high performance Clarion Hi-Way Fidelity System! I turned loose my new 751A Push-button Cassette with Dolby,* with a five band 60 watt graphic equalizer booster and 3-way home-type speakers.

"Horace," she said softly, "it's like a concert in your car!" Thank you, Gloria. THANK YOU, CLARION!

Clarion

The Car Entertainment Company

5500 Rosecrans Ave., P.O. Box 749, Lawndale, CA 90260

*Trademark Dolby Laboratories

# So cool, you can feel it.

Smooth and crisp. Cool and satisfying.
When you feel it, you know it's KOOL.
Nothing satisfies like America's most refreshing cigarette.

© 1978 B&W T Co.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

# You can't BEAT THIS OFFER!

*Subscription to OUI for one year . . . ONLY $18. You save $6.50—more than 26%—off the $24.50 yearly newsstand price.*

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.
☐ Charge to: ☐ VISA/Bank Americard
☐ Master Charge (Interbank No. _____ )

Bank Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

_____
Name (please print)

_____
Address/Apt. No.

_____
City/Province/Code

Rates apply to Canada only, Printed in U.S.A.

oui

3EJC

Place
Stamp
Here

oui

P.O. Box 2510
Boulder, Colorado 80322